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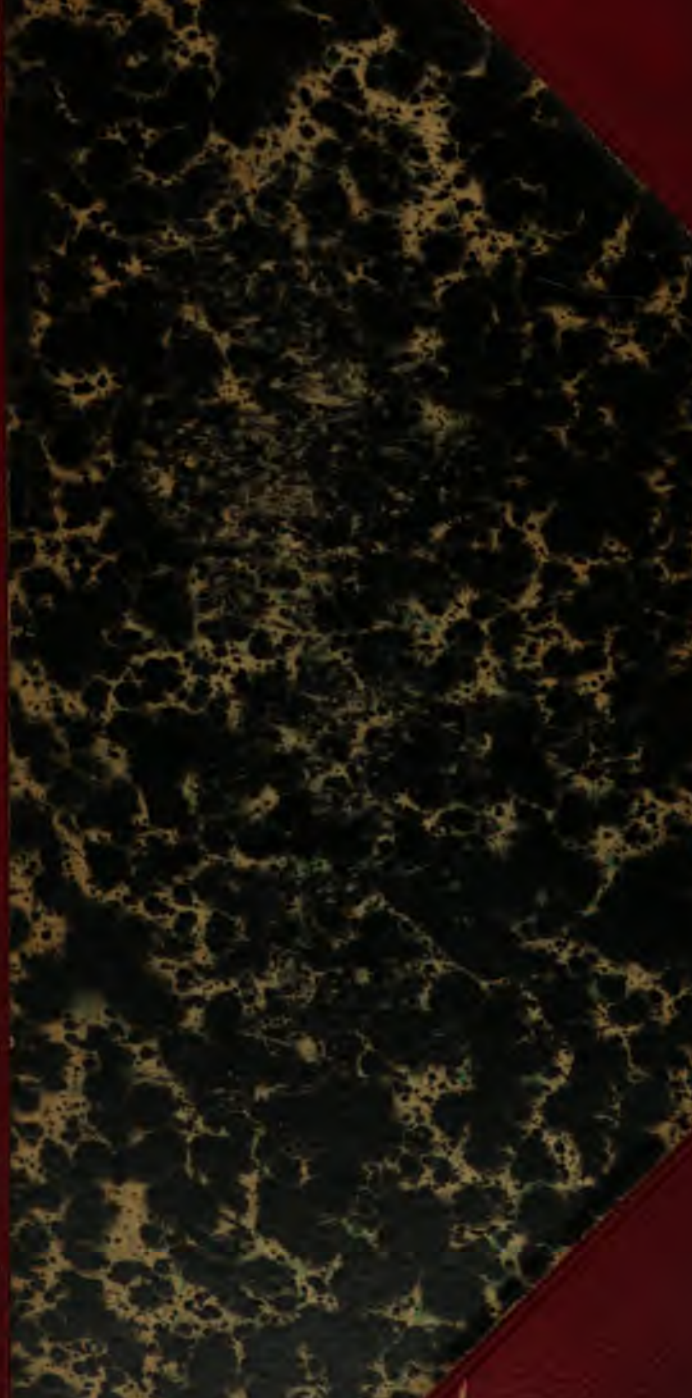
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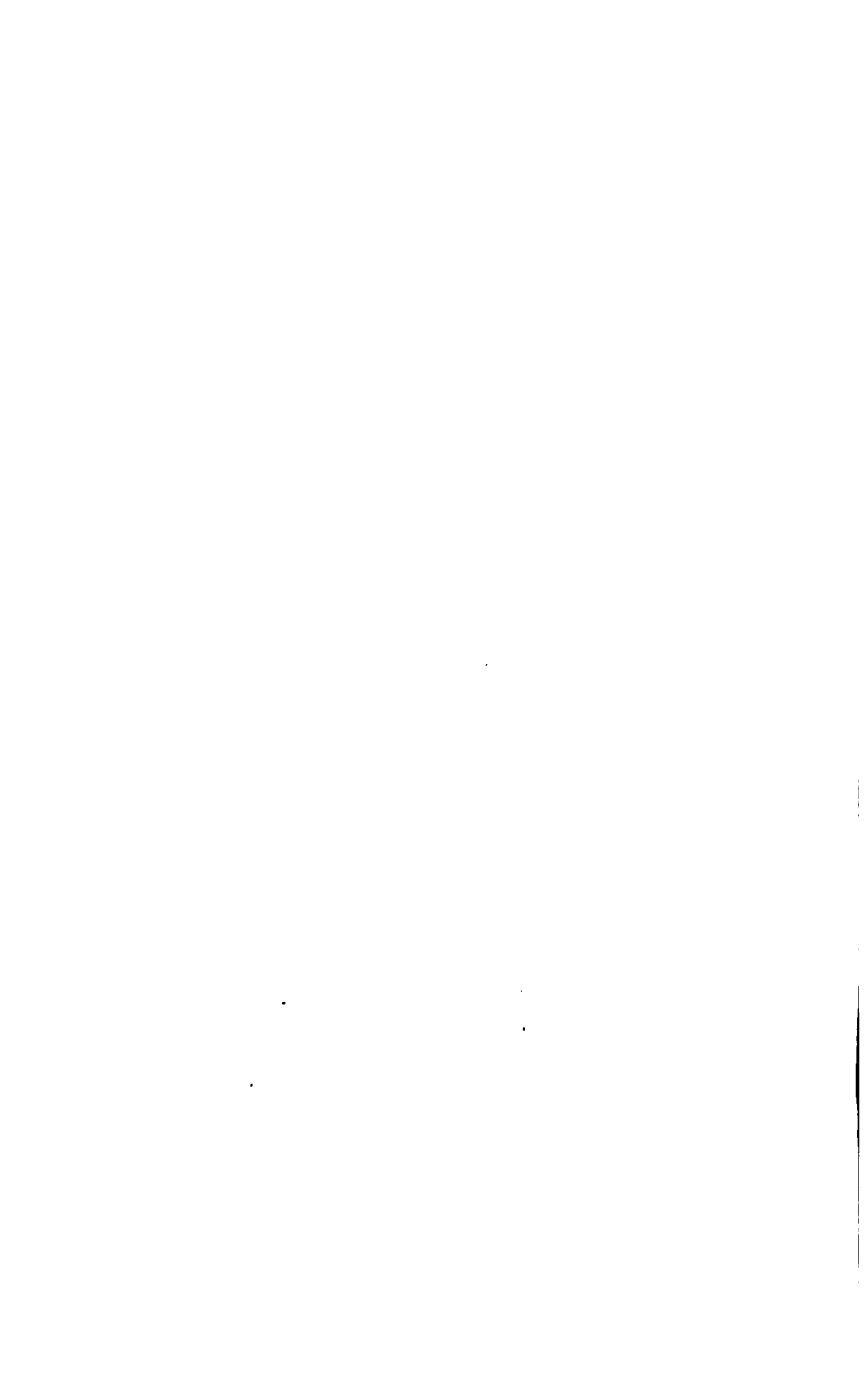
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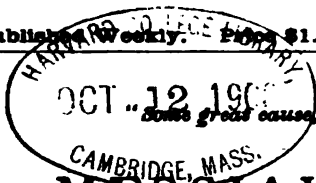


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The R. L. Co.

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy



MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 12, 1900.

No. 1.

BACK AGAIN TO WORK

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

946
- 26

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

BACK AGAIN TO WORK.

I FIND my text in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, one clause of the thirty-third verse,—“Thou hast well done that thou art come.”

“The man without a country” could have found very little pleasure in travel. He had no point of departure, no place where his heart was anchored, and to which he might return. I have always found—if I may use a phrase that sounds like an Hibernicism—that coming back again was the pleasantest part of going away.

I hope that all of you have been away during the past few months. I congratulate you on your coming back and facing once more the tasks, the labors, taking up once more the burdens of life. I am sorry for you if there are any here who have not been able to go away. Those of us who have been have brought experiences, memories, inspirations, that are a solace to us when we stop and think, that are rest when we are weary, that are life and impulse when we face the labors that await us.

Some of you, perhaps, have been in the mountains. You have looked unto the hills, as did the Psalmist, from whence he felt that divine help came. You have sat in their shadows. You have felt that here was something strong, something mighty, something enduring. I have pictures of mountains that are to me a perennial possession. I remember Rainier or Tacoma. I love the latter name,—the grandest mountain I have seen in all the world; perhaps impressing me so because I could see it all, from base to summit, green with its grasses and its trees half-way up, white as it kissed the blue of the heavens, with its thousands of feet of altitude. I may never see it again; but the

picture can never be taken away from me. It is a possession, a part of the wealth of my life.

I have seen, as have you, I trust, this summer, beautiful landscapes, trees; waters lying still in a lake, or a brook winding through the grasses onward to seek the river and the sea. You have listened to bird-songs. You have caught glimpses of these messengers of the air. I have pictures of them in my mind fairer than I have ever seen on canvas,—one beautiful bluebird, wings edged and tipped with black, and with a breast like a robin, that will flit so long as memory lasts through this inner world. It may be winter, it may be stormy, the heavens may be covered with clouds; but that bird will ever flit in the sunshine for me, and no power can ever take him away.

Some of you have sat by the seaside or have crossed the Atlantic. You have listened to the eternal song that the white fingers of the waves play upon the sand and the shingle of the beach; and the music will sing to you so long as life shall endure.

You have been privileged to look up to the night sky,—as Shakspeare says,

“Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,”—

crowded with suns,—suns surrounded by invisible worlds that lead us off into infinity, and suggest the multifarious life of the great worlds beyond us, and that perhaps we shall some time be privileged to explore.

You have seen sunsets—gorgeous in color, glorious in beauty—that will never be taken away from you. You have seen the rising of the moon. You have watched her at the full, when her light has quenched the stars, and she, as Wordsworth says,—

“Doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare.”

You have brought back from the country, I trust, rest. You have brought back a new access of physical power.

You have brought back these pictures that will remain in the inner galleries of the mind. You have brought back inspirations. You have come with a fresh taste for labor. I hope your experience is like mine. I am always, if possible, a little more anxious to get to work than I was to stop it,—when my health is equal to it,—more anxious to take up my task than I was to lay it down. I trust that in this spirit you have come,—that we have all been away and been blessed in the absence.

We have a way of saying when we and our friends are away, "Everybody is out of town." Perhaps it is worth while for us to stop just a moment, in passing, and consider who this everybody is. Everybody out of town! Just a little blessed, privileged fraction ever gets out of town for a vacation. Great multitudes, masses, have no opportunity for visiting the country, sailing across the sea, enjoying the shadows of the mountains, listening to the murmurs of the brooks or the songs of birds. I saw in May last, before I left, mothers with their babies seeking some little place of shelter on the curb or in the shadow of a building, down on the East Side, trying to get a breath of air; and I suppose they have been trying all summer long.

The mass of people has been toiling while we have rested and rejoiced; and they have been glad to be able to work every day, so that the wage might not be lessened, that the income might not cease. While we are considering that everybody has been out of town, and are rejoicing over our own experiences, let us not forget this other side of life; and let the privileges that come to us only inspire us with a tenderer sympathy and a truer longing to be of help to these less fortunate than we.

Back again to work! The old writer who has given us the present form of the early chapters in Genesis seems to me singularly unfortunate when he pronounces that work is a curse, when he intimates that it was a misfortune for Adam and Eve to be expelled from the garden and turned

into the wilderness world outside. Work a curse? It is the one great crowning blessing of the world. God was never kinder to us than when he made it the law that by the sweat of our brows should we eat bread; when he made it the law that, "if any man will not work neither shall he eat." Work is not a curse. Think for a moment. I know that through the ages the societies that have been developed have looked upon the laborer as an inferior order of person. The men who have devoured, have robbed, have fought,—these are the men who have considered themselves gentlemen. They have looked upon the toilers as unfortunate and belonging to a lower grade of humanity.

And yet just think a moment. Go back to the time when this world was a wilderness, and man was just beginning to find out his capacity and his power, and take what has been accomplished since then, and remember that everything that has been wrought to make this world fair and fine and sweet and noble has been the result of work. Work has turned every wilderness into a farm, if it has become a farm; into a city park, if it has become a park; into a city street, if it has become a city street. It is labor that has accomplished it all, that has transformed the face of the world, made it over, until, if one who saw it on the morning of creation could see it now, he would not recognize it as the same planet singing and swinging through the blue.

Work has not only transformed the face of the earth. What has it accomplished with the ocean? In this Book of Revelation, in the coming kingdom of God, in the perfect condition of things, it is stated, "There shall be no sea." It seemed to the writer that the sea was an evil, a barrier. He believed it was a wild waste that could not be cultivated or ploughed or reaped. The ancient writers looked thus upon the sea and the ocean. To-day we know that they are the life of the world, and we know now how to adapt our arts to the fact. We have turned the Atlantic and Pacific into ferry-ways; and we have covered all the waters of the world

with our ships, with our pleasure yachts, with our sailing-boats of one kind and another, until the ocean is the world's highway of pleasure and of commerce.

And, then, we look at the higher achievements, as we are accustomed to call them, because they deal with the higher activities of man. We look at the pictures. Think what all the galleries of the world contain! Think over the names of the artists with which you are familiar. Remember the paintings that they have left us as a legacy for all time; and all these beautiful creations are the result of human effort and power. Think of the statuary; and how laboriously, how patiently, week after week and year after year, men have worked to create these exquisite figures. Think of all the poems, the dramas, the histories, the stories that have been written, and the years of labor that have gone to the creation of these. Think of all the music that echoes through the atmosphere of the world,—and remember that patient and systematic toil is the magician that has created all this. Whatever is grand and noble and fine and fair means systematic labor. "Genius," some one has said, "is an infinite capacity for taking pains." At any rate, no genius has ever produced the results he has wrought except at the expense of hard work. However richly he may be endowed, it is work, work, work, that has made the world beautiful and fair.

And, then, not only that. Do you ever turn to look at the other side of it, and think that it is work that has made man? It is work that has made us, all of fine and fair and noble that we are. Those people that live still in their Gardens of Eden,—and there are whole tribes of them in different parts of the world,—who have no "curse" of labor laid upon them; who can play all day long and sleep all night; who find all they need to eat growing upon the trees, all that they need to drink running lazily at their feet,—these people are what? Savages, barbarians, uncultivated in hand, uncultivated in eye, uncultivated in ear, unculti-

vated in mind, uncultivated in conscience, uncultivated in heart,—not men, not women, measured by the higher standards with which we are accustomed to test ourselves.

It is work, and hard work, that has made us able to think, that has built the very substance of our brains, that has trained the eye so that it can see, detect nice distinctions, fine shapes and colors, that has trained the ear so that it can hear,—indeed, it is labor literally that has created eye and ear and brain, and given the hand its cunning, and made us masters of ourselves and of the world.

Work, then, a curse? Did I not say well it is the divinest blessing that God has bestowed upon man?

But now I wish to point out two or three conditions of work that are common, not among the poor only, but among the rich, perhaps, quite as truly, which are curses, and which in the coming year, as in all years, need by every thoughtful person to be guarded against.

There are people who fancy that there is some sort of virtue in work for its own sake. I have heard people boast that they have not taken a vacation for years; and they seemed to expect that I would admire them for it. I did not admire them at all. There are people who could afford to go away who have not been. I am sorry for them. They have either felt that it was a virtue for them to stay at home, or else they have not cultivated in themselves, or have allowed to die out, those tastes and faculties which would have enabled them to enjoy God's blessed universe outside the town. These people can have my sympathy or pity if they want them; but they cannot have my admiration. This excessive work is a curse.

I have for years been one of those who believed in shortening the hours of labor. I speak now of labor in the technical sense. In the truest sense of the word, all the people in the world who are worth anything are laborers. But we speak of wage-earners in a technical sense. I believe in shortening their hours. For their sake? Yes, and

for our sakes, too; for the world's sake. Why? A rich man, if he chooses to work eighteen hours a day, can do so; if he chooses to work two hours a day, he can do so: he is free. I know rich men who work a good deal more than eight, than ten hours; but here is the distinction between them and the class of people for whom I am pleading. These men are free: they do it voluntarily, because they choose to do so; and they have already in possession results of leisure. They are educated at least somewhat; their eye and ear are trained, they can enjoy music, they can appreciate literature. All the sides of life that make up the refinements of civilization, as we call them, they have learned, perhaps, to taste. They are open to them at any rate; and they can learn if they choose.

But the common laboring man is not thus cultivated or trained. He knows nothing about literature or art. He, perhaps, has no love for music or training in a musical direction. How is he to acquire these? How is he to become, in the highest sense of the word, civilized? He must have leisure if he is ever to be anything but a drudge. He must have leisure. He must have time to think. He must have time to read. He must have time to learn to care for music and the sweet and high and fine things of the world.

But you say to me, If we give these men leisure, they only abuse it. I grant it, in perhaps the larger number of cases; but is all the abuse of leisure on the part of the poor men and laborers? Are there no rich men who abuse leisure? Are there no cultivated men who abuse leisure? No matter if they do at first abuse it: they must have it; and we must teach them not to abuse it, to learn the meaning and worth of life, to learn the high and fine things that make up manhood and womanhood. And we must give them time, so that they can turn their attention in these directions.

Too much work is a curse. For what does it mean? If a man is obliged to work just as many hours as he can fairly

and easily keep awake, just to get bread enough to eat, just to get a sufficient quantity of drink, just to pay the rent of a shelter in which to guard himself against the storm and sleep at night,—if his whole life is just that, he is doomed to be simply an animal. There is no possibility of his climbing up into brain and conscience and heart and spirit; for he has no time. He has no strength left for these things, no ability to think or feel in any of these directions. Too much work, then, is a curse.

Let us, then, sympathetically deal with these people who are pleading for more leisure, in order that they may learn what it means to be men.

There is another kind of labor which is not a blessing; and that is the unrequited work of the world, the work that does not attain its end or any high and noble end, that is simply the grinding toil of day after day, week after week, year after year, ending in hopelessness, discouragement, and despair. It is not always the poor people that go through this experience. I know men not very poor, not those that we would class as poor, who have labored and struggled until in mid-life or a little beyond. Everything they had tried to build crumbles in their hands; and they find themselves with less heart, less power, less ambition, than they had when they were younger, facing the world about where they were, perhaps, when they were twenty. They have struggled, they have labored, practically for naught. We will hope that the results have been wrought out in character, thought, feeling, inspiration, soul life; that they have made themselves better by the process, if they have not attained their hearts' desire. But we cannot but look with sympathetic pity upon those people who struggle and strive, and get nothing back; who stand at forty or fifty where they were when they were young, only that the hair is thinner and the face wrinkled and the eyes have the discouraged look of those who have not attained.

I know a woman fitted for all high and fine things, with

a taste for music, for literature, for all that is sweet in social life, but doomed all her years through so far to toil in a little round because of her husband's ill-health, his inability to take his place among men and do a man's day's work. This is the kind of toil that seems pathetic and sad to me.

And there are men among the laboring classes — to use that technical phrase again, and thus save the trouble of circumlocution in explaining — who toil year after year with no hope. I have great sympathy for the striking miners in Pennsylvania to-day. I am not going to preach about them. I am not going to pronounce any judgment upon them, because I do not know. I wish to use them simply as an illustration. I suppose there are persons who know who is to blame, whether it is the employers or employed, or whether partly one and partly the other. I have no inside information on the subject; but I pity them. For suppose they are children; suppose they are unreasonable, and that their demands are unreasonable; suppose they are well paid, as much pay as the operators can afford to give them; suppose all you please in favor of the operators,— I pity the men. And, if they are not wise, I pity them all the more; and, if they are only children, I pity them all the more; and, if they are untrained and passionate, I pity them all the more. And, if they cannot see where their interests lie, then I pity them all the more.

If you and I were in their places, drudging under the ground, no matter if only for four or six hours a day, and had nothing else to look forward to until the day when what was left of us went underground for good, we should not consider our lot a fortunate one.

This kind of work is not a blessing. Let us, then, who have struggled up on to a higher level, as we think, and are not compassed about by these conditions,— let us look sympathetically, and act, so far as we can, helpfully towards the solution of these difficult and dark problems.

There is one kind of work about which I wish to speak a

moment; and this concerns almost exclusively the rich. Though, when I use the word "rich," perhaps I ought to explain that I do not know just where the dividing line is between poor people or people who are comfortably off and rich people. I remember, when I was a boy, a man had come home from California, and was able to live at the country tavern in the village and pay three dollars a week board; and I thought he must be very wealthy to be able to do that. I speak of this simply to show that our standards change with years and conditions.

Who is a rich man? For the purpose I have in mind, he is a man who can live easily and comfortably, and do about as he pleases; a man who, perhaps, if he chose to live quietly, could retire, and get along on his income. This is the kind of man I have in mind; and what I wish to say about him is this: It seems to me that so many times these men make work an end in life, and not a means. They work simply for the sake of working, to-morrow and next week and next year, and keeping on working. As I said, work in itself, and as an end, is not a whit better than idleness. Work is good, if it issues in good, if it accomplishes good; but, when a man turns himself into a mere working machine, and works for the sake of working, with no higher or human end in view, then in his case it becomes a curse, and tends to degrade him, and puts him on a lower level.

To illustrate what I mean, take Darwin: Darwin worked like a slave, all his life long, to perfect his studies and give the world the result of his magnificent achievements in the way of scientific discovery. But he gave himself so exclusively to this work that almost everything else in him atrophied and died out. He lost all taste for music, for art, and literature. He said in his old age he had lost it. Why? Merely because he never took any time to train himself in these matters; and, naturally, that which was not trained became stunted, and died.

I had a friend in Boston, a lawyer, who made a success in

life ; but he told me, with a pathetic sense of what he had been about in his later years, that when he was young he had a love for literature, that he wrote, and might have cultivated himself in that direction, but that it had all gone, and that all he cared for now was to make some more money after he had made enough.

This is the kind of work on the part of the race that is not a blessing, but is a curse. How many young men start out and say, I am going to achieve such and such a success, become rich, lay aside money, and then I am going to retire and — what? Live. What are the chances in a case like this? He never retires and never lives. He spends all his life getting ready to live ; and, before he gets ready, he dies. He lives simply as a money-making machine, grand in itself, provided you do not degrade something higher into this machine, and provided you make the money for some noble end. But if you simply become a money-making machine, and make money for the sake of making money, I call it pretty pitiful poor business.

You are worth more than that. There is something grander in life's possibility than all that. The mind, the heart, the conscience, the ability to serve your fellow-men, — these are better than that. I used to have a friend who told me he was going to work until he got a million ; and then he was going to give away everything beyond that. He was waiting till he had a million to become a man. I have never heard that he got a million ; and I do not think he will live a great many years more.

This kind of work is a curse. Why not, when you are able, retire and give the younger men a chance? And then another thing. Oh, if I could with this appeal wake up the minds and consciences of this country! In London there are rich men who take charge, for no pay, of public affairs. It is men like these who govern the city ; and it is clean, and it is well done, and there is no dishonesty about it. These men have no temptation to dishonesty. They have

not a host of friends to look after. These cities of ours are corrupt, as corrupt as can be, almost, for the lack of interest in them of our noblest and best men. If a sufficient number of men in New York,—men who are abundantly wealthy, over and over and over again rich,—if enough of them would stop simply piling up more money, and turn their attention to public affairs, we could have a clean New York, one to be proud of.

Is not this something worth living for rather than to be rated as having another extra million?

This kind of labor is anything but a blessing.

I have said that fortunate are those who have something to do. There is another class of rich people in all our great cities who have attained at the top of society the distinction of the idlers that I referred to a moment ago as at the bottom of society. They have reached a point at which they do not wish to do anything except amuse themselves. The man, I think,—and I ask you to consider whether I am unduly severe,—who simply amuses himself, who takes out of the reserve of society the means for existence, and does nothing for the world,—the man who does this, I think, is a thief. I think he is more immoral than the immoral people who are arrested on the streets. All his tremendous power,—the power of his inherited position, intelligence, opportunity, wealth,—all this in the face of the world's great appalling needs used simply for amusement!

Do you know that the world has accumulated so little that it is almost on the edge of starvation all the time? If we should stop production, the world would be empty of life in five years, perhaps in three. And yet some men think they have the right to take all they desire, and add not one single grain to the world's accumulation.

Work, true work, work consecrated to the happiness, the intelligence, the uplifting of man,—this is, indeed, noble. No man, whatever he may be doing, if he is filling his place, is doing something that needs to be done, ought to be con-

sidered as dishonored by his labor. The man who wields a spade or a pick or a crow-bar is unspeakably more worthy than the idler, in whatever class of society he may be; and the man who does this, if it is his share in making the world healthy and beautiful and good, is a gentleman in possibility, if he chooses to be a gentleman. And the men of the past, — in the boasted days of chivalry, — those who have looked down on toil, these are barbaric in comparison.

I have been living in this age of chivalry during the summer. I have visited fifteen or twenty of the famous old French châteaux where the kings used to hold their courts before Louis XIV. built Versailles in the neighborhood of Paris. I have resurrected, by reading, the life of those times; and they were simply horrible. Any man who looks back with a sigh, and thinks that the poetry and glamour of romance are all in the past, and are not with the toilers, the users of the pick, the managers of steam-engines, those who delve in the mines, — these, it seems to me, have most pitifully reversed their estimate of what is noble and true. The best poetry is not in the past. Kipling is beginning to teach us — and other writers are following him — that the poetry of the world is in the midst of the world's work and achievement; that these are of the real chivalry, living lives of high romance, who, as the sons and the daughters of God, are making the world over, and transforming it into the likeness of the kingdom of heaven.

Father, we thank Thee that we are permitted to have some little share in Thy work of making this world an Eden, and of building here in the hearts and lives of men Thy perfect kingdom. Let us consecrate ourselves to this toil, and rejoice in it. Amen.

Life Beyond Death

Being a Review of the World's Beliefs on the Subject, a Consideration of Present Conditions of Thought and Feeling, leading to the Question as to whether it can be demonstrated as a Fact.

To which is added an Appendix containing Some Hints as to Personal Experiences and Opinions.

By MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

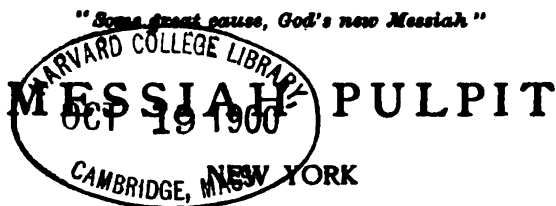
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After a review of the beliefs held in the past concerning life beyond death, Dr. Savage takes up the present conditions of belief, and considers the agnostic reaction from the extreme "other-worldliness" which it replaced, which was in turn followed by the spiritualistic reaction against agnosticism. He points out the doubts concerning the doctrine of immortality held by the churches and the weakness of the traditional creeds and the loosening of their hold upon people. He then considers the probabilities of a future life,—probabilities which, as he admits, fall short of demonstration. The volume includes a consideration of the work of the Society for Psychical Research and also an appendix giving some of the author's own personal experiences in this line. Dr. Savage holds, as a provisional hypothesis, that continued existence is demonstrated, and that there have been at least some well-authenticated communications from persons in the other life. The chief contents of the volume are as follows:

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G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 & 29 West 23d St., N.Y.

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy



(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 19, 1900.

No. 2.

The Place of the Church in a Human Life

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

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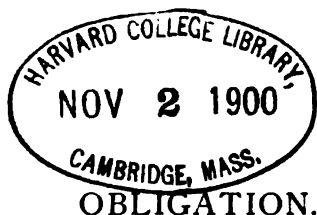
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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.



"Owe no man anything, save to love one another."—ROM. xiii. 8.

WHEN Paul writes to the church at Rome, "Owe no man anything," he speaks, no doubt, first of owing money or money's worth, and would have his words take the form of a caution against running into debt or a command to get out of it with all speed, as the terse, strong sentence might strike this man or that, and compel him to see how he stood, free from the danger or was already in its toils.

And it is not hard to see how needful such a word would be to those who would read his letter, when we remember how this faith of ours flamed out, at the first, into a sort of communism we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, in which those who had possessions sold them, and shared them as every man had need. So the honest old custom of earning what you have came near being lost in the swamp, which always begins to gather where that is done for us we ought to do for ourselves, and so work out with the hammer or the spade, if we must, our own salvation.

How long this lasted, we do not learn ; but, from what we know of mankind, we may fairly infer that it had a good deal to do with the revivals we read of then, as we may also infer that the percentage of backsliders would be a sight to see when the price of the fields was all eaten up and *work* began to stare some of the new converts in the face. And those who had good heads on their shoulders, as well as good hearts below them, saw they had made a mistake.

They had loaf-giving Christians and loafing Christians : those who gave everything, and those who would take every-

Of course, all sane people who held those beliefs would go to church. But that belief, although it still remains ossified in the creeds, although it claims to be believed by many still, although now and then, and here and there, it is preached,—that belief has practically passed away from the minds of most men of this generation.

We do not believe that the whole world is lost, in the theological sense. We do not believe that the one great aim and object of life is to be saved, in the theological sense. What, then? What is to be the outcome of this changed attitude of mind on the existence, the power, and place of the Church itself? Is it to pass away?

I was asked with all seriousness once by one of my parishioners in Boston as to whether the reason for attending church had not gone by because of the passing of this one, article of the old-time creed. There are thousands of people who are asking it. Is the Church to pass away? If not, what place is it to occupy with us? Is it to have first, supreme place any longer? Is it to have a very important place any longer? Are people to attend church because they feel that it is something very important, or are they to go only as a matter of convenience or inclination, or when they feel like it?

Is the Church to become a lecture association? I do not believe that it can succeed on that basis. There are not enough brilliant men in the pulpits to keep all the churches going merely through their ability to draw people to an intellectual entertainment.

The Church is said to play a great part in some of our cities as the doorway of admission to the best society,—some of the churches, at any rate. Is this a sufficient reason for continuing it as an organization? What place shall it occupy?

I wish to talk with you this morning very plainly, very simply, as man to man, in regard to this matter, and see if we can find any place for the Church which is relatively as

important as that which it used to occupy. If we cannot, then I would frankly say to you, I would not trouble to support it any longer. If it is not of supreme importance to men, then it must take its place with the thousand other interests that occupy men's attention, and it will have a small voluntary following; but by and by it must cease to exist.

Let us see, then. I ask you to note the wording of the subject which I have announced,—“The Place of the Church in a Human Life.” What do we mean by a human life,—simply the human, ordinary life that any man leads who belongs to what we call the “human race”? I think that will not quite satisfy us if we are ready to look a little closely.

If I were asked by a man who had never seen an apple to show him one, so that he might know what that word meant, I should wish to show him the very finest specimen I could discover. I would not show him one that was half grown or blighted or worm-eaten if I could help it. I would show him a perfect apple. And so, when we use that word, that is what we mean.

So in regard to any other department of human life or thought. If I am asked what is meant by the word “horse,” I wish to think of a fine specimen of the genus horse. So, if you ask me what I mean by a man, by a human life, I do not mean the poor, abortive, shrunken, degraded specimens. I mean a man, with all that that word includes.

We all of us demand that we be tested by the highest, even though it put us on a lower grade. We are proud of the fact that men like the supremest that have glorified our race have lived. We are proud of that fact; and, when we think of humanity, it is of these highest and noblest types that we are reminded.

Where shall we place the Church, then, in a human life? Let me, in a very familiar way, run over some of the objects of human search, and see if they satisfy us,—not if they

satisfy me, having erected this morning an arbitrary standard ; but I appeal to you if they really satisfy you.

Take, for example, the man or the woman who has been preached about since the world began, I suppose, who makes pleasure the object of existence. Suppose a person succeeds. Suppose every nerve is in perfect tune and thrills to every conceivable delight. Suppose the mind is finely cultivated, so that there are intellectual pleasures added to those that belong to the body,—any kind and number of enjoyments that you please you may imagine. Take as an illustration that picture which we have in the Old Testament of Solomon,—how it is said that he gathered from all over the world everything he could dream of, to add to his pleasure. He had singers. He had whatever was known in that ancient world of art. He had palaces, servants innumerable, wealth. He gathered curious specimens of birds and animals to delight him. Whatever the world afforded in the way of resources to add to his enjoyment he sought after, so the story runs ; and, when he was through with it all, he summed up the result by saying that it was all emptiness, it was vexation, it was weariness. He was tired of it all.

Now, whether a man should get tired of it or not, you would not regard one who had succeeded ever so completely along those lines as your ideal man, would you ? You would not say, That is what a man is for : that is the highest type of the human life. Something better than that must come in.

Let us turn for a moment to another object of human search, that which, perhaps (so they tell us, at any rate), is the most universal of all,—the pursuit of wealth, of money. Now those of you who are familiar with my ideas in this direction know that I have not anything to say against money. I wish that you had a great deal more of it. I wish that I had a great deal more of it. But, when that is said, we all recognize the fact that money is only a means

to something beyond it. It is not a noble end in itself; and, though a man gain ever so many millions, if his life is devoted simply to the pursuit of his millions, and he has no sweeter, higher, finer life outside of and beyond that, if he has not something noble to which he consecrates his millions, then he is not living, I know, what you regard as the ideal of a human life.

Nobody looks over the past history of the world to those who stand as proverbially rich, and feels towards them the reverence, the admiration, that we accord freely to some who have been poor. That is not enough, then.

Suppose the object of a man's life is ambition. He wishes to become great, to be distinguished, to have his name known throughout his State, his country, beyond the seas, all over the world. He wishes to climb into positions of influence, of power. In countries where that is regarded as more honorable, he aims perhaps at a throne. Possibly he gains it, as did Napoleon, as did Cæsar, as did many another who started without princely birth. Even then, though the world were at his feet and he held the liberty and lives of thousands at his will, do we regard that as the highest type of human life?

Why, there are thousands of others that all of us recognize as grander, nobler, sweeter, coming nearer to our ideal of human life. Take what all of us would regard at least as an innocent aim. Take the man who devotes himself to literary pursuits, wishes to become distinguished as an author, writer, novelist, poet, whatever you will. Let him become as great as Shakspeare, or let him, as men do to-day, devote himself to writing about and studying Shakspeare,—an innocent life, surely. But, if a man gives himself selfishly to the pursuit of an intellectual career, if that be the one aim and object of his life, humanity never yet has, and it never will, place him on the supreme pinnacle of reverence, never put him in the highest place.

It is the men who have consecrated themselves, it is the

men who have denied themselves, the men who have forgotten themselves, the men who, as it is said of Jesus, made themselves of no reputation, the men who served, the men who cared for human suffering, the men who pitied human poverty and woe, the men who cared to bind up the broken-hearted, the men who tried to think out the problems of life, and point the way so as to make the path easy for weaker human feet to follow,—these are our supremest men. They have been in every nation. They have been in every age. It is the universal human verdict that these are the highest and noblest types of what we agree to call the Human.

You may choose any of the other paths of human pursuit you please; and you come to the same one end, leaving out, of course, the one thing that I have in mind, and to which I shall come very soon.

Now what is it that is essential in humanity? What is that which is peculiar to humanity? If I wished to distinguish some one thing from other things, I should not fix my attention on the qualities and characteristics which it shares with the other things. I select those which are peculiar to it; and which distinguish it as differing from the others. The dog, I say, is a quadruped: so is a horse a quadruped. If I wish to describe a dog, I do not select the characteristics which he shares with the horse, but those which are peculiar to him as a dog. So, if I wish to describe man, I must select those qualities and characteristics which are peculiar to him as a man, which he does not share with the other animals, his poor relations, here on earth.

Now let us note for a few moments what some of them are; and then we shall find ourselves face to face with the central thought of my problem this morning.

A man ought to be an animal. He is born an animal. He ought to be as fine a specimen of animal as he can. He must look after his body, obey the laws of his body, keep his body, so far as he is able, in good condition. But, if he lives purely the life of his body, he does not rise above the

level of the dog or horse or the other animals with which he shares these characteristics that pertain to his body. I suppose that our bodies are best for us; but we are limited in that part of the world which we can inhabit, and are controlled by the peculiarities of our bodies. The horse's body is a great deal better in some ways than ours. So is the tiger's, so is the dog's. We must be just as good animals as we can; but we are not men until we climb up higher than that.

Step, then, on to the next range, and see where we are. We are not only bodies, we are minds. We are capable of thinking, of reasoning. We are intellectual beings. Is it that which makes us men? No. Animals have minds; animals think; animals reason. We excel them, perhaps. Some of us do excel even the highest and noblest of the animals in our mental range, in our power of thinking, in our ability to reason; but we are not above the animal level until we get beyond that.

Suppose we come up still a step higher, then, and consider ourselves as affectional beings. We love, especially we love our own. We love our family, our relatives, our friends, those of our set, those who minister to our comfort and pleasure. But we share the affectional nature also with animals beneath us. There are birds, there are animals, which not only love their kind, but which are ready through the power of this love to consecrate themselves to the utmost. They suffer for love, they die for love. We must get beyond even this before we find that which makes us human.

I ask your attention now to some of those peculiar characteristics which belong to men, and to men alone,—belong in rudiment, at any rate, to all men, belong in any wide or grand range of exercise only to the best, but belong to that ideal of men which, we all say, must be regarded as the characteristic specimen and type.

Now what are these? First there is unselfish love, that

my dear old friend, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, told me that, when she sat to him for her portrait in his fine picture of the Peace Convention in 1842, the squalor and wretchedness of everything about his home made her heart ache, though she knew nothing then of his affairs, while the whole thing got to be such a misery to him at last that he took his own life.

Yes, and I have known two men in my own lifetime of a true genius, who could have lived in perfect comfort and independence; but they were in constant misery through leaning on every man's shoulder who could be induced to stand up to them. They had everything but this proud personal independence which will "owe no man anything." And so things went from bad to worse with them, until they had to drain their genius to the husks and live on those. The day came when there was no time for the angel to steal in and whisper to them what he would whisper to no one else in all the world; and then they tried to drag the holy vision in by main force, while those who were not in the secret wondered why their later work was not as good as the earlier. And there was no answer. But, on the other hand, we have known one man of as fine a genius as this New World has ever seen, who, when he could stay no longer in the ministry, for which he had been educated, went to Concord and began to live a simple, frugal life, owing no man anything, never spending a dollar he did not earn, and never writing a line until that line was ready to be written,—a man who, when I went to see him in the year he died, seemed to be sitting with the light of the inner heavens in his eyes and the peace of God that passeth all understanding in his heart, and who, when his good day's work was done, left as sweet a savor of independence in his town and in the nation as any man we ever raised, because he would live on a dry crust rather than owe any man on the earth for the butter.

This dependence on others saps the strength of tens of thousands of our young men, and is the seed-corn of the

tramps. And I notice again that there is no trait in the character of the choicer men of the Revolution more admirable than the holy earnest to be independent themselves while they fought the battle of independence. These were among the deep and square foundations of their manhood,—the power first to be a whole true man yourself, and then the power to cement your manhood fast to that of other men of the same fine quality, and on this, by God's help and blessing, to build up the new republic.

It was the fashion then, especially where Washington was raised, for men of their rank to swagger and spend and live under loads of obligation. They were not the true fathers of the republic, north or south; and, if they had been, we may doubt whether the fortunes of the Royal George would have gone down in the American waters.

What do you pay for your wine? a friend said to one of these fine prodigals, but not of our New World. I could not tell you for my life, he answered, but I believe they put something down in the book. They did put something down in a book, the one word "shame": and under that another was written for him, and it was ruin.

So runs my thought as it touches the lines we all have to mind, who would owe no man anything. And now, standing here, there is another truth touching this doctrine of obligation I want to touch. The time may come, or has come, when we can say: All this have I done,—stood on my own feet, done my good day's work, I owe no man anything, and have begun to carve out my own fortune. Now what will Paul say to me?

We ask such a question, and one holier than Paul gives the answer. He tells us of one he seems to have known, who was no man's debtor in this sense I have tried to open and make plain. There is not a word to show us he was not honest, and fair and true in his dealings, yet he was a debtor all the same; and, when the curtain falls, the debt is not paid, and he lifts up his eyes, being in torment. It

better kennel. No dog ever theorizes concerning the relations in which he stands to other dogs, either poorer or better than he, and wonders how he can lift the level of his race.

Do you not see that this is the very central idea of all advance, and that this is peculiar to the highest and noblest type of man? The man who is contented is through. The man who is contented is no helper of his race. It is the man who thinks and plans and hopes who tries to lift up and lead on the world.

Then there is another quality akin to this, but different, because it has a different object, and takes us a step further, and lifts us a grade higher; and that is the fact of worship. The noblest men of all this world have been worshippers. All men, whether they are conscious of it or not, are worshippers in some degree, to some extent. For what is worship? It is not cringing in fear in the presence of the supernatural. Worship is not singing a hymn; it is not making a prayer; it is not going through a church service.

We talk about "public worship." It may or may not be worship, in any real sense. "Worship,"—analyze the word, and find its centre and root, and you discover that it is admiration. The man who admires something that he is modest and humble enough to say is above him, that man is a worshiper; and the man who dreams the perfect ideal, and calls it God, and worships that, and feels the impulse in him—as Jesus said—to be "perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," he is on the way to become one of the supreme souls of the world.

No man ever rises in any department of life unless this quality of the worshipper finds play in him. The painter who thinks he can paint as well as the masters, and does not worship at the shrine of those who have achieved and made themselves famous, does not become a great painter. The writer who thinks he can write a novel or a book as good as has ever been produced anywhere in the world never rises to any higher level.

In any department of life, no matter where it be, the man who can look up and admire something that is higher than his present attainment,—he is the one who is reaching out towards God.

This, again, is one of the main qualities and characteristics of what we must agree to speak of as human.

There is one more that I wish to touch on a moment. You may not agree with me here; but it seems to me that the grandest men of the world have been those who have felt that this life was but a beginning, who have laid out their lives on a scheme that included the Beyond, who have said, This is but a fragment, who have felt, as did Victor Hugo in his old age, that he had just begun to express what was in him,—who felt that this life was only the porch, the gateway, and that there is an infinite outreach beyond. They are those who have purposely, consciously, planned their lives with this in mind, and have been grandly content, if need be, with temporary and partial failure here, so they were true to their ideals, and have said, No matter: yonder is to be the fruition of my hopes, the culmination of all my endeavor. This, again, I think, is one of the peculiar characteristics of the highest type of man.

One more, and the last. The grandest men in all ages have tried to link their lives with God's. Perhaps, humbly, some of them have refrained from saying "God." All of them, if they have thought deeply and carefully, have been conscious of the fact that their idea of God must be infinitely, pitifully small as compared with the unthinkable reality. But they have believed there was a purpose in this life, a line of light and leading running through it; and they have not been content to live their own little lives, but have tried to link them in with this great movement, this onward march of the invisible. And they have bowed in the presence of their thought of this God, have dared to hope that he was their father, have dared to believe that he cared for all who cared and tried, and have

have felt that, so long as they were true to him, no matter what failure came, success must crown the outcome.

Now, friends, is it not true that these qualities, characteristics, peculiarities, that I have thus touched on and briefly attempted to define, are those which are essential to a man? Is a man a man who lacks these? Does he fill out your ideal? Does he come up to the fulness of the stature of your dream of what is possible to humanity? The few men who have in some way expressed the human ideal in this direction men have called divine. They have been worshipped, they have been regarded as expressions and manifestations of the divine life here on earth, and they have witnessed to the fact that men believed that the highest human life takes hold of the divine and becomes partner with it for the accomplishment of its work.

Now what place has the Church in a human life as thus defined? Do you not see,—I need to take very little of your time in answering,—do you not see that merely pointing out the fact is the answer? The Church is the one institution, is the only institution, on the face of the earth that concerns itself chiefly with just these peculiarities and characteristics which make our ideal of humanity. The Church is organized for the purpose of cultivating and developing these ideals; that is, of making men men in the highest sense of that word, making women women in the noblest sense in which we can dream. That is what the Church is for.

Is there any other institution on the face of the earth that exists specifically for these ends? I do not know of one. You may devote yourselves as much as you please to the organization and success of any other institution, and leave most of these out. I am perfectly well aware that no one Church on the face of the earth perfectly embodies these ideals; but the Church is the only institution that attempts to embody them in any complete and perfect way.

Now the upshot of it is that the Church must, as it has in the past,—if we are true, if we are noble, if we are worthy,

— occupy the supreme place in a human life. Is it not so? Does not this appeal simply to your common sense, to your reason as men?

Now I do not say, as the result of what I have been discoursing, that you must attend this church or any Unitarian church. Perhaps I may say, and not contradict in principle what I have just uttered, some men may not necessarily attend any church. But you must consecrate your lives to the development of those things for which the Church stands, and is the only institution on earth which does stand. And you know perfectly well that, if you give some time and some place and some specific effort to the accomplishment of definite ends, they are a good deal more likely to be accomplished than they are if you leave them to take care of themselves hap-hazard.

If you link yourselves with the Church, then, the Church which at present embodies the highest which you can find, and try to make it what it ought to be, try to live out its ideals in your own life, try to help others live them out in theirs, you are much more likely, are you not, to develop those things which are highest and finest and sweetest in human nature than you are if you leave these to take care of themselves?

The finest and most beautiful flower may possibly grow wild, develop itself in the wilderness. We will grant the possibility. But those who have hundreds and hundreds of kinds of roses, the most delicate, dainty, beautiful on the face of the earth, are the ones who cultivate them, devote time and money and care to them, who shelter them, who set apart special places for them, who do their utmost to bring them to perfection. The men who have the most perfect orchids are the ones who have places and times for the cultivation of the orchid, giving it the best possible opportunity. You may find a beautiful one wild; but they are rare.

So, if you wish to come to the highest and finest and

sweetest that there is in humanity, ought you not to give time, to give care, to give effort, to give devotion to this which is the supremest end of life ?

Father, let us consecrate ourselves to Thee, give ourselves to that which is highest and finest and best, and be grateful to Thee that we may help others also in attaining that which is the noblest end of existence. Amen.

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great causes, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 26, 1900.

No. 3.

Some of the Moral Issues of the Political Campaign

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

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104 East 20th St., New York.

SOME OF THE MORAL ISSUES OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

My text I find in the fourteenth chapter of Proverbs, the thirty-fourth verse,—“Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.”

Let me say at the outset that, in my judgment, the Church is no place for partisan politics. I do not claim the right to preach what is ordinarily called a political sermon. Under ordinary conditions it is none of my business to tell you, at least in public, how I think you ought to vote. But there are times in the history of a nation when it seems to me that any man who is silent is recreant to the highest obligations which he owes as a citizen; and those who try to stand for righteousness in public places, of all others, it seems to me, should then speak.

I claim no infallibility. My judgment may be wrong; but it seems to me that I must say some of those things that appear to me clear and important.

A righteous government is the most difficult thing in all the world for people to establish and maintain. A government that is free and at the same time is orderly is the last and highest result of the political evolution of the world, the most difficult thing to attain, one of the most difficult things to preserve and perpetuate. It seems to me, therefore, that every man who is a citizen is under the very highest obligation to play his part as a citizen on all common occasions even, much more in times like these.

I heard a gentleman the other day, presumably honest, intelligent so far as I know, say that he had not registered, and that it was hardly worth while, for, if he did register, he

should probably not vote. I cannot understand the attitude of a man who can utter words like these. We, in a republic like this, are personally and individually responsible when things go wrong, because we can at least do our little best to have them go right. If I had my way, a man who declined to vote on two separate important occasions should have the right to vote taken away from him, and be branded as recreant to his duty. And he should have it restored to him only by making public confession and promising better manners.

It is our duty, then, it seems to me, to play our part as citizens of this magnificent republic of ours; and it is our duty in every way possible in a time like this to see to it that our neighbors join with us in helping to preserve the most priceless gift that has ever been bestowed upon the world.

I have said I claim no infallibility: it is possible that some of you may radically disagree with opinions which I shall express this morning. I fairly and freely concede to you your right to disagree with me. I only ask you to concede to me my right to hold and express my own views. We need liberty enough in these matters to go all round, embracing the pulpit and the pew and every department of life. I shall speak with perfect freedom. I shall say just what I think. Then, afterwards, you will weigh my words, and will do what seems to you best.

In the first place, I wish to touch briefly — because, important as it is, I take it that I need not dwell long upon it — on the matter of public honesty. I have been amazed this year at the attitude of certain men who, by virtue of character, as we have supposed, by virtue of powers of public eloquence, by virtue of their records in the past, have claimed to be our natural leaders. I have been amazed to see these men reversing directly and entirely the attitude which they maintained four years ago, and condoning at any rate what seems to me public dishonesty and threatened disgrace.

I cannot understand how any man can get into a state of mind in which he shall suppose that Congress, by a vote, can create money, or can make that which in the markets of the world is worth only forty-eight cents become suddenly, in some magical fashion, worth a hundred. Things like this are possible only in fairy stories, in "Alice in Wonderland," in books like "Jack and the Beanstalk." How men with clear brains can suppose such a thing to be possible is to me utterly incomprehensible.

I know that Congress has stamped certain silver-colored disks with the legend that announces that they are one dollar, and on one side that pious phrase "In God we trust"; but, instead of the piety condoning the fraud, it seems to me that it only comes very perilously near a blasphemous association of the Almighty with our own short-sighted schemes of dishonesty.

We are a part of the great world, and saying that forty-eight cents is a dollar, or shall be, here in America, does not make it a dollar in London or in any other part of the world; and every man who is capable of thinking, every man who has any right to stand up as a teacher even of the smallest boy, knows that we are to be measured henceforth by world standards. The attempt to carry through these measures which threaten us is public dishonesty and private wrong. It threatens the stability of our business: it is a peril to every man who is a capitalist; but it is a greater peril to the man who works by the day and for wages. It lessens the amount of his income and makes him a poorer man. That which threatens public dishonor, that which threatens our commercial credit at home or abroad, that which threatens to rob the poor man of his wages, becomes something more than a financial question: it is a moral question, and from the day of far-off Sinai until now it stands liable to be blasted by the words which, it is said, were uttered in the midst of cloud and lightning,—“Thou shalt not steal.”

It is simply that,—nothing more, nothing less; and the man who does not know it is intellectually incapable of swaying the destinies of any part of a great people like ours. Enough for that.

I wish to touch on another matter. Possibly some of you, you business men sitting in the pews, may wonder that I, a minister, dare to touch such great financial questions as these. I venture, however, to deal with what seem to me fundamental principles simple enough for any man to comprehend.

They tell us that another great danger that threatens the people is the existence of the Trust; and here, in the East, where 16 to 1 is not specially popular this year, it is thrust quietly in the background, and "Trust" is placed at the front as the one great thing against which the American people need to be guarded in this present campaign. But what is a trust? Is it anything but a bugaboo?

A man goes into business alone. He is not able to carry on so large a business as he desires with his own capital, his own time, strength, and brains. He associates himself with another man, and we have a corporation. Two corporations agree to work together, and we have a trust. It seems to me to be the simplest possible extension of the principle involved in the corporation itself, and one that is utterly inevitable. If the great businesses of the world at the present time are to be carried on at all, then people must be left free to organize themselves into corporations or trusts large enough so that they can swing these great business enterprises and manage these financial affairs on so large a scale as is necessary.

Barbarians never associate. You go back towards the beginning of the world, and you will find each man's hand against every other man. By and by they are able to associate in a little tribe; but it is only civilized people—it is only people who have developed the highest culture, great brain power, remarkable moral ability—who are

able to associate on any large scale and carry on any great enterprises. Great nations are simply gigantic political trusts, organized to manage affairs so large as to be impossible of being managed in any other way.

The Church, again, is simply a great magnificent corporation, in order to do things on a world-wide scale. And so in every other department of life. Just as fast and as far as men become sufficiently developed intellectually and morally, then they become more and more organized. One of the best signs of the times, though we do not like some of the manifestations of it, in my judgment is the wide-spread organization on the part of labor. Just as fast as laboring men become intelligent, just so fast and so far they will organize and hang together for the carrying out of the purposes that they believe to be important for their own welfare. This is one of the signs of a growing civilization, wherever it manifests itself.

I suppose there are trusts that work temporarily to the detriment of the public. If people organize for the sake of putting up prices, what is the result? Very injurious? We say granted. Can you touch it by legislation? I believe not. I think it will cure itself. There are millions of money in this country waiting for profitable investment. The moment that prices in any department of business or manufacture rise above a certain level, that moment free competition will come in and compel them to come down again.

How are you going to define trusts so as to deal with them by law? They are State organizations, at the best. He who aspires to be our chief magistrate, and who tells us that we must fight against the trusts, would be utterly powerless to do anything in the matter unless he could get an amendment to the Constitution passed by which the country itself should attempt to interfere with State matters; and I believe that the States would never submit to that.

I think, then, that the promise of relief in this connection

is a false promise, a promise that is not needed, and is an interference, or would be if it were attempted, with the free action of free men which we will not bear.

There are evils connected with the conduct of any business, I suppose, evils enough down in Wall Street,— say ; but every man knows that the evils of Wall Street are best left to cure themselves, and that it is practically impossible to deal with them by law. So it seems to me that this great anti-trust cry is one that we shall do well not to listen to with any seriousness, and practically to disregard.

There is another point that I must touch on briefly. It has been said that one of the evils of the present growth of what is called Militarism is the interference in labor problems on the part of the State militia or the United States army ; and it is held out before us as a great danger in the future that we shall have a large standing army which, from points of vantage in forts built in the neighborhood of our great cities, shall overawe the laboring classes, oppress them and interfere with justice, settling by the heavy iron hand questions that ought to be solved by legislative processes.

Let us think for a moment. One of the great dangers, as it seems to me, of this country is precisely in the opposite direction. We have an army hardly large enough at present to do decent garrison and police duty over all our widespread territories. We have not enough to-day in the neighborhood of the Indian reservations to protect us from danger if there should be an uprising. It seems to me that the danger of a great standing army, then, is not very imminent.

But there is something that is imminent ; and that is the danger of the development of the mob spirit. If the mob spirit is appealed to by demagogues, and they are taught that they have a right to take matters practically into their own hands, then what ? One of the great evils that is apparently growing over the country is the tendency of people to take matters into their own hands instead of re-

sorting to the old Anglo-Saxon method of appealing to the constituted authorities to maintain order ; and some of those who aspire to be our leaders are doing what they can, it seems to me, to foster this spirit of mob violence, and they even go so far as to threaten tampering with the authority of the judiciary to prevent these mobs being suppressed in due course of law.

Right here, I believe, is a danger a thousand-fold more than in the direction of any standing army which the American people is likely to have to care for or try to support. We need to guard above all things, if this republic is to endure, the independence and freedom of our magnificent Supreme Court at Washington ; and the man who threatens to introduce politics into that court, threatens to increase its number or change its complexion, so that the authority of the United States cannot be maintained, is nothing less than a public enemy.

The American people do not want any standing army, any larger than is necessary merely for police duty in this country ; and, when we have a war on our hands, we can depend, as we have done, upon the volunteer soldier. And the volunteer soldier stays in the army just as long as he needs to, to accomplish the work for which he has enlisted, and then gladly goes back to his home again. We have had a great army of hundreds of thousands in existence for three or four years, and have seen them melt away like a few snowflakes that fall late in the spring. After such experiences as we have had with our armies, I do not believe that the American people are going to be very readily frightened by any threat of militarism. Our danger is in quite another direction.

There is one other evil that I must speak of ; and that is this constant attempt, on the part of those who desire by such things to climb into power, to create ill-feeling between those that we are accustomed to speak of as the "classes" in America. In reality, there are no "classes" in America.

Is there a man in the whole bounds of the United States who would not resent being called a "peasant"? Is there a man in America, anywhere, who considers his status fixed? Is there anybody born into a servile condition or a servile class out of which he is not perfectly free to emerge, even so high as the President's chair, if he has capacity and character? It is utterly absurd, then, it seems to me, in a country like this, to create uneasiness and jealousy and envy, in any direction, by talking of the "classes," talking of the rich, talking of the poor. The great majority of the men in New York who are rich to-day had poor fathers. Perhaps the majority of them were poor themselves, as boys. And to say that the opportunities for earning great amounts of money are over is entirely unproved and utterly unreasonable.

There are no classes, then, in this country; and there ought to be no jealousy between the rich and the poor. I was born poor enough,—as poor, perhaps, as almost anybody in this city. I never had any jealousy of the rich. I would like a little of the money of some of them, possibly; but I have never felt like changing places with any of them. I do not believe that any man who carries an ounce of self-respect under his hat would be willing to change places with any millionaire in New York.

They tell us—and they iterate it and reiterate it, for the sake, apparently, of trying to make as wide a gulf as possible between the rich and the poor—that the rich are all the time growing richer and the poor are all the time growing poorer, and the condition of the poor is getting more and more hopeless year by year. Let us look at the facts for a moment. Those who have made careful study of statistics, both in England and America, during the last fifty years, tell us that the facts are right here. Of course there are more people who are rich now than there were fifty years ago. I hope that in a hundred years from now there will be a good many more still who are rich. I am not injured because

another man has become rich. The more rich people there are in New York, the better the chance of every man who is not rich. My chance of getting some money would not be increased by lessening the general quantity of money in the country or in the world. My chance would rather be lessened.

What are the facts? The percentage that accrues to capital is constantly growing less year by year. The percentage that accrues to labor is constantly growing larger year by year. There never was a time since the world swung in the blue when the laboring man's wages were so high as they are to-day. There never was a time when everything that he desires to buy was so cheap as it is to-day. There is only one thing that is higher than it was fifty years ago, and that is rent; and that does not mean that you cannot rent the same kind of shelter that you did fifty years ago for the same price: it means that better homes are demanded and obtained.

I do not, by any means, think that the poor are getting on as fast and as favorably as they ought to, perhaps,—if there is any "ought" about it. I do not think they are getting on as fast as I wish they were. I hope the time will come when they will be unspeakably better off than they are to-day. But it seems to me that the progress of the past is prophecy and assurance of constant advance in the days that are to come. So that there is no reason for discouragement, no reason for despair, and no excuse whatever for any man's attempting to foment discord and division between the rich and the poor. I think that the rich, the capitalists, the manufacturers, might carry still further a movement which is already begun, both for the advantage of their employees and their own,—something in the line of profit-sharing, something in the direction of interesting the working people in the manufacture. I believe it would be wise to make the attempt; and I believe it would not only help the relation between the laborer and his employer,

but would also prevent strikes, and help financially in every way.

I have a friend in Boston carrying on a very large business; and he has made every one of his hundreds of employees interested in that business. I have a friend in Ohio who is carrying on an enormous business in the way of manufacture; and there is not a man in his employment who is not interested in the success of the business in such a way that he would consider the man who attempted to make trouble or lead a strike, not only as the enemy of the firm, but his enemy as well. He is encouraged to make suggestions as to the conduct of the business. He shares in its prosperity. I knew a manufacturer who once a year called his workmen together, and said, "If we make more than a certain percentage on our capital during the coming year, you shall have it all,—shall share in it according to some fixed rate determined by the amount of wages." I believe that in this line the moneyed man might do much to make the workmen feel that they are friends, and not enemies; and I believe that not only would it help on the day of peace and good will, but it would help on financial prosperity as well.

And now at the last I come to what I have purposely left to the last, what, perhaps, is oftener thought of to-day than any other problem to be determined by the pending election; and that is the relations between the United States and the Philippine Islands. I am aware that some wise men, some noble men, some just men, hold views here which are diametrically opposed to my own. I am aware that they have made their views in this direction the excuse for condoning everything evil in every other direction on the part of their opponents; and yet I must hold just as strongly as they to my convictions, which I will now proceed to state as simply and plainly as I may.

I believe, just as strongly as they, that this is a great moral question; and I resent the attitude which some of these men have taken that they, and they only, are the ones

who have consciences, that they, and they only, are the ones who are fit to be custodians of public righteousness. Let us note the situation, and see, if we can, what great ethical principles are involved.

We were at war with Spain. Some of you possibly may remember my sermons preached at that time, and that I was opposed to that war. I believed then that it might have been avoided, and the ends we had in view reached in some other way. But the war came, so it was no longer a question. We were at war with Spain. A great Spanish fleet was in Manila Bay. Dewey, the man who sailed the great American fleet, was at Hong Kong. The war being on, the dictates of humanity as well as of selfishness were that we should strike as many and as severe blows as possible, and end it as soon as we could. Dewey was then ordered to attack the fleet in Manila Bay. On the first day of May, two years ago, he did attack that fleet; and the result of it was—what? That suddenly the responsibility for the future of the Philippines passed from Spain to us, whether we would or not.

Did anybody then suggest that Dewey's business was to sail out of Manila Bay and leave things as they were? I did not hear any such suggestion at that time. Dewey was seven thousand miles away from home, without a harbor on earth that was open to him. And then I believe that, if he had sailed away and neglected to assume the responsibility which the arbitrament of war devolved upon us, we should have been cowardly, miscreant to duty, as well as unmindful of our own highest and best interests as a people.

What should Dewey, then, do in the situation? Should we give the islands back to Spain? Nobody has advocated that. Should we let Germany have them, who stood by very anxious to obtain possession? I think nobody was in favor of that. We were rather proud of our admiral when he gave the German commander to understand that it was hands off. We felt like flinging our hats into the air when

the news came to us. Nobody advocated that. Should we let some other nation take possession of the Philippines? There were plenty of them who would have been ready to. Nobody advocated that.

What then? I have tried all this time to find some reasonable thing that people wanted to have us do with these islands; and I confess I have not been able to as yet. Should we leave them alone? Everybody knows they would have become the sudden prey of some other people. And, as I said a moment ago, we had broken down such authority as was there, and were under the highest moral obligation to see to it that their second state should not be worse than the first.

Should we turn them over to Aguinaldo? This seems to some like a very simple thing. Let us look at it a moment. Who is Aguinaldo, and what are the Philippines? There are hundreds of islands that make up this group, reaching north and south, I think, almost as far as from Maine to Florida. Some people say there are as many as five hundred different dialects and languages spoken there. At any rate there is a large number. There is a large number of different tribes. Aguinaldo, as far as I can understand it, represents one tribe. By what right shall he be left to dominate over all the rest except his own? Is that the way to give them freedom and peace? Shall they be left to become another San Domingo in their ignorance and barbarism and brutality, with war every six months or war a perpetuity? Is that the way to save life and bring in the kingdom of God, the reign of the Prince of Peace?

Some have advocated our giving the islanders independence, and undertaking to protect them in it. This would mean that we should assume responsibility for possible courses of conduct over which we should have no control. No sane man would like to be responsible for the actions of another when he could have no control in the matter.

What shall we do with the islands? That was the practi-

cal question pressing on the people of the United States, pressing on the administration,—a question that must be settled somehow and could not wait. It seems to me that the administration did the only reasonable, wise, humane thing that was possible in the circumstances. And to talk to-day of Oppression, of Imperialism, of grinding down the Philippines under the heel of military despotism, seems to me utterly childish. Men who engage in that sort of talk either leave their brains out of account or are so governed by prejudice and passion that they do not weigh their words.

There is not a man in America who would not rise up in his might, and fight against the treading down of the rights of anybody anywhere on the face of the earth. Nobody in this country is imperialistic, the administration least of all. The President has over and over and over again said that the one great thing he had in mind and was aiming at was to give self-development and self-government to the Philippines just as fast as possible. Is that the kind of tyranny that these men are howling about and trying to prejudice us against? So far as I am able to study the situation, the Philippines are not capable as yet of what we mean by self-government. But, somebody may say, what of that? Have we a right to step in and govern them because we think they are not capable? No, perhaps not; but, if Aguinaldo represented one homogeneous people, and all those people wanted him for their leader, then I say we should have left the islands, and permitted them to have their way.

They draw parallels every little while between the condition of the thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution and the condition of things in the Philippines. It seems to me about the most childish use of language that I have ever heard. Then there was one homogeneous people here, intelligent, cultured, free, bringing all the traditions of grand civil order from England where they had been in use for centuries,—one speech, one religion, one

heart, one purpose, one brain,— and we desired to take care of our own affairs. Suppose, for example, to draw a parallel, that the men in Massachusetts had been of another speech and another religion and another nationality from the people in the rest of the colonies, and that they had led this rebellion, and wished power not only to take care of themselves, but to *dominate all the rest*. Then we should have had a condition of things a little like that which exists in the Philippines.

Aguinaldo does not represent a homogeneous people desiring liberty. He represents the rebellion of one tribe ; and that one tribe, if we let him have his way, will dominate all the other tribes, whether they will or not. It seems to me that anything like order, like civilization, like peace, like future prosperity, can only be gained for the Philippines along the lines which we as a country are attempting to follow, and that, just as fast and as far as they are capable of it, they will be made free.

We have taken Porto Rico. Cuba will naturally gravitate towards us and become a part of us by and by. We have taken Hawaii,—and, by the way, some of those who are most grieved over the Philippines' annexation were most in favor of Hawaii,—and I have never heard that the natives of Hawaii were consulted about the question to the slightest extent. Where the difference of principle comes in I am unable to say.

We will establish order. Peace shall come. We shall give them local self-government just as fast as they are capable of it. We shall develop there in the Far East an outline specimen of what American order and American liberty and American peace can mean. And so we shall be doing the very best we can to help acquaint the Orient with these grandest achievements of the Occident in the way of freedom and civilization.

Such I believe to be the real situation. Such I believe we may expect to be the outcome of affairs in the Philippines.

This nation has grown. We came here a little handful from England, sprinkled along the Atlantic border. We developed and expanded until we have taken new territory,—Florida, the Louisiana purchase, Texas, the Far West, California, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines; and it is the same old American people, the same integrity, the same grand love for liberty, the same intelligence to solve these great practical problems, the same desire to carry our prosperity around the world.

There are those who think that the only destiny for this country should be to keep shut up close within the limits of our old-time borders, grow fat between the seas. Have we a right to do that? By the force of circumstances, by the leadership of God, I believe, we have suddenly found ourselves pressed into the possession of a great world-power. No longer can we, if we would, simply mind our own business. And I believe that it is one of the grandest of all our moral duties not merely to mind our own business.

Have you a right to sit within your own house simply because you have money enough so you can do it in peace and quiet, and take no account of the condition of your neighbors, of the street, of your ward, of the city, of the State, of the nation,—lead a selfish life merely because you are financially able to do it, grow rich and comfortable and quiet?

No more has a nation a right to lead a peaceable and quiet and comfortable existence on its own account, shutting its ears to the great world-cries outside. It is the business of this republic to help settle the great world-problems. The other nations have learned that we are able to do it; and henceforth we are going to have our voice in these matters, and that voice is going to be for God, for truth, for humanity, for liberty, for righteousness, for all the great and magnificent virtues that up to this time have made us proud of the republic.

Let us not, then, be easily alarmed by the cries of those who think that it is wicked for a nation to grow. Let us

not be easily disturbed by those who would have us sit quietly at home, and let the old world wag as it will. Let us not be easily disturbed by those whose highest ideals of patriotism seem to be selfishness. Let us rather join in the glad and hopeful words of Longfellow, written years ago, but which have never been more applicable, as I believe, to the condition of the country than at the present time : —

“Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
 Sail on, O *Union*, strong and great !
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 Why anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock.
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee !”

Our God, we consecrate ourselves to the principles that have made our country great and strong ; and we will not fear that we shall lose them in the changed and larger conditions of the present time. God 'of the fathers, Thou art the God of the children, too. Guide us, not merely to imitate them. Guide us to be wise in our conditions as they were in theirs. Amen.

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pect no praise, and doing it well, than there is in doing some great thing that we feel sure will win applause.

The soldier who marches in the ranks and who fights and dies at his post, it seems to me, shows a little grander heroism than the commander himself does by being true. The commander knows that the world is looking on, and, if he wins, a nation's thanks are waiting for him. The man in the ranks knows that possibly his name will get reported under the Killed or Wounded. By mistake perhaps it will not. Perhaps, if reported at all, it will be misspelled. Nobody will know and nobody will care except the little home away off, waiting and watching to see if he ever comes back again.

I tell you, friends, there is a finer, nobler quality in being true and faithful in these little things of life than there is in being heroic and grand in the great things. I think all of us could be heroic, great, if we only had the ability and a chance, with the world looking on, ready to clap its hands if we succeeded. But can we be heroic and noble and true in the little tiny things which will perhaps be misinterpreted, misunderstood, which will get nobody's thanks, and be passed by unnoticed by all men? Can we do it there?

If we can, then, indeed, we are noble. If we can be nothing more, then let us be leaves, filling our places, drinking in the sunshine, creating life for that little part of the tree to which we can contribute, playing our rôle as well as we can, glad and grateful, and waiting for the end.

It was only a little leaf
That hung for awhile on its bough.
It danced and fluttered, but life was brief,
And its place is vacant now.

It was only a little leaf.
Did it pay to live at all?
The sun smiled on it, the cold rains came;
And then it was doomed to fall.

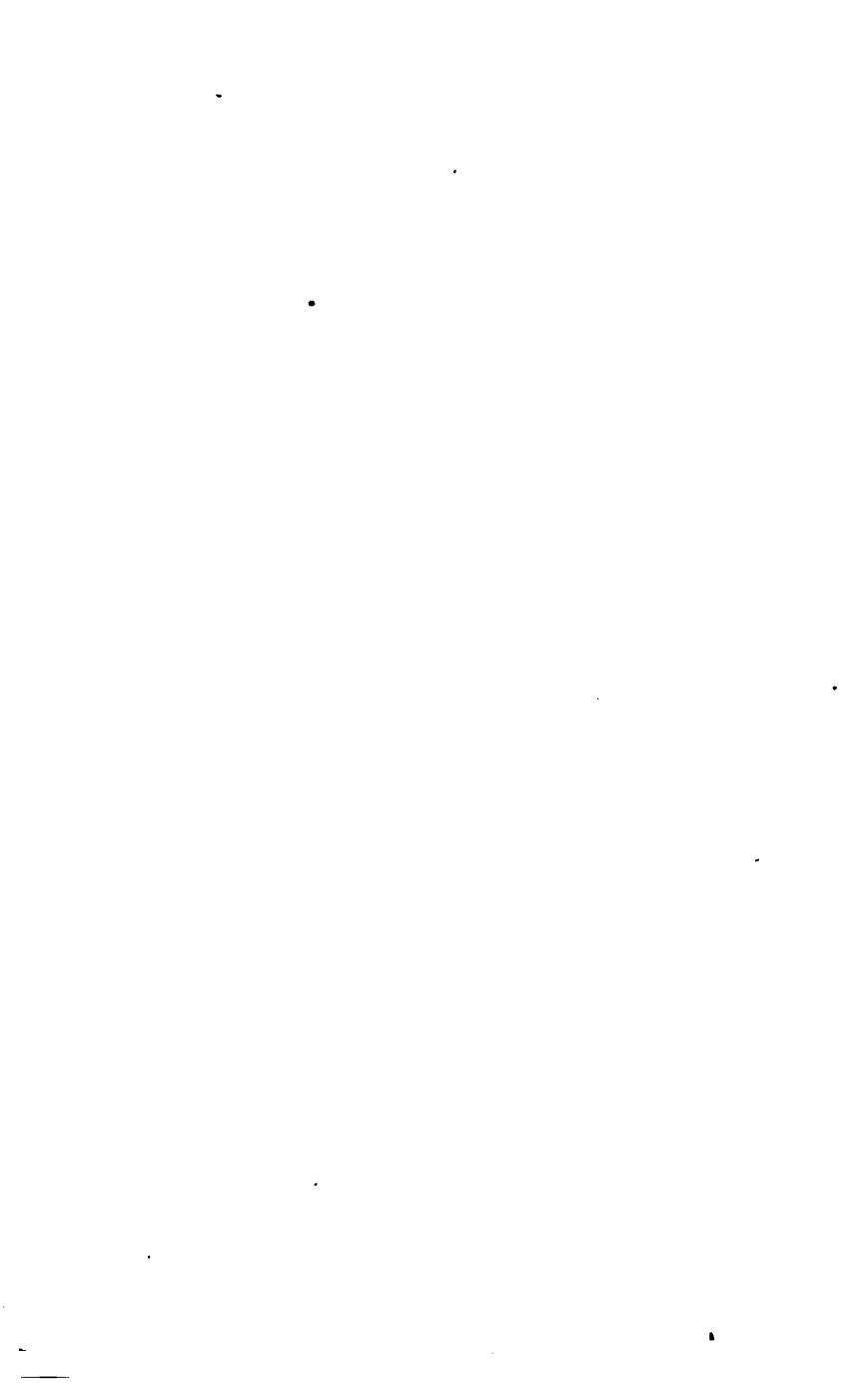
It was only a little leaf.

But on it did shine the sun,
The winds did caress it, the birds did sing,
And it lived till its life was done.

It was only a little leaf,

But it took its gladsome part
In the great earth's life; and at the last
Earth clasped it to her heart.

Dear Father, we cannot do any great thing; but we are glad that Thou hast made us a sharer in Thy work at all, and that there is some little thing we can do. Let us do it faithfully, then, as for Thee, and so win the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Amen.



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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

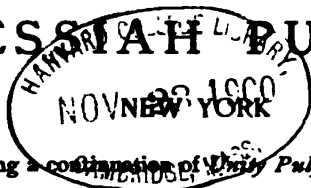
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MESSIAH PULPIT



(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 23, 1900.

No. 7.

SERIES ON

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

I. RELIGIONS AND RELIGION

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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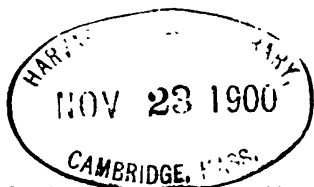
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I. RELIGIONS AND RELIGION.

My text you may find in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses: "And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. Wherefore, we receiving a kingdom which cannot be shaken, let us have grace, that we may offer sacrifice well pleasing to God with reverence and awe."

There is a wide-spread impression abroad that religion may not be a permanent element in human nature. Many are telling us that it is a phase of thought, of feeling, of life, peculiar to the early and comparatively uncultivated stages of man's career; that it is something which the civilized man will progressively outgrow and at last leave behind. Many philosophers, many scientific men, have held this position, and done what they could to disseminate it among their readers. And there is a popular feeling in the community that in some way the churches, which are regarded as standing at least for religion, are gradually losing their hold upon the people. There is a feeling that possibly by and by they may all become empty, and human life be simply secular.

There are persons who rejoice over this prophecy. They are not evil-minded people: they are some of the noblest that you will find in the world. They believe in all sincerity that religion is the last remnant of a once universal superstition that held the minds of men in slavery, and that the subjection to religious ideas is only tyranny exercised over the human mind and heart by the shapes which the

imagination has projected against the background of the Unknown.

On the other hand, there are large numbers of people who are troubled over the possible prospect of the decay of religion. They are afraid of science, afraid of philosophical speculation, afraid of criticism, afraid of asking too many questions concerning the foundations of things in religion, lest the great reason for its existence shall be seen to be no adequate reason, only a persuasion that is to pass away.

I do not think we need to be specially troubled over this problem. We ought to be able to look at it dispassionately, because, if religion is only superstition, why then of course it ought to be outgrown. If religion be not divine, it cannot be eternal; and, surely, it is better for the world that it should know and face the truth of things.

If, on the other hand, religion be divine, if it be essential to the highest and noblest human life, why then criticism and question will only verify this fact by and by and make us surer of that which many of us regard as a grand and noble heritage, the grandest, the noblest conceivable.

I do not wonder, as I look down the ages of the past towards the beginning and see what has happened, that men get the impression that religion is not an eternal thing. A thousand religions have already died. They have dropped from the tree of human life like leaves scattered by the winds in November. Away down towards the beginning, each tribe out of the many had its own religion, the ideas of which, at any rate, the theories of which, have proved to be only temporary, something to be outgrown as intelligence has advanced. Religion after religion which troubled the ancient Hebrew, as we read the record of his history in the Old Testament, has ceased to exist. The religion of Ammon, of Amalek, of Moab, of Philistia, of a hundred others, have passed away. There were many religions in the Euphrates Valley, before Babylon became a city, which have all vanished. The great religions of Babylon itself are

to us only names. We spell out a fragment here and there of some inscription on a brick or a cylinder, and try to resurrect the forms of the gods that have passed even from the imaginations of the memory of man. Where are the gods to-day of Memphis, and Thebes, those who dominated that mighty civilization on the banks of the Nile for so many hundreds of years? They are only records to be interpreted by the curious and the learned. Where are the religions of Greece and Rome, the mighty gods who used to sit above the clouds on Olympus and shake the earth with their tread as they came down to visit the children of men? Where are the gods that used to drive in their chariots across the sky or ride the foaming waves of the sea or rule over the inhabitants of the underworld? They are a part of a curious story which we are fascinated by as we read the record of the past. But they no longer exist as realities for human thought or as in any practical way touching human life. The religions of the Druids are something to be guessed at as we look at the dolmens and the rows of stones which they have set up, while we wonder precisely what they may have meant and what they were for. So Odin and Thor and the gods of our Norse forefathers are only now names in their Sagas or in the traditions, the stories that have degenerated into folk-lore and which pleased us as children, or as grown-up people, if we keep the sympathies of our childhood.

There are, indeed, survivals of these in names, in customs, in habits, in states of feeling, just as there are survivals of all the past out of which we have developed. Our days of the week, for example, run back at least to the Accadians, older than Babylon; and the names of some of our days of the week still remind us of the divinities of our forefathers of the North.

But these religions, and hundreds of others, have passed away. Of course, those who believe that Christianity is the one revealed religion, and that all the others are the

natural products of the human mind, find sufficient reason for making Christianity an exception to the rest of these. But let us note some of the things that have happened to Christianity itself, so that we may see that it is not so very strange that the students, the philosophers, the scientists, should wonder whether it is to live.

Christianity once dominated Europe. Its political power overshadowed empires and kingdoms. It was able to set up and overthrow thrones. It held in its hands the destinies of peoples. It could bring a nation by its anathema to its knees. Where is this power? Since the days of the Renaissance, it has gradually dwindled and waned away. There is no nation in Europe or on the face of the earth that as a nation to-day stands in awe of the Church. Even Spain, which is the most subject of them all, dares now and then to assert itself as against the decrees of the Vatican. Education, political action, many of the interests of men, are wrenched from the grasp of ecclesiastical power; and the people stand up at last free.

Then, again, the whole intellectual realm used to be dominated by the Church. Philosophy and science and art were all only provinces in the Church's universal domain. One after another they have revolted. To-day art goes its own way, asking no permission of any power, following its own ideals. Education has asserted its independence. Philosophers do not any longer ask whether the pope is to agree with their scheme or system, when they have completed their work. They follow what they believe to be true. Science at last is free.

Three hundred years ago this winter Bruno was burned in Rome for daring to ventilate his own opinions. To-day no man asks for liberty to express his beliefs on any subject whatsoever. All these things are taken out of the hands of ecclesiastical authority, of the official religion; and men are free.

Then what a change has come, through the progress of

science, over the way in which men look at the government of the world! Kepler, who was born in the sixteenth century, believed, even after he had discovered the three great laws of planetary motion, that the planets were ruled and guided in their courses through the heavens by some deputy angel, whose business it was to superintend its affairs. He knew of no power except this delegated divine power by which to account for the motion of the heavenly bodies. When Newton discovered the law of gravity, demonstrated it to be true, the Church rose in alarm, and said that he was taking the universe out of the hands of God and putting it into the keeping of a law.

Not a great many years ago an eclipse was a divine and special sign sent with some religious meaning to men. You remember that in the Old Testament the rainbow was the pledge and promise of God that he would not send another flood upon the earth. The whole domain of nature used to be looked upon as the scene of the divine interference, with special peculiar activity at every turn. It was supposed that God, for the sake of reading the world a religious lesson, would make the sun stand still in the heavens, would make the shadow go back on the dial of a king, would move a star from its orbit and send it wandering through the sky to direct the attention of men to some particular spot over which it should stand. God was the one who, in answer to prayer, sent rain; or blighted the harvest as a token of his displeasure with the people.

Science has changed all this; and now there is no one who has any question that the universe, in every department, is governed in accordance with universal and unchanging law. There are those who think that this is a step towards taking religion out of the minds and the beliefs, the convictions of man.

One of the finest of English essayists, who died within a few years, has a chapter devoted to this thought. He thinks that just as fast and as far as we discover that the universe

is governed in accordance with laws, and not by a system of arbitrary interferences, so far religion is dying and science is taking its place.

There is another change going on. We dare now to study and criticise church history. We trace the origin and growth of religions. We criticise the books which used to be supposed to be above all question of criticism. We examine the very foundation stones on which religious ideas and theories have been supposed to rest.

Now all these changes — and this is the only point I have in mind — go to make the general impression that religion is losing its universal sway over the intellect and the heart and the life of the world, that we are tending to become more and more secular, that we are being emancipated from the rule of the invisible powers in the sky and are coming to manage our own affairs.

I wish to note now two things which can be used as indicating either that religion is dying or that simply a change is going on in its development.

President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, has called our attention to the fact that all religions pass through three stages of growth. First, the emphasis is placed upon the cult, the ceremony, the sacrifices, the ritual. Those are important. The gods are not supposed to care much how people believe or how they behave. So long as they bring the sacrifices and go through the ceremony with exact punctiliousness, all is well and they are satisfied. By and by humanity reaches the next stage in the religious development. The cult still remains perhaps, the ceremony, the ritual; but people pay less attention to it. The emphasis is not there any longer. The principal thing comes to be the belief, the creed.

You know perfectly well that it was only a few years ago that the emphasis of the religious life was placed on the creed. It was what men believed that turned the scale as they were being weighed in the divine balances. Now,

President Schurman tell us, we are outgrowing that phase of religious development. People keep their creeds on record in their books, their manuals ; but they no longer feel bound by them. They are coming at last to say that the only essential thing in religion is the spiritual attitude, how we stand as related to the life of God.

You might say in one way that this indicates that religion in the old sense is dying. The ceremonial, the temples, the worship, the creeds, being no longer of any importance, it comes to be merely a matter of how one feels and thinks, and that one can feel and think without any religious institutions at all. But it seems to me it may be interpreted to mean that, as the world advances and becomes more and more civilized and developed, religion comes to be more a matter of the heart and the life,—comes to be what it ought to be.

Take as an illustration a side glance on government. Government is not supposed to be better or stronger on account of larger armies and more numerous police, more judges and courts and jails. When people outgrow the need of an army, when no longer compelled to have a police force, when courts of justice find no more business to employ them, and jails are not needed, government has not died : it merely means that the laws of conduct and of life have been transferred to the heart ; and the people are living out the most perfect ideals of government when the appearance of the government has passed away.

So the external forms, the creed and the ritual of religion may pass, may conceivably cease to exist at all ; and it may mean only that the world has become more profoundly and more livingly religious than it has ever been in the past.

Then there is another way of looking at the story which science has to tell. Some people say it is gradually eliminating God from his world. A famous French astronomer once said that he had swept the skies with his telescope, and found no trace of God. Very impressive and wise at

first sight it may appear; very silly and crude, if you examine the statement. Suppose a man should say he had scanned the human form from one end to the other with a microscope, and found no trace of a thought or a mind. That would not be wise: it would be simply foolish. We do not discover God in that way.

Another famous scientist has said that, in the study of the universe God is an unnecessary hypothesis. True in one way. If I wish to explain, as a botanist, the development and growth of a tree, I do not need to think anything about God; for I am only tracing and discovering laws. If, however, I wish to find the ultimate being, that out of which the tree originally sprang, then I must ask a question that goes deeper than all that.

So science, rightly interpreted, instead of eliminating God from his world, may simply be giving us a new conception of the method of the divine government. Instead of its being a matter of arbitrary interference, we have learned to expect the divine faithfulness to be manifested in methods and according to laws which never change. So we can count upon the divine action.

We are coming to think of the forces of the universe, as they work in accordance with a certain changeless order, as being only the habits, the methods, of the divine working.

So, I say, science and its lesson may only teach us a higher and grander thought of the universe and of God instead of being interpreted as the power which has gradually elbowed God out of his world.

I wish now to turn to the positive side. I have been giving you some of the reasons which perhaps excuse the superficial thought of the time and explain it. Let us turn now, and see if we can find some reasons for believing that religion is the central, essential, eternal thing in human life.

Mr. George J. Romanes, the famous scientist, the friend

of all the leaders of scientific thought and life in England, has recently died. Some years ago he published a book called "A Candid Examination of Theism." It was published anonymously. He wished to find out whether his theory could be successfully attacked and refuted, and therefore let it stand on its own merits. So it did not go out in connection with his name. In it he took a pronounced position as a scientific atheist. He said there was no need of God to scientifically explain the universe. He had in preparation at the time of his death another book, which was to have been called "A Candid Examination of Religion." A friend of his has published a little volume called "Thoughts on Religion," being merely hints as to what this book was to have been if he had lived to complete it.

What I wish to call your attention to is that he had completely reversed his attitude, and as a scientist had come to take the position that religion was one of the central and eternal things in life; and one point I will suggest to you, which he uses as a scientific argument. He says that religion may be regarded as one of the fundamental instincts of the world. And just as any animal instinct anywhere is justified by the fact that it is a development of the life of the race of beings that it characterizes, called out by its environment, fixed under the law of heredity, and so a necessary part of the order of things, so, he says, religion may be regarded. It is universal, it reaches back to the very beginning of the human race. It is one of the instincts of humanity, ineradicable, created by the nature of things, called out by man's environment. And though there may be certain individuals in whom it may not have developed, and though it may need education and training to bring it to its best, this is only what you will find in regard to any instinct in an animal or a bird. There are cases where it is weak or almost non-existent; and if you place a bird or an animal in new environment, where there is no use for the faculty or instinctive power with which you are dealing, it

will be held in abeyance for the time. But this will not militate against the fact that the instinct is an instinct, and so is a part of the nature of things.

This is an impregnable scientific argument for the perpetuity of religious thought and feeling and life.

I wish now to mention another name, and hint to you another scientific attitude. Mr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, a personal friend and disciple of Herbert Spencer, is one of the most notable scientific men of the modern world. In a little book called "Through Nature to God" he develops what he believes to be a new argument, and yet one which he believes cannot be possibly set aside. He says that Herbert Spencer defines life as "the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations." Anything that is alive is acting upon its environment and responding to this action. A tree, for example, played on by the air, the sun, the rains,—all the things that surround it,—responds to this appeal and grows, puts forth leaf and bud and flower; and there is a constant series of actions and reactions going on between every living thing and its surroundings. A dead thing, on the other hand, is acted upon by the environment, and a series of changes may be set up in it, just as the process of decay goes on in the tree after it has been cut down; but there is no reaction that we call life, readjustment, on the part of the dead thing as related to its environment.

Now Fiske calls attention to the fact that, wherever there is action and reaction between the living thing and its environment, it has always been that the living thing has responded to something real outside that has touched it and called out the change. There is not a case in the whole history of life on the earth, dating back millions of years, where the living thing has responded to an unreality. Now man from the very beginning has been responding to the supposed reality of God and of a spiritual environment, a spiritual universe surrounding us; and Fiske tells us that,

if in the course of evolution there has at this point suddenly come a change and reversal, so that man responds to an unreality, to what does not exist, it is something absolutely new in the history of the universe, and puts all our science and all our knowledge to intellectual confusion.

Here, then, is scientific demonstration, or something very near it, that the universe contains some reality that has called out the religious thoughts and feelings and activities of man.

I venture to say that years ago, before I knew anything about these teachings of either Romanes or Fiske, I put forward and developed an idea which seems to me, though in another way, to include both of these ideas and to be something that is intellectually inescapable. The universe stands related to us, I have said, as the die stands related to the coin that it stamps. If you find some mark on the coin, if you find it on every one of the coins, you feel perfectly certain that there is some reality in the die that stamps the coin, that accounts for that mark. It was not there for nothing: it did not simply happen.

This kind of argument is like what we accept in scientific matters everywhere. The lungs have been created progressively by the air. The eye has been progressively created by the light. The ear has been progressively created by sound. In saying these things I am using language in a popular sense and not with technical accuracy. But the idea conveyed is correct. In other words, the universe pressing upon us has developed us and created us what we are; and wherever you find any universal or permanently characteristic quality in human nature, or any other nature for that matter, you may feel perfectly certain that there is something in the universe that is real, that corresponds to it, that called it out, that made it.

You find man, then, universally a religious being. You find him everywhere believing that he is fronted with an invisible universe. On any theory you choose to hold of this

universe, it has made us what we are ; and there must be — unless the universe is a lie — a reality corresponding to that which is universal and permanent and real in ourselves, because this universe has called these things into being, has made them what they are.

Now I must run rapidly, if I may trust to your patience for it, over another line of thought that will confirm this contention and make it, it seems to me, valid beyond all possibility of contradiction. Let us look at religion for a moment, and define it.

What is religion? Not yours, not mine, not Christianity, not Paganism of any kind ; but what is religion? There are three or four constituent elements. First, it is man's thought, his theory concerning the relation which exists between himself and the Power that is not himself, the Power manifested in the universe around him : that is the first element of religion. Every thought, however, every theory of man that touches practical life, is accompanied by feeling ; and so the second element of the religious life is the emotional. Man is a worshipping, hoping, fearing, trusting being as towards the Unseen ; and the emotions will naturally follow after and be governed by the quality of the thought. If you have high and noble thoughts, high and noble feelings go along with them. If you have feelings degraded and low, you will have feelings of fear and dread matching these facts.

Then, in the third place, man's theory, his thought and his feeling being permanent and universal, will naturally incarnate themselves, express themselves, in outward institutions and actions ; and so you have altars, temples, you have sacrifices, priesthoods, hymns, songs,— all the ritual of the world, all the prayers, all that makes up the external form of religion. And these are the natural and necessary expression of the thought and feeling of the time.

Then there is something beyond the thought and the emotion and the ritual, the institutional part of religion.

These all exist for the sake of what? What is it that man is trying to do in his religious life? He is trying to get into right relations with God; with the gods, if he is a polytheist, with God, if he is a monotheist. So from the very beginning of human history man has been trying to find God and get into right relations with him; and this is what religion has always and everywhere meant.

Whatever man's theory about his gods or his God may have been, or about himself, he has felt the certain conviction that the secret of his life depended on his getting into right relations with this infinite and eternal Power; and so this is what man has been trying to do from the beginning of the world.

If you study the lowest fetich worship and others after it up to the highest form of Christianity, you will find that everywhere man has been thinking about God and having certain emotions concerning him, and has been expressing these facts and emotions in the external life, and all these for the purpose of finding God and getting into right relations with him. That is what man has been seeking for. So, to put it in another way, you may say that religion is man's eternal search for the secret of life.

And now if you go on,—if you call it going,—if you progress,—if it is really progress,—and become an agnostic, you do not escape this relation. If you say, I do not know anything about the universe, that does not touch the question that the universe is still your father, has produced you, and that it is the most vital thing in the world that you understand the laws of the universe, and get into right relations with it.

If you, as you think, progress still further, and become a positive atheist, a materialist, still you do not escape this relation. The universe, if it is only dirt, is still your father, has created you; and it is the most important thing on earth that you understand its laws, and get into right relations with it.

So that, no matter what change of thought or feeling may come in the future, this relation out of which religion springs is eternal, changeless, vital, on it life hinges. So in this world, or any other world, as long as the universe lasts, and as long as there is a man in it who can think and feel and express his thought and feeling and try to find out how to live, so long religion must remain.

It is not a practical question, then, as to whether religion is going to pass away. For you, for me, for all men, the one practical question is as to what relation we shall voluntarily sustain towards it. Shall we try to make it fine and high and noble? Shall we turn on the light from every quarter and try to see it as it is, or shall we shut it away in the dark, away from inspection and criticism, or adequate comprehension? Shall we let it grow, as all healthy things do, towards the light, or shall we pervert it by fencing it away in shadow?

Religion will remain. What will we do about it is the only practical question. Art is in the world. What is your relation towards it? You do not destroy it if you neglect it: you only make yourselves poorer. Science is in the world: you do not destroy it if you are ignorant of it, you simply impoverish your own being.

So all high and fine things that humanity has developed are in the world. You do not destroy them because you fail to incorporate them into your own lives: you only make yourselves poor and weak because of your lack concerning these great things.

Now which are the essential things in the highest religious life that the world has been able to conceive? Three points I must suggest:—

It does not matter much whether the ritual goes or not. Ritual is fine if it helps, if it is of service. It does not matter much, we say, about the creed. I think it matters a great deal, because in the long run we become what we believe. It makes all the difference in the world whether

our ideas are accurate or not, because ultimately they touch and shape our methods of living.

But there are noble men — grand, sweet, true men — whose intellectual theories are all wrong, and whose ritual may not in the slightest degree appeal to us. And every true man who thinks will say, "Better be the grand and true and noble liver, with ideas all awry and with practices in the way of ritual that are inadequate and outworn, than to miss the life, and be ever so true in the theory and methods." These may or may not pass away. It does not matter. But we have come at last to believe that at the centre of this universe — what we call God — is love. Love is the heart of the world. Love is the power that is gradually transforming and elevating humanity, and making it over into the image of the ideal.

The highest religion, then, will issue in the loving life. That is the first great thing.

The next is the truth,—the truth which leads us to a right conception of things and which at last issues in the loving life.

And, then, the last great element of the highest religion which the world has yet developed is service. No man can be his best alone. No man can isolate himself from his fellows without losing more than that of which he robs his fellows.

The life of truth, the life of love, the life of service,— he who lives this life lives the highest life that religion as yet is able to conceive. We cannot dream of its outgrowing these ideals,—truth, love, service. This is what the religious aspirations of the world have aimed at, as the one thing to be desired and striven for. And we feel perfectly certain that, when it is attained, the dream of the ages will have been realized.

This, then, is the permanent, the central, the eternal thing in religion.

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Father, we thank Thee that we may believe that this wandering search of Thy child-man has not been in vain. He has made mistakes, he has stumbled and fallen. He has misconceived the truth about Thee and Thy universe. But step by step he has come out into the light. He has thrilled with the love, he has consecrated himself to the service of his fellows, which is the service of Thee. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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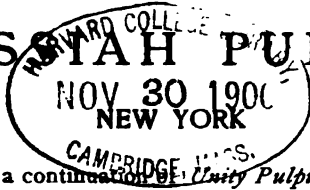
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MESSEIAH PULPIT



(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER 30, 1900.

No. 8.

SERIES ON THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION

II. Theologies and Theology

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

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II. THEOLOGIES AND THEOLOGY.

My text you may find in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, a part of the ninth and all of the tenth verse,—“For we know in part; but, when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.”

Last Sunday morning I pointed out to you the fact that the pathway of human history is strewn with fallen religions as our country roadsides are strewn in the autumn with fallen leaves. At the same time I pointed out to you the deeper fact that, while religions have died, religion has always survived. I wish this morning to call your attention to a point which seems to me a little deeper still, as making clearer this thought and emphasizing it.

In one sense religions have died. In another sense they have not. It depends upon our definition of religion. If we talk of the religion of ancient Egypt, that, so far as its forms, its doctrines, its worship are concerned, has passed away. So, if we consider the religions of ancient Greece or Rome, the religion of our forefathers of the North, they have passed away: they do not any longer exist among men. And yet, if we go a little deeper, and note that religion is not essentially the thoughts which men cherish, the theories which they have elaborated about God and the universe and human nature, then we shall see that the religion itself has not died, only man's thinking about it has changed.

Religion, as I hinted last Sunday, is essentially something deeper than thinking. It is feeling, it is love, it is a sense of dependence and trust, it is aspiration, it is hope,

it is that uplift of the heart and nature which we call worship, it is the onlook towards and the pursuit of the ideal. This has never died since the world began. It has existed under every name, in every nation, under every outside form, and has been the heart and soul of the religious search of man.

Religion in this sense we might think of as like that wonderful stream which, Hebrew story tells us, followed the Israelites after Moses had smitten the rock throughout all their wanderings. Wherever they went, the stream went with them. It quenched their thirst, in it they could bathe, make themselves clean, in it they could see the reflection of the sun by day and the stars by night. It sang and crooned to them when they were weary, it fertilized its banks, it made the shrubs grow green, it entered into the beauty and the perfume of the flowers. It was life and sweetness and comfort and rest to them by day and by night through all those forty years.

That is the beautiful poem story which has come down to us from the past; and it may fitly symbolize the office and the eternal companionship of religion. In all ages, however poor or ignorant any tribe or people may have been, religion has whispered to them of an unseen origin, divine parenthood and childhood. It has been comfort and peace and hope. It has been the poetry of their existence.

The late Dean Everett of the Divinity School at Harvard, who has so recently passed away, has given a most beautiful description of this kind of religion of which I am speaking. He said: "Religion is the poetry of life believed in." Religion lifts us above the sordid, the commonplace, the humdrum, the grinding, depressing facts of life, and brings us into communion with the eternally young, the divinely beautiful.

Religion, then, in this profound sense of the word, has never died. It is only, after all, theology that has died; for the "theory of religion" is what we mean by the word "the-

ology." It is the external framework of that which men have wrought out as the result of their study; and the thought side of things is always wrong at the beginning, and of necessity is always growing and changing.

I said last Sunday, also, that certain scientific men of great eminence and power had given us such definitions of religion as seemed to warrant our supposing that science itself was back of religion as a demonstration of its reality and claim. Mr. Romanes, I reminded you, has told us that religion is an instinct, carrying with it as much authority as do any of the instincts which are implanted in the lower forms of life; and Mr. John Fiske has told us that, when we take the scientific definition of life, we find that we are acting and reacting in supposed relations with an unseen universe around us; and, if this unseen universe be not real, then from the beginning of the world men have been deluded and have responded to something that does not exist, which is unlike anything else which is to be found in the whole history of the world's development.

And I reminded you of the fact that, since the universe has created us, whatever is permanently in us must correspond to something permanent in the nature of things. But an instinct does not make mistakes. So some one who thinks a little logically and carefully may object, and say: The animals, in following the guidance of their instinct, always go direct to the point: the bee never makes a mistake in the construction of his honeycomb. Animals, no matter what they are in search of, if they follow the instinctive leadings of their own nature, always go right. The carrier pigeon, no matter how far he may be from home, when he lifts himself into the air and takes his bearings, always starts straight for his nest; and the birds that in the fall and spring gather as if to take counsel together, and then start on their long journey to the South and then back again to the North, do not make any mistakes. They follow this mysterious something which we call "instinct"; and they always go right.

So some one may object, If religion be an instinct, if it has been created by the universe in response to unseen but veritable realities, ought it not also to be as infallible as other instincts? Ought it not to guide us accurately? Ought there to be so much crudity, mistake, and jarring as there has always been in the history of the religion of the world? For one of the saddest things in all human history is the fact that the bitterest hatreds, the deepest and most impassable divisions, the most bloodshed, have come from religious animosities and oppositions.

How can we understand this? It seems to me that it grows out of the necessary fact that man has something superadded to the instinct. The instinct may be true, vital, real, permanent; but, if man is to grow and become something grander than the animals with whom he shares a part of his nature, he must come up into the realm of independent thinking, into freedom, into self-originated activities. Reason is something above and beyond instincts; and, while it marks man as higher and grander than all the creatures that are beneath him, it at the same time is something that changes, progresses, learns year by year, and something that is perpetually liable to error. For it is only by making a thousand mistakes and correcting them that man learns the great lesson of how to live.

To illustrate what I mean in its practical application. Suppose the birds, the homing birds, besides having the instinct to seek the place which their ancestors have sought for countless generations, and from whom they have inherited this instinctive tendency to seek,—instead of doing that, they should have the gift of reason bestowed upon them, should meet in council and discuss the incidents of the last journey, the dangers they met with, the difficulties, the storms, and should wonder if there were not some better way. Do you not see how this higher faculty of reason would add an element of uncertainty, a confusion, a chance for discussion and difference of opinion; and we should

have presented to us over again in this curious fashion all the phenomena of man's attempt to find his way, and of his mistakes in the attempt?

The point I wish to emphasize, in passing, is that this confusion arising out of reason, discussion, difference of opinion, crudity of thought, does not invalidate the fact that religion is an instinct, and that it is a permanent, an inherited and eternal part of human nature and human life. Men may discuss, as they have for countless ages, the nature of light. They know very little about it; yet it does not invalidate the fact that light will show them the way, that they can walk in it. It does not invalidate the fact that sun rays make the plants grow and the flowers open. They may theorize and speculate as much as they please as to how this is done; but the fact is indisputable. So men may speculate about the nature of electricity; but electricity is still a power that is moving the mechanism of the modern world and illuminating the planet as it has never been before. No one knows what electricity is. People may discuss endless theories concerning it; but the fact that it is life and light remains.

So men may discuss endlessly their theories of religion; but the fact that religion is comfort and life and health and hope and peace remains. And just as the most ignorant person, who would not be able to read a discussion as to the nature of light, may still walk in it as well as the wise, so the poorest and humblest in any department of human life or in any religion may, with all his crude and false and wrong theories of the universe and of God and man, find comfort, peace, and strength and help in the consciousness that he is a child of God and that God cares for him, in communion with God, in the feeling that from him come light and strength and help such as he can get from no other source.

In the very nature of things, as I hinted a moment ago, our theories, our theologies, must change. The threefold

nature of man constitutes a threefold necessity for this change. So that the people who cry out against the fact that theological opinion wanes and passes away, those who are afraid of this fact, thinking that it touches the essential religious life of the world, those who rejoice in the fact because they believe that religion itself is going to pass away, — none of these people, it seems to me, are very wise.

Consider for a moment. Man comes on to this planet a child, ignorant of himself, ignorant of his origin, ignorant of his home, looking with eyes of wonder at the skies above him, knowing nothing of any of these things. He begins to question, to speculate, to investigate, to study. He naturally thinks that the earth is flat, that the sky is only a little ways off, that the stars are much smaller than the sun and moon. How could he have any different idea? He begins to speculate in regard to the invisible and unseen powers around him, as to his own nature, by and by coming to think of himself as dual, having a soul or being a soul, whichever way he chooses to put it; but of necessity his ideas concerning all these subjects are childish and crude and ignorant. So far as they touch the religious life of the world, they constitute his theology; and the priesthoods of every age have always claimed that the theological teachings of their little religion have been infallibly revealed, and that it was wicked to question.

This has been the universal belief of the world, growing out of man's reverence for what he supposed to be divine truth. But the very stating of the facts shows the absolute necessity of man's outgrowing all these theories if he is ever to become civilized, if he is ever to grow to be something finer and better than he was when he began. As Paul says of the individual life, "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child, understood as a child," so the race, when it was a child, thought and spake and understood as a child. As it grows, it leaves behind its childish thoughts and accepts better ones.

But that does not mean that the thoughts of to-day are permanent. Theologies, all of them, in their very nature are passing. They cannot remain, because we know in part only ; and, when we come to know a little better, that which is in part is done away. Not only the intellectual nature of man, but the moral nature of man, determines this as a necessity. It was very easy for barbaric people to have barbaric thoughts about God, to think of him as passionate, to think of him as partial, as jealous, as moved and instigated by all the low motives and passions which instigated and moved themselves. This was inevitable. A man to-day cannot think any higher thought of God than his highest thought of humanity pursued as far as he can push it towards the infinite. So men in the past have never been able to think any better of God than they have been able to think of themselves.

But the time comes when men must feel differently about God. They cannot any longer endure these crude, these immoral ideas. The Old Testament has incidents where the writers authoritatively represent God as doing things that we should call infamous if any man did them to-day. It was perfectly natural, however. They thought the best they were capable of thinking at the time. But a point is reached at last when men feel as did Whittier when he put into a beautiful poem his higher moral ideals of the love and tenderness of the Father, and when, in answer to protest against this,—which was supposed to be dangerous doctrine,—he said, in two verses in his “Eternal Goodness,” the most remarkable religious poem of the world, I think :—

“ I trace your lines of argument,
 Your logic linked and strong,
 I weigh as one who dreads dissent
 And fears a doubt as wrong ;

“ But yet my human hands are weak
 To hold your iron creeds,
 Against the words ye bid me speak
 The heart within me pleads.”

Men come to that point. The immoral conceptions of the theologies of the past cannot longer be held, because men become better than the theological picture of their God; and they can no longer worship it.

And, then, there is a spiritual growth,—not only the intellectual and moral,—a spiritual growth, a spiritual conception of God. It was perfectly natural for the Hebrews—because they shared this idea, a similar one with all the tribes about them—to think of God as a being whom they could shut up in a box which they called their ark, and carried in battle. And, when the Philistines captured the ark, they supposed they had captured their God along with it, and so they had lost their power to fight until they got him back again. This is perfectly natural in a certain stage of development.

It was perfectly natural for Rebecca to think that she could not possibly live in a strange country without her gods. So she stole the images, and hid them in the furniture of her camel, and sat upon them in order to have them go with her.

But the spiritual conception of the world has outgrown that childishness. Though it is imbedded in a thousand creeds, it is not vital and cannot be vital any longer. Away above that is the conception of Isaiah, which must have sounded sublime to the people of his time, when he speaks of God as sitting on the circle of the earth and of the inhabitants as being like grasshoppers at his feet. And yet that does not sound very spiritual or significant to us. How much grander are the words of Jesus to the woman at the well! “Neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the Father. God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

The fact, then, that man is a being who starts as a child and who intellectually and morally and spiritually grows, carries with it the necessity that the theologies of the world shall be gradually outgrown.

Another point : I read with intense interest when I was a young man a book written by Dr. Draper, called "The Conflict between Religion and Science." The title of the book is accurate enough, if you follow that definition of religion which makes it consist in its intellectual theories ; but, if you will note that the intellectual theories are not necessarily the religion at all, but only the theology, then the title of the book is all wrong.

Ex-President White of Cornell has published another work, to which he has given a better title. He calls it "The Warfare of Science with Theology." There has been plenty of warfare with theology ; but, rightly defined, there never has been, and never can be, any conflict between science and religion. You may have a hundred theories concerning the nature of light, and there may be conflict between those theories ; but there can be no conflict between science and the light. You may have theories about electricity which may fight each other for ages, but science can have no conflict with electricity.

There can be no conflict between religion and science, any more than there can be a warfare between science and the equator or science and the north pole. Religion is a fact, a universal and eternal element in human nature and human life ; and all Science has to do with it is to observe it, to study it, to trace its development, to explain it if she can. But she has no conflict with it, no warfare against it. The warfare is always in the intellectual realm of theories, a fight between men's thoughts concerning things.

And it is this which has always separated peoples. Religion never separated between man and man. It cannot in the nature of things.

I have brought a little pamphlet here, from which I wish to read you two or three extracts from the ethnic scriptures of the world, so that you may see how some profound thinkers in every age have gone down to this fundamental fact of the unity of religions.

"The object of all religions is alike. All men seek the object of their love, and all the world is love's dwelling."

Again: "Why talk of a mosque or church? He alone is a true Hindu whose heart is just; and he alone is a true Mohammedan whose life is true."

And once more: "The Supreme Being is sometimes with him who counts his prayers on sacred beads in the mosque and sometimes with him who bows down before idols in the temple. He is the companion of the Hindu, the intimate of the Mohammedan, the friend of the Christian, and the confidant of the Jew."

And once again: "If thou art a Mussulman, go stay with the Franks; if a Christian, seek the Jews; if a Shiah, mix with the Schismatics: whatever thy religion, associate with men of opposite persuasion. If in hearing their discourses thou art not in the least moved, but canst mix with them freely, thou hast attained peace and art a master of creation."

These are hints of how some of the deepest thinkers have perceived this reality in the past; and we are appreciating it to-day more and more. Take an illustration. Years ago, as you know, in Spain there was a wide-spread persecution against the Moors, who were Mohammedans in their religion, and they were driven out of the country.

Now note: The Moors were better scholars than the natives. They were just as good in their characters and lives. They were true and noble in their morals,—at least as true and noble as were their persecutors. What was it that separated them? What was it that led to the persecution? In religion, deep down beneath their intellectual differences, they worshipped, though under other names, the same God; and they believed that he required of them substantially the same courses of conduct. It was their intellectual theories that separated them into hostile camps. The Christians had come to believe that God has cast out the Mussulman because he was an infidel, an unbeliever,—not a bad liver,—an unbeliever, and that it was his most sacred

duty to drive him, so far as he could, from the face of the earth. They believed that God would visit their country with punishments and penalties if they tolerated the unbeliever among them. It was not a question of religion. It was a question of intellectual belief; that is, of theology.

So it has been in all ages. It is one very striking fact that, if you travel over the world, you go a hundred feet or a thousand or five thousand above the level of the sea, and you will find substantially the same kind of shrubs and trees and flowers everywhere,—not identical, not of the same name, but similar, of substantially the same kind, at the same altitude above the level of the sea. So, if you travel round the world, in any nation, and rise to the same altitude of civilized development, you will find everywhere substantially the same ethical ideas, the same conceptions of conduct, the same thoughts about right and wrong. And this of necessity, because these are wrought out by human experience in the course of man's evolution.

So it is not these that have separated people. People have dreamed that their God hated with bitter hatred the man who did not believe as they did. You remember how Jesus rebuked his disciples, James and John, on a certain occasion. They were passing through a Samaritan village, and the villagers did not treat them as they thought they ought to be treated; and one of them said, "Master, wouldst thou that we call down fire from heaven and consume them, as did one of the ancient prophets?" And Jesus turned and rebuked them, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Jesus noted the fact that, wherever there is a heart feeling after God, he is not far off; that there is the essential religious life, no matter what the theory; and that this life ought to bind people together in a common sense of sonship, of a common Father.

Just at the present time — and it is a curious phase of our development worthy of noting the significance of — theological preaching, theological writing, theological discussion

generally, is not very popular. I talk with people in Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, and Methodist churches, and they say: "Our minister does not preach theology any more: he preaches conduct and life. We do not want to hear theological preaching." Curious; for let us see what it means. It does not mean that people are not interested in theology as much as they ever were, as I shall show in a moment. It means that they have outgrown the old theologies of the past, are tired of them, no longer believe in them, that they are no longer vital, that they represent a lower stage of thought and life to their minds.

Now, as a matter of fact, if we analyze a little carefully, we shall find that the new thought which they do like, this matter of life and character, is just as theological as the old. So while I have said that theologies are dying and passing away, and constantly being outgrown in every age, I wish to emphasize the fact that theology in the singular is as permanent a thing in human life as religion itself. It can never be outgrown.

If, for example, I dislike the theology of the past concerning God, and do not want to hear that any more,—I do not care anything about the Doctrine of Election, the Doctrine of Eternal Punishment, of Foreordination, I want to hear about conduct, about love, honesty, truth, mutual help, human service, and I think I have outgrown theology,—consider for a moment. A man tells me to be good. I ask him: "What is goodness? What do you mean by it, and why should I be good?" And he must theologize in order to answer: he must give me a theory of the universe, and of human nature and of God and human life, in defining what goodness is, and giving me a reason why I should be good.

So, when we say the world is outgrowing theology, we mean it is outgrowing an old type, and that a new type is coming to take its place. No sermon can possibly be preached without there being implied in it a theory of the universe, of God, of man, of duty, of destiny. All of them

are by implication in every possible sermon that a man can preach. If you do not think about them clearly, and so comprehend the fact, that does not destroy them.

Theology, then, is to abide. We must, if we think at all, have certain theories. This is not confined to our religious life. The modern world has its new astronomy, its new geology, its new chemistry. The old theories have passed away; but the new theories have come. These theories seem to be accurate at the present time. They may not be permanent, possibly they will be outgrown by and by; but if so, it will mean simply that we have got newer knowledge and these are discredited in the light of it.

So, while theologies pass, while religions pass in the old meaning of the term, theology must abide, just as religion must abide.

I now wish to run over one point with you for a few moments as illustrating this fact and showing its beauty and its beneficence. Take the nature and the service of Jesus in the history of the world. "What think ye of the Christ?" For hundreds of years in the early Church it was believed that the suffering and death of Christ were a price paid to the devil for the redemption of the race. In other words, it was believed that man by his sin had voluntarily put himself into the hands of Satan; that he belonged to him, as a citizen of Germany belongs to the empire; that he had a right over him, a right which even God recognized. So that, when God undertook the work of delivering man from him, he paid him a price for the deliverance,—paid the suffering and the death of Christ. And this idea was carried so far—and this is a good illustration of the point I made a little while ago as to the moral growth of the world—that they even taught that God condescended to cheat the devil in the bargain. The devil did not know that Christ was divine, and that, therefore, he could not keep him permanently. God let him suppose that he was not his superior in power, and he agreed to let men go on con-

dition of having Christ delivered into his hands; but Christ, being divine, escaped, and so the devil was cheated out of his bargain.

This was taught as serious theology for hundreds of years. It then came to be believed and taught that Jesus paid the penalty for human sin; that he expiated the divine wrath. It was held that his suffering and death was a governmental device, and that God could not maintain the moral government of the universe unless some one was punished; and so Jesus volunteered to bear the penalty.

When I was a young man, the newer theory, that of Dr. Horace Bushnell of Hartford, which was called the "Moral Theory," was very much talked about and considered. It is almost universally held now by the liberal thinkers of the world. According to this the suffering and death of Jesus do not produce a changed feeling of God towards men at all. They are supposed only to influence men, to make them see the evil of sin and the love of God, and so lead them to voluntary renunciation of sin and reconciliation with God.

Now all these theories have been concerned only with the nature of the work of Christ; but through all the ages, there have been the tender-hearted, the true, the mystics, loving, simple souls, who have not been troubled about these theories. But they have simply loved the Nazarene, have simply been changed and elevated and inspired and lifted by the life of Jesus. They have had their hearts softened by his teaching, and learned where to set their steps. They have loved him, have followed him, have delighted in him. They have been transformed and wrought over into the likeness of his life through this love, without any regard to the theologies.

The theologies about him pass away; but Jesus remains to-day the supreme figure in human history, the light of the Father shining in his face, the tenderness of the Father in the words that fall from his lips, the clasp of human friendship and brotherhood and divine encouragement in

his hands. He remains our guide, our inspiration, our helper, our comfort. But, if we stop to think about it, we must frame a theory. We reject the old theories as morally wrong, as spiritually defective; but the moment we think about him, we must have a theory to-day; so theology as well as religion abides. So long as man feels and loves, he will be religious; so long as he thinks, he will be theological. But the religions will grow as he advances; and, as he sloughs off one after another the theological theories of the past that have proved inadequate, he can only think out for himself some finer and better theory still. But all his knowledge, until he becomes infinite, will be in part; and, as he nears more and more the perfect, that which is in part shall progressively be done away.

Father, let Thy light shine into our hearts, let Thy love abide in us and make us like Thee. Then, whether we can see the way or not, may we at least be able to clasp Thy hand and let Thee lead us in the darkness. Amen.



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UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

DEC 7 1900

(Former continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 7, 1900.

No. 9.

THE TWO HARVESTS

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1900

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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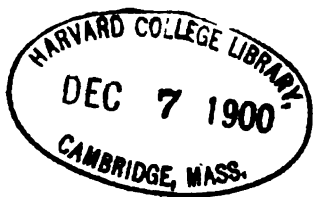
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THE TWO HARVESTS.

"Fruit unto God."—ROM. vii. 4.

I LOVE to think about the harvests of our human life when the harvests of the year are gathered and garnered, and to ask, What is fruit unto God in our life? as on the land, in the vastness of His harvest compared with ours and their infinite variety and ripening. For, touching the vastness, this seems to be clear, first of all. When we look at the question, not alone with the eyes that see, but with the heart which understands, how true it is that the harvest of good fruit He ripens is so great, so boundless, indeed, that it can only be held in His own measure! We see, then, it is not merely this granary of ours which is so full, but there is another in which a harvest is stored of seed for the sowing and bread for the eating, to which this of ours is a handful, and is all as good in its own degree as the flowers, the fruit, and the corn on which we do well to set such store.

We know there are fruits and seeds so minute the human eye cannot see them save by the microscope, and fruits and seeds of the wilderness so manifold as to baffle our powers to find them; and they are scattered also through all the zones, from the Iceland moss in the arctic circle to the palm-tree under the line. So the whole world outside our garner is one great granary,—a garner not made with hands, in which the things are stored good in one way or another for all the creatures in the many mansions of the great Provider from whose hand we are all fed. Our good fruit, in this light, is one thing, and God's good fruit is another; and, as the heavens are higher than the

earth, so His thought of what is good must be higher than our own. Therefore, whatever we may think of the thorns and briers that come up — as we read — outside Eden, this must be true: that whatever He said was good, and very good, when He made the earth bring forth grass, and the herb yielding seed and the fruit trees yielding fruit after their kind. Whatever was good then must be good now; for there has been no debasement in this husbandry of the Most High, and no failure of the harvest He ripens for the multitudes which cry unto Him for bread. So I look up now at the end of the harvest He has gathered in; and there are moments when the wonder and the joy of it all seem to me unspeakable, and I say, He crowns the year with His goodness unto every living thing.

This is true, again, when we turn from the vastness of this harvest of God to its variety and notice what we all agree to call good fruit.

We see how the fruits of the field differ from those of the orchard and the garden, the apple from the pear, the grape from the chestnut, how the plum can never be like the melon or the walnut like the blackberry, and how in this vast variety there is a worth which could never be found if the best of all the things God has given us could have been selected for our sole use, and poured out upon us from His hand in the full measure of our wishes.

So I cannot find in my heart to condemn Israel for crying out against the manna, good as it seems to have been, and full of nourishment, when they found it was all they had; and then that they should look back longingly to Egypt by and by, and hanker after the cucumbers and melons, the variety of the good fruit they had left in the old country; and then, when quails came, they should devour them with such eagerness as to bring on a plague. For I do not find that with the heavenly manna there was any alteration in the human appetite: that remained as it always had been. It remained, therefore, to torment them; for it was not in

their human nature to be content with angel's food, so long as they were still in the flesh. And I have no idea of what was grown in Eden ; but I know that, if Eden did not grow such a variety in its harvests as this that now blesses all civilized men, it was not so good a place to live in, in some respects, as this city, and would not be so likely to satisfy the whole demand of our life.

Let this be as it may, the variety we ourselves take note of is as divine as the abundance. Yet it is but a fragment of the whole variety that is harvested in the garner of God. We are constantly coming into possession of some new fruit or seed that brings a new blessing ; but, beyond these, other races have their blessings, differing from ours, specially adapted to their sustenance and joy. And, then, there is a vast store of things that ripen every harvest, we know very little about or take to be worthless, but in their own place and for their own purpose they are all good fruits. The variety in the harvest that God reaps is as wonderful as the vastness, when we set the truth in this light.

So it is again when we turn from the harvest to the harvest time. We naturally think of what is gathered now and laid up for the bleak days that are coming. But the truth is this : ever since the snowdrop came up through the snow, and blessed us in the wild spring weather, there has been a perpetual ingathering of ripe things. The spring blossoms ripened when our eyes had been gladdened and our hearts had fed on their beauty and sweetness ; and, when their time came, they passed away. They are harvested in the granaries of life. The corruptible has put on incorruption, and the mortal immortality. They are not in our memory merely, but in our being.

The first-fruits of summer came. It was ordained of Heaven they should not wait for the later harvest. They must ripen in June, or not at all ; and so they ripened, and were gathered and reckoned in the harvest of the year. There were other fruits that came to their perfection in the

strong sun of August. They must be gathered when they were ripe. They could not wait for the early frosts; and they are a part of the harvest, too, just as truly as the grapes and corn. The completeness of harvest, then, is in the great span of it; and we only understand the whole truth of what is fruit unto God, when we understand and feel how good it is for our life to take in this long ripening, together with the vastness and variety. No human eye may ever see myriads of blessings we must count in the harvest of God; and yet the bluebell waving in the wilderness shall be a sky of azure fretted with gold for a host of God's creatures living under its vast dome and rejoicing in the completeness of its blessing.

This, then, is the truth about the harvest we are completing. We have one measure for it. He who clothes the lilies and feeds the birds has another. We gather a few varieties. He bids nature and His angels gather them all. We think of this as the harvest time. Harvest began when we felt the breath of the first snowdrop, and blessed it for heralding the glory of the year; and this is the truth that fills the soul fullest of the goodness of God. The more completely we can grasp the vastness, the variety, and the long ripening of the harvest, the more deeply we can feel the presence of His providence and grace.

I said the harvest of the year leads us on to the harvest of life,—the vastness and variety and difference in the ripening of humanity and the difference between our estimate of it and the estimate of Heaven. In my boyhood, when I listened to sermons, and through some years of the time I preached them, my idea of the harvest of humanity, and what is good fruit to God, was very simple. A long narrow strip in the great wilderness of the world bore good fruit: all the rest was left to grow things whose end is to rot or to be burned. That was the way I was taught to believe in the harvest of humanity: the good fruit was that the angels gathered; and, God forgive me, it was the

way I tried to teach others,— Adam, Seth, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah, Shem, and so down to Abraham and Lot, with a patch somewhere on one side for Melchisedec; then by Joseph and Moses and the Judges to David, and by the prophets down to Christ; from Christ, the narrow belt of the true Church, in and out of the Church of Rome to the Reformation, and through the Puritans down to this age. This was the way we got at the harvest of humanity, and of what was especially worth garnering of all that grew in the wilderness of this world for about six thousand years, as near as we could tell by Bishop Lowth's chronology. And it is by no means the exclusive task of liberal Christianity now to deny this wretched, narrow dogma. The best preachers of every faith in Christendom are proclaiming the truth our preachers were among the first to proclaim from the pulpit, that fruit unto God is grown and gathered in every nation and kindred and people and tongue. Assyria and Egypt, Greece and Rome, Arabia and Ethiopia, Scandinavia and old Gaul, bore their harvests as certainly as the Hebrew and Christian lands. And so what the Church and the preacher insisted on as the true harvest exclusively is only the harvest of a few varieties, of which the noblest Christian fruit is no doubt the best of all; but this finds its full perfection, too, in what it draws from all the rest.

This is the truth of the vastness and variety and long ripening of the harvest of God in the whole human family. The field is the world,—no narrow ribbon, but all the zones, from the equator to the poles. It is the grand verity Paul caught out of heaven as he stood on Mars' Hill and cried: God made the world and all things therein. He giveth to all life and breath and all things. He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth; and He is not far from every one of us,—the children of Cain as well as of Seth, of Ishmael as well as of Isaac, by the Iliads as surely as the Psalms, by Athens as by Jerusalem, by pagan as by Christian Rome, and in Sara-

cen as in Christian Spain. Everywhere the harvest of humanity has ripened through its infinite variety, and from the spring-times of the world to the autumns.

We are gradually coming to the conviction again that this is the truth about the divine ingathering to-day. What is fruit unto God, good men in all churches and out of them are saying, cannot be this small handful alone in the Christian garner. That is, no doubt, the best, wherever it comes to its full perfection; but there is a divine reaping where the Christian seed was never sown.

This old idea of an exclusive goodness and acceptance among Christians is very much like what we see sometimes at our State fairs. Men come there who have set their hearts on some one thing and given their life to its development. The consequence is, very naturally, that they cannot weigh the worth of quantities of good fruits and seeds which differ from theirs or even from their special variety of the same thing, and have no faculty at all for estimating the good that is not good enough to be shown, but lies in an infinite wealth in the world outside the fair ground.

We have far too much of this in our churches still. We devote ourselves to the cultivation of our variety, and train our vision away, through our devotion, from seeing, as we should, what worth there is in the varieties to which we have given no attention. If we allow these to be good again, but not so good as ours, we think little of the great harvest of good outside of this wider circle. But there it is, filling the world with blessing. And so it is with the whole harvest of humanity to-day. There is not a nation or people anywhere that is not, according to its variety, bringing forth fruit to God,—something good, answering to its condition as truly as the harvests answer to the zones of the world. It is not our sort; and, perhaps, we cannot see what use there is in it. It is not our business. What we have to do is to make the best of the corner of the vineyard the Master has given us, and then to believe He will

see to the rest, and will not let it run to waste. In China and India, as well as in America, the Lord of the harvest holds His own; for the field is the world, and the reapers are the angels, and in vastness, in variety, and in the span of the harvest, it is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. This brings me to say again that the same truth comes home to us about the life that is close to ours.

What I have said about Christian ideas of the multitudes of heathens all the world over, I must insist on in connection with those in our own land who are not Christians in the fashion we define this term, and never will be. I can no more believe the handful of our countrymen who are gathered into churches are all that are going to be gathered into heaven than that the barns and cellars of the country hold all the good that has ripened this fall. I am the last man, I trust, to say a word that shall seem to make the Christian faith and the Christian Church anything else but what it is. What I will say is this: that the religious life is by no means confined to the Christian faith and churches. There is a very great treasure we never think of calling religion that is still fruit unto God, and garnered by Him in the harvest. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness; and I affirm that, if these fruits are found in any form, they are the fruits of the Spirit, whether you show your patience as a woman nursing a fretful child or a man attending to the vexing detail of a business or a physician following the dark mazes of sickness or a mechanic fitting the joints and valves of a locomotive. Being honest and true besides, you bring forth fruit unto God.

I went into a picture store one day, and met a lady, who said, "Come and look at a picture." There are two figures in it. One is a soldier,—one of our own men,—wounded and sick, worn and weary, with a white face and great out-looking eyes, that seem as if they were watching for the chariot of heaven. The other is a Sister of Mercy, with a

book in her hand, reading. She has one of those sweet, clear faces we all remember, in which no trace of human passion glasses itself any more, but only the quietness and assurance of a heart at rest in her church and faith. "What do you think of it?" my friend said. I expressed my sense of its beauty; but, then, I had to tell her how sure I was it was not the Sister alone, with her Prayer-book, that stood for the religious devotion of that scene. The poor fellow there, almost dead, was, to me, the most religious of the two. I could not look behind him, as I could behind the woman through long years of fasting, prayer, and aspiration. This might be there or it might not. The probabilities were against it. But what was there I *could* see was a love that could make the man leap out of his home to the front; a joy that he could make his breast a barrier for the motherland; peace in duty well done; long-suffering in the doing down to that moment; and gentleness and patience and goodness, ripening, evidently, as he lay there with a far-away look in his eyes, that saw only home and heaven.

And so it is with this whole harvest of life: it is infinitely vaster, as the harvest of the world is, than our estimate; and God is here to see to every grain of it, as Nature sees to every grain that lies in her lap from April to October. For

"God, the Creator, does not sit aloof,
As in a picture painted on a roof,
Occasionally looking down from thence.
He is all presence and all providence."

So it is again with the truth of variety. Men differ in their ways and in their nature as widely as the chestnut and cherry, or the walnut and the peach; and yet they may all be good men. Here, again, we set up our idea of what is good fruit in the face of Heaven, and then find it hard to make out that there is much good in the world. We want men and women to be good according to the way we define goodness, and cannot believe in them if they cannot conform to our standard.

A man may be good at the heart of him as a man can be ; but, if he be sharp or hard on the surface, we cannot quite believe in such goodness. We never think such a man is like a chestnut or a walnut in the harvest of the year, as good in his own way as any.

Others, again, are all sweetness until you get at their heart ; and then you find a tang of bitterness and hardness you never expected.

You wonder whether they can be really good men. You might as well wonder whether there can be a good plum or peach or cherry. With the bitter kernel some, again, are wrapped up in husks that are dry, withered, and dead ; but down within the husk is the grain, and this is good, and you know it. But you sorrow that the husk should be there, and never think it has to be there for a nature like that, or there would be no grain, and that by and by all this will be stripped away and done with.

The variety in the fruit of life is as divine as the abundance. Peter had a forbidding outside, with a heart as tender as ever beat ; and John's heart, when you come close to him in the Gospels, was anything but tender. Yet they were both saints for all that.

Erasmus was, perhaps, the most fascinating man of his day : Luther, to look at, one of the least. The good of Erasmus was more on the outside ; of Luther, more within. They are both to be counted among the noblest children of God. Goldsmith was a pulp of a rare sweetness down to the core. Johnson had a goodness unspeakably different, but quite as good, in one of the knottiest and hardest shells to look at that was ever seen.

Stephen Girard was a by-word for what was hard and keen ; but, when the yellow fever raged in Philadelphia, he was the first man in the town in his fearless devotion and sweet self-sacrifice for the sick and dying. So we have one idea of goodness ; Heaven has another.

In all sorts of husks and shells, hard, sharp, withered,

and dead, God sees a goodness we are always missing, and counts and treasures it in the granary of heaven. We think of Him too much as one walking through the world, looking only for the best, and rejecting, with aversion what is not the best; but I tell you when He goes forth with His reapers to gather His harvest, He looks as lovingly now as once He looked through the eyes of Christ His Son for all the good there is everywhere. There may be only a single grain in October where He put in a grain in March: He bids His angels gather that one as carefully as if it were a hundred-fold.

Then of the ripening. The harvest we would have, if we had our way, would all be gathered in October. Our idea of humanity is, that it should come to its end like corn fully ripe or the apples that are only perfected in the frost; and we almost lay it up as a grudge against Heaven that we cannot have it so. But, ever since the world was, humanity has had its long ripening.

Delicate blossoms have bloomed in the spring that could never live to summer. Little children, the snowdrops of the year, young men and maidens, the early summer fruit, strong men in their prime, perfected in August,—so the harvest of humanity has grown and been gathered from first to last. It is hard to see, through our tears, how this can be the divine way with us, and the most blessed way Heaven could contrive for our blessing.

But with little children in heaven, that passed away like the snowdrops, and youth that ripened in its June, and true friends and kinsfolk that were perfected in their August, and left us to wait for the early or the later autumn or the winter, I will cling to the faith in God that the long ripening was the divinest. I would have kept them all, my heart aches for them with an intolerable longing sometimes, and I wonder how it can be that God will be justified when He speaks to me of His perfect providence and infinite love in taking these from me. He will not argue. He will only ask

what I think my life would have been, had they never come to bless me in their seasons, and then be taken away. It will be all right when it comes to that.

This finally rounds itself with a word of admonition, that I shall not be content with my own poor limited vision of the harvest of humanity. When I make my sense of the fulness and variety and ripening the standard with which to measure the divine sense of it, it is as if I made my sense of what is gathered here in October tell the whole story of the year all over the world. Good fruit to God surpasses all conceptions I can form, either of its measure or of its variety. Yet, this must not for one instant leave me careless about growing to be my best or of helping others to so grow. It must be an inspiration and incitement to me, as I feel there is so much more to encourage me than there would be if I believed the most of what can be grown is only good to burn. It is good to garner under all its varieties. I shall not despair of anything. If only a little seed of good ripens, this little seed will never be lost. One of the worst women we ever had, says the matron of one of the great prisons, was caught one day weeping over a daisy. Well, I think God's angels saw that woman weeping, and went and told it in heaven, and then there was joy there; for they knew that somehow, somewhere, sometime, the "wee crimson-tipped flower" would bring her, and be brought by her, through the golden gates.

It is not for a moment my idea, last of all, that because the great Husbandman will certainly make the best of the multitudes that are like the wild fruit of the wilderness, and of those that are like the smaller and more ordinary growth of the field and forest, and of all the rest we have been in the habit of leaving out of the measure of good fruit to God, we are to be satisfied with anything short of the uttermost goodness, largeness, and ripeness we can possibly attain to. The worst farmer I ever knew was a man who was always sure his landlord would not trouble

him about either rent or crop, because his family had been, time out of mind, in the sunshine of their landlord's favor. It is always the danger of our confidence in God's providence that we shall come to think it will be satisfied with our improvidence. Only as we make the best of what we have, and so become the best we can be, shall we win the great "Well done!" and no man or woman ought ever to be satisfied with anything less than to try for it. Patience, perseverance, good endeavor through storm and shine, the uplifted heart, the pure life, the large sympathy, the faith that was in Christ Jesus, and the truth and the love,—these will bring into my own life an ever-ripening perfection, and save me from the poor perversity of thinking God has not an infinite store of fruit as good as mine or better.

"So will I gather strength and hope anew;
For I do know God's patient love perceives
Not what we did, but what we tried to do.
And, though the ripened ears be sadly few,
He will accept our sheaves."

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The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

III 1511.2

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

HARVARD

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

DEC 15 1900

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

DECEMBER 14, 1900.

No. 10.

SERIES ON

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

III. THE UNIVERSE

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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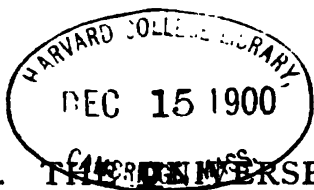
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272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.



III. ~~THE UNIVERSE.~~

I TAKE as my Scripture starting-point the first verse in the Bible, "In the beginning The Elohim created the heavens and the earth."

Every religion has always started in a cosmology; that is, the thought side, the theoretical side, of every religion is always bound up with a theory of things,—the nature, the origin of the world. It is no accident, therefore (though the churches have always been so shy of science), that the first word in the Bible is a scientific word,—as scientific as the knowledge of that time would allow. "In the beginning The Elohim created the heavens and the earth."

It would be interesting to note the theories of things that have been held by different peoples in different parts of the world; but for our present purpose we will go no farther afield than to trace the growth of these theories, from the beginning in Hebrew thought, through Christian speculation, up to the present time. Trace the growth, do I say? What I really mean is that we are to note one or two phases of thought on this subject, so that we can see the immense advance that has been made.

To the writer of Genesis the universe was a very small affair. It was a sort of two-story structure at first. There was the flat earth, either anchored in the midst of the surrounding ocean or fixed in some way in its place; and it was roofed over by a firmament, solid as if beaten out by the smith from some malleable metal. In this firmament were windows for the rains to come through, the waters that were stored above the firmament; and to it were attached the sun, the moon, and the stars, to give light to the inhabitants of the earth. And above this firmament was the

abode of God and his angels. This was the first thought of the universe.

As Hebrew imagination and experience grew, there at last came to be believed in a sort of basement,—shall I call it?—making it, instead of a two-story, a three-story structure. Beneath the surface of the earth there was an underground world, the abode of the spirits of the dead. This may stand as fairly representing the belief in the universe on the part of the Hebrews throughout almost their entire history as a nation.

It was only some modification of this which was thought of in the time of Jesus. In the early half of the second century there lived in Alexandria a famous mathematician and astronomer by the name of Ptolemy, and he has given his name to what has come to be called the Ptolemaic theory of the universe; and this held the minds of men until somewhere in the fifteenth century. This Ptolemaic theory is the one that constitutes the framework of Dante's great poem and of Milton's epic. In this—to be brief—the earth was at the centre; and this was surrounded by and enclosed in a series of concentric crystal, transparent spheres,—to compare large things with small, very much like a nest of glass globes inside each other. To the first of these, and therefore the smallest, was attached the moon; to the next the sun, and to the rest in their order the then known planets. Outside of these was one to the surface of which were attached all the fixed stars. Beyond this was still another, close to heaven itself, and which was supposed in some mysterious way to be moved by divine power, and in its motion to carry around with it all the others.

In this way the movements of the heavenly bodies were explained in the Ptolemaic system; and these spheres are the ones we speak and sing of still, though most of us have forgotten what we mean when we talk about the “music of the spheres” or when we refer to a star as “starting from its sphere.” These were real, substantial things in this

Ptolemaic theory, as I said, carrying the heavenly bodies around in their circling motions.

Those who believed in this theory had a good deal of difficulty as time went on in explaining astronomical facts; and they had to invent a great many additions to and modifications of their theory, because one after another it was noticed that the heavenly bodies did not behave as they ought, if this theory were true. Until at last the difficulties grew so great that Prince Alphonso of Castile, an amateur astronomer and famous mathematician, said that, if he had been present at the creation, he could have suggested a good many valuable improvements on the theory. The inconsistencies were so great that it was very difficult for a scholarly man any longer to accept the old ideas.

About the time that Columbus was discovering a new continent, Copernicus was discovering a new universe. He was a devout Catholic. He would not, if he could help it, affront or disturb the authorities of his Church; and yet his knowledge of the universe grew to be such that he felt he must write it down in a book. Governed by questions as to his own safety, undoubtedly, this book was only published — though I think it was dedicated to the pope — as a tentative theory, and during the very last year of his life. The first copy which the author ever saw was brought to him as he lay on his sick-bed, from which he never rose again. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have been persecuted for his teaching, as the book was placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*, and all good Catholics were forbidden to read it.

But here was the beginning of what is now the universally accepted theory of the universe. One after another facts began to round out this theory. Galileo, Kepler, Newton, have added to our knowledge in these directions, until at last we are in the midst of this tremendous fact that surrounds us on every hand. Science, dreaded always by the Church, fought at every step by theology, by the ecclesiastics, the churchly authorities,— science at last has done for

us what the Church was never able to do. It has given us a universe fit to be the garment, the home, the phenomenal manifestation of the infinite God.

We are all familiar with the facts that make this universe so overwhelming to us; and yet, to freshen your thought, perhaps I may be pardoned if I suggest one or two illustrations to help us to feel its vastness.

We say glibly, "This earth is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference"; and we have learned to adjust ourselves to the thought that I used to repeat in a little couplet in my child's geography,—

"This world is round, wise men declare,
And hung on nothing in the air."

These are familiar facts to us. But we do not think of them enough to appreciate how tremendous they are. We say the moon is two hundred thousand miles away. Do we stop to appreciate that, as we rejoice in the beauty of it on some summer night? How large is the sun? Large enough so that, if it were a hollow sphere with the earth at its centre, the moon, two hundred thousand miles away, would have free room to swing in her orbit inside the sun.

To hint another illustration: if all the planets, all the moons, all the comets, asteroids, all the bodies that make up this solar system of ours, except the sun, were fused into one globe, and that were hurled against the face of the sun, it would be so small a spot that it would hardly show, being less than three per cent. of the sun itself in bulk.

This sun, we say, is between ninety-two and ninety-three millions of miles away; and the light that passes the space between the moon and the earth, practically in about a second of time, takes a little over eight minutes to reach us from the sun. But this same light, travelling with this incredible velocity,—or inconceivable, shall I say?—has to journey for three years and a half before it reaches our next-door neighbor after you leave the solar system. The near-

est body to our little group is so far away that it takes light about three years and a half to reach us. If I remember accurately, the next friend beyond that is about seven years away, as light travels. When I was a boy, and looked up to the skies, I wondered that there were not frequent collisions there, the blue seemed so crowded; but, when we remember the inconceivable distances, we wonder, rather, that they can have any influence whatever over each other. But when we have reached these, our next-door neighbors, we are only standing on the threshold of star-lighted avenues that reach on and on and on until imagination faints, though we know that we have only begun an endless journey.

The universe, then, overwhelms us by its vastness, as we try to think of it; and, if we suppose that God is still beyond the stars, as they used to think him to be, why, then, he is put at almost an infinite remove from us. And, if we think that heaven is away beyond these luminous orbs, then the souls of our friends that have left us have started on an infinite journey.

There are those who tell us that all the facts of this universe can be accounted for simply by supposing the existence of matter and force, without any intelligence or any life except the life which is the product of matter and force, thrown up as the waves of the sea are thrown up for a little while into the light and the air, to go back and be reabsorbed once more.

Let us contemplate this universe, then, for a few moments, and see in the light of the best science of the modern world what we are to think about it. There is a large body of people who fancy themselves thinkers at the present time who have made the word "metaphysics" a weariness to all those who try to keep themselves level-headed and sane. They tell us that our senses misreport all the facts, that we cannot know anything by means of our senses, that matter is an illusion, not real at all, and that the only thing that is real is mind.

There are certain apparent facts to justify this shallow conclusion. I look at the sun and the moon; and they seem very small to me and not very far away, so that it is easy for one to say that his sight has deluded him. But except for my sight I should not know that there exists any sun or moon at all, either near or far. We talk about the sun's rising and setting. It appears to rise and set, but we have found out that this is not true. The sun is substantially still, so far as this system of ours is concerned, though we believe it to be itself travelling with unspeakable velocity around some more distant sun. We look at a flower, at a rose, and we talk about the beautiful color. We have learned that the color is not in the rose. We listen to the sound of the waves on the seashore. We have learned that apart from our ears and our consciousness there is no sound on the seashore. We have learned that all these phenomenal manifestations, light and heat, and electricity and magnetism, and color and sound, are modes of motion, touching us, our senses, and then transformed in our consciousness in some utterly unspeakable way into what they seem to us to be.

Is the universe therefore illusion? Nay, but there is an outside reality there, an eternal reality which appeals to us, and becomes these things in our consciousness. We know now that, whether man is immortal or not, what we call matter is. We can demonstrate over and over again that both force and matter are indestructible. What they are in themselves is another problem; and I venture to say that it is a problem which does not concern us, except as a matter of intellectual curiosity.

So far as we can think, nothing is anything "in itself." Everything is what it is as related to the perceiving intelligence. Sound, light, color,—all these things are what they are to us who perceive and use them. What they might conceivably be to some other kind of being may be a matter of interest; but it is of no practical importance to us,

What they are to us, being what we are, is that which concerns us, and is the only thing which we need to know.

This universe, then, that surrounds us on every hand is a reality: it is an indestructible and eternal reality; and it is to us all these fair and beautiful things translated into terms of our consciousness and become ministers to our use and to our joy.

Now, if we turn in another direction, it is interesting for us to try to find out what this thing that we call "matter" is. For we must outgrow the childishness of supposing that we know a thing merely because we have named and labelled it. What is this which we call "matter"?

The man who knows very little, indeed, is the one who thinks, perhaps, that he knows the most on this subject. Matter is something hard; it is something solid; it is something he can spurn with his foot or kick with his boot,—something very substantial. So he thinks. But the most substantial thing that we can find we can turn into invisible vapor; and, if we leave it free, it disappears beyond the reach of any of our senses. What is this hard and solid thing, then, that we call matter?

We have learned, for example, that there is no such thing as a solid bit of matter, meaning by that that the particles are close to each other. The most solid thing in the world can be compressed until it is smaller than it was. That means that the particles do not really touch each other: they can be pressed nearer to each other. For the particles, even of a bit of marble, are not in contact and they are not still. They are in a perpetual dance, as much as are the bodies in the sky over our heads. They have their own marvellous orbit; and the "solid" thing is all athrill with motion.

They used to talk about a something called "dead matter" which the Creator originally impressed with certain qualities. He made one substance hard and another soft, one red and another green, one metallic and another of a

woody fibre. He impressed these qualities on these hard substances, they said ; but we go in pursuit of this hard matter, and it is impossible for us to discover it anywhere. There used to be, and there is now, in the theories of chemistry for practical purposes, something called an "atom," an atom supposed to be the ultimate hard substance through a combination of which all other substances were made. But, when we thought about an atom as a real substance, a real solid bit of something that we could deal with through our senses, we were plunged into a sea of absurdities. Then we pursued this atom with the microscope, with every instrument of research that we could discover, until we found at last that we were in the presence of what Faraday called a "point of force," or what others have named "a vibratory thrill," or others still "a vortex in the ether."

We hunt for matter, then, as some solid, hard thing ; and we cannot find it. We do find, however, everywhere, this infinite, tireless movement and life. We find that the universe is athrill from the lowest depths that the microscope can discover to the farthest range of the telescope over our heads, everything, everywhere, apparently alive. And these little particles of matter, so far as they can be discovered, have behaved in such a strange way that the materialistic philosophers themselves have been compelled to reconstruct their theories about them. Clifford, one of the most brilliant materialists that England has produced during the last fifty years,—it is a pity that he died so young,—used to tell us about a little "mind-stuff" in every particle of matter. He could not account for the behavior of matter in any other way. Haeckel, the German scientist, talks about "atom souls." He cannot account for the action of atoms in crystals, in growing plants, and in man without supposing that they have connected with them soul or mind substance, out of which ultimately our own souls are built.

So the materialists themselves have had to give up what is called the materialistic theory of things,—the idea that the

universe is made out of any substance called dead matter that has been wrought upon from the outside by a creative power, and that it has had these forces and these qualities impressed upon it by some divine artificer.

We find, then, so far as we can trace it, that this universe is athrill with such mysterious and subtle forces that we are beginning to wonder if it is not a living creature. Take such a fact as wireless telegraphy, and a thousand others that are given us by modern science, and which are becoming so familiar to us that we are apt to overlook the marvel and significance of it all.

Then consider thought-transference. We have not yet mastered the law of it, we cannot yet use this power at will; but it is demonstrated beyond all rational question that minds can communicate without any regard to distance, and practically without any regard to time, clear round the world. I know cases of this thought-transference from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. I know a case recently from Manila to New York. Thousands of them have been demonstrated to be true. The world is a whispering gallery; and it is all alive in response to our thoughts, our feelings, our hopes, our fears, our human activities.

What kind of strange thing, then, is this universe? If I remember rightly, Swedenborg told us that the universe was in the form of a man. What if we should come to the conclusion at last that the universe is a living organism instead of a mechanism?—that it is a living being, thrilling with life in every particle? We are being driven, scientifically driven, to that conclusion. Because certain things, different parts of the universe, are outside of our consciousness, does not prove that they are outside of some consciousness. To take an illustration suggested by a book of Flammarion's which I was reading the other day. We know that these bodies of ours are full of thousands, perhaps millions, of microbes, and they are not enemies of ours, the most of them: in health they are our friends. But suppose one of

these microbes given conscious power of thought similar to our own; and, as he sailed down the Amazon or Mississippi, to him, of one of our veins, or as he bored or tunnelled his way through the immense rocky strata of one of our bones, or as he watched some part of our heart, not conscious of it as an organ by itself, and fulfilling its own peculiar function,—suppose he should try to speculate as to a consciousness that could give life and the sense of personal identity to this structure, as large and incomprehensible to him as the universe itself is to us.

I think it is Martineau who said that, for all any scientific person knew to the contrary, the dance of the planetary systems over our heads might be the dance of the brain molecules of some cosmic consciousness. These facts overwhelm us, and seem incredible at first. But there is nothing incredible about them. It is simply a question of fact; and, as I have said, we are being driven more and more to the belief that this universe is a living organism. And I incline strongly to the belief that God is the intellect, the heart, the soul of it, as I am the intellect, the heart, the soul, of this organism called my body.

And, if we may think of it in this way, then God is not away off in any heaven. He is everywhere; and he is all everywhere at any instant of time, as I am all, for any practical purpose, in every part of my body at any particular moment of time.

This is the conception of the universe that we are coming more and more in some form to hold. The universe is a living thing, and that which is the life of that universe is close by us; and we are a part of that infinite life.

We need here to guard ourselves against one serious error. Because of what has been said, we are not to confuse or confound the distinction between mind and matter. It is common just now for certain people, who think they are thinkers, to say "all is mind." But what we call matter—whatever its ultimate origin may be—is a distinct and defi-

nite fact, governed in accordance with its own laws, as ascertained by the senses and experience of man. This material order, of which our bodies are a part, is as divine and holy as the mental or spiritual order. To deny it or disregard it is not piety but the contrary. For one is of God as truly as is the other. It is not spirituality, but only mental confusion which blurs this distinction.

Now I wish to note one or two points briefly as indicating the moral and spiritual significance of this view of the universe.

The universe is an intelligent thing, whichever way we turn. Wherever we pursue our investigations, we find an intelligible order, perfect of its kind. That which matches our intelligence, and that which is intelligible, we can only interpret as the manifestation of intelligence. I believe, then, that this universe is a living organism, and that it is intelligible and intelligent from circumference to centre.

Not only that. In the second place it is beneficent. In spite of all the evils, in spite of all the sufferings, the pains, and the sorrow, the universe is a beneficent organism. In the nature of things, if we stop and think of it a moment, it cannot be anything else. Life and joy are the result always of keeping the laws of this universe. Pain, sorrow, what we call evil, death,—these are always the result of law-breaking. The universe is in favor of the keeping of its own laws. It is in favor of life, of joy, of good, which are the result of the keeping of these laws. It seems to me that this is demonstrable truth.

Then the universe is the embodiment of a purpose. We can trace an intelligent advance from the first beginning of our investigation up the ages until to-day; and we can see that the universe is still on the march,—it is not through. To quote the trite words again, it is reaching towards

“Some far-off, divine event,”

as Tennyson has sung.

We cannot escape the conclusion that the universe is

moving with a purpose towards an outcome:—living, intelligent, beneficent, advancing, progressing. Such is our modern thought of this marvellous universe of which we are a part.

Now ethics in a universe like this, the laws of right and wrong, cannot be something imported from outside, cannot be external legislation, cannot be arbitrary enactments, with arbitrary rewards and punishments attached. Right and wrong are in the nature of things. Law-keeping is right,—that is, living in accord with this infinite and eternal life; and law-breaking is wrong, living out of accord with this eternal and beneficent life.

And religion cannot be something imported from without. It cannot be a thing of ceremonies or creeds. I say nothing against ceremonies. If ceremonies express a real feeling, and help cultivate a real feeling, well and good. They may be of service. I say nothing against creeds. If a man believe rightly, it will help him to act rightly. So far important. But the idea of a creed, or believing such and such a thing as a matter of importance in the sense that somebody is going to be offended if we do not,—that is all wrong. These things are not important in that way.

The one thing that is essential and vital in religion is life—living in accord with the infinite life of the infinite Power manifested in the universe. Whatever helps that life helps our religious culture and development. Whatever stands in the way of these stands in the way of our religious life. But the life itself,—the feeling, the love, the consecration, the service,—these are the religion.

Father, we believe that Thou art the heart and the mind and the soul of all this which we see, which has produced us and of which we are a part. And we ask that we may learn to know and to love this intellect, this heart, this life, and to consecrate our intellects and hearts and lives to the service of this infinite Power, and so to the service of our fellows. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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III. 1511.2

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

DEC 21 1900

VOL. V.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 1900.

No. 11.

"Faring Toward Sunset"

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
1900

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

In answer to many inquiries, we take great pleasure in saying that Dr. Savage's health is better than for the last two years. He expects to preach the next three Sundays, — Sunday before Christmas, the last Sunday of the nineteenth century, and the first of the twentieth.

GEO. H. ELLIS,

Publisher.

“FARING TOWARD SUNSET.”

“The promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”
1 TIM. iv. 8.

I THINK it is no wonder, as the years come and go, and we fare on toward the sunset of the life that now is, the heart in us should feel a touch of dismay now and then when we try to imagine ourselves out of the body, but still the same man or woman, away from the world we live in, yet still in a home which will be homelike and welcome, and of a day when the seasons will be no more what they have been, or the sun and stars, the streets on which we walk or the homes in which we dwell.

A time when we can clasp hands with friends no more in the good, familiar fashion or bid them good-morning and good-evening, sit no more at the table and join in the cheerful talk, go to our work in the morning, and, when the day's stint is done, go home, take some book we love best to read, turn the familiar pages with an ever-new delight, and then go to sleep through the silent, shadowy hours to wake again in the morning, and find that God has made all things new.

And I think this touch of dismay may well be of all things natural, and therefore right, because we are in this body, and find that in the measure of our life is our loyalty to the things we can touch and see. For in the thin shadow of the man I met one day, far up among the nineties, this loyalty to the world he lives in, lingering like a frosted apple on the tree in January, was no more than an instinct to hold on; but to those who are still hale and strong it is a loyalty for which they can give good reason.

They love to watch the Spring open, and find her fragrance fill them with the old delight, the Summer flood the world with her fruits and flowers, and are glad for the golden treasures of the Autumn, the white glory of the Winter, and the tumultuous privacy of the storms that lure the Summer again indoors, and set them laughing by sea-coal or hard-wood fires.

This is all so dear to us, and so human, that I think it comes a little hard now and then for the bravest and best in this simple human sense to think of a time when all this can be no more what it is here and now; and so it ought to be. And, if the option was open to a great many of us, while the tides of life run deep and full, to exchange the life we are living for the splendors of the Celestial City the seer saw in his vision, to give up the steady fight for bread and garments, a roof and a fire, with all the hurly-burly of the days, for the white robes, the harps and crowns, in a world as free from contentions as the great deeps of the Atlantic are free from the storms, very few of us who are in the midst of life would hesitate to say, We love this best, after all, and do not want to give it up, no matter what may be waiting in the blessed life to come.

That may be, and, indeed, must be all right, while we think not seldom this is all wrong; but this is so close to us and so familiar, so blended in the warp and woof of our being, that we cannot give it up. The gravitation of our being binds us to our planet; and we cannot cry, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!"

Nor can I think this trouble is met again by the teaching, far more urgent in my youth than it is now, that we should think of this human life — which is our gift from God — as if it was in quarantine, and this world a place to have done with,— the sooner, the better,— so that we may win our way to the immortal life to come.

Some such conclusion may come, I know, through our

brooding over the meanness and poverty of the best we can hope for down here, if we take that turn, or it may come to those who have had to fight sore battles with the world or who have drained their life of all its pleasantness, bartering joy for enjoyment, and then would toss it away like the skin of an orange. But those I hold this moment in my mind are always able to make out this clear truth: that the men who have talked in this strain were out of sorts, I say, with the world and its wholesome life, or else they were men who did not practise what they preached,—men like my good Matthew Henry, to whose chapel in Chester I went on pilgrimage two years ago last summer. My good Matthew is forever talking in this strain through his vast and capital commentary, and yet his portrait reveals one of the most comfortable divines you would want to see in the last times of the old Puritan life in England. This is the man who tells me to sit lightly to my life, as a bird on a spray, while you can see quite easily that the men who have made the best mark and the deepest, of whose work in this world you can say, Now here is something primal and pregnant, something which holds in its heart a seed of worth which has grown with the world's growth, and must live and be resown to noble harvests. These, as a rule, are the men of an abounding human life.

Men, as we say, who were all there, with no special turn for lentils and herbs or haircloth next the skin when they could compass fair white linen. They were men who had a strong grip on this world which was their home, and, while they were on their way to a place among saints,—if this lay in their election,—could go out hunting with Augustine, and play sweet tunes on the violin, or sing old ballads with Luther. They were men who, while their life stood well above zero, could feel that it was good to be here, and wanted no new tabernacles so long as the old ones served them so well.

This truth holds good again with those we know of that

have no special claim to a place among the saints,—the grand builders and inventors, the great artists and musicians, with the poets and authors whose books we read with perpetual delight. These, as a rule, lived very close to our life, and loved it with all their heart,—loved to own land, like our good Sir Walter Scott; loved the waters, and to go a-fishing with dear old Isaac Walton and with Paley, who tells a friend in one of his letters that he cannot think of writing another word in his once famous book of the Evidences until fly-fishing was over; loved the splendid movement of great cities with Johnson, Charles Lamb, and Thackeray, the kindly humors of the common life with Charles Dickens, and more besides than I can name; loved the shadows of the woods, the sunshine on the meres, and the crowned splendors of the fells with Wordsworth. So, I say, the men of most worth to this world were deepest in our life, and did not love to brood over a day when they must leave us, and the place which knew them would know them no more; when they would see the Hudson no more, or the Tweed, or Concord River, or the Charles; leave Fleet Street forever, and the Strand, Broadway, or Boston Common, the haunts of life, loving men, their neighbors and friends.

So "I do not want to die," sturdy Samuel Johnson said or drop like mellow fruit, Charles Lamb wrote to his friend. They were well suited. And this was one condition of their love and loyalty,—that they were children of the light and of the day. Therefore, the light and the day abide in what they have done. This, indeed, is all so true that, when you bring the truth home to the teaching which has gone dead against it, time out of mind, it is to find that the men of a supreme power and purpose in the pulpit, men like Beecher and Bellows and Bishop Brooks,—to speak only of the great dead we have known,—were the most abundantly gifted with this love and loyalty to our life.

Nor is this touch of trouble met and mastered by the

thought that there may be, will be, must be, infinite blessing through our passing into the infinite, losing our own personal identity, and becoming one with that life, as the raindrops become one with the ocean or as the mist floating in the rainbow above Niagara is swept down to become one again with the waterfloods below.

No one thing in this universe can be of a deeper moment to a whole and sound man than his own proper personal life. You may talk to him from this to doomsday about being lost in the infinite. He will still cling to himself as the true factor, and say with a noble man who has gone out of the body to God, "I should prefer hell to annihilation." The angels are well enough, but he would not be an angel. Angels have had no mothers to croon over them, by what he can make out, or fathers to romp with them and play games. They never fell in love when their time came,—wondering over their rare fortune,—or made homes where the children clung about their knees, or fought strong battles for the truth and the right, or wept over graves. Angels then must be poor where such a man is rich, or rich in some way he cannot as yet understand. He has solved the problem so far of his own personal identity, and would not have it resolved into the grandest presence that ever trod the earth. These years, with their clustering memories, are his own years. They stand out clear, and reveal to the man his own life. A poor thing, he may say, but mine own,—full of mistakes, but mine own. I want to keep track of myself. Send me where you will, but let me be sure that I am still the man who is now living this human life as those are who have lived human lives with me. "The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, who walk with us no more," they will be there in the life to come, not unclothed, but clothed upon; and then I shall rest in hope. For—

It is the dear belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the reach of grief,
We find our own once more.

Beyond the sphere of time,
 And sense and fate's control,
 Serene in changeless prime,
 Dwells the immortal soul,
 This faith I fain would keep,
 This hope would not forego.
 Eternal be the sleep,
 If not to waken so.

There must be another life to round this out and clothe it with perfection. The tree in my garden loses nine blossoms where it ripens one globe of fruit, but that does not trouble my tree. The wild things let their young go forth : they are presently forgotten. The flocks and herds are kith and kin ; but one is taken and another left, and to-morrow it is all the same. They do not regret their mistakes or sorrow for their sins as I must. Their life rounds itself out, and is complete when they die. The insect of an afternoon, the creature of a hundred years, they have no hauntings of a life before or visions of a life hereafter. But the blossoms fall from the tree of my life, the yearlings die out of my flock, old friends are taken and I am left, those dear to me as my life or dearer ; and I cannot prevent this longing after them, because they are part of myself, and I am only shards and shreds of the whole fair circle my soul demands, if, being mine here, they are not mine hereafter.

And, in looking into my own life, I can see where I have missed my way and want to try again. I am only a learner : I want still to learn, and turn my lesson to some noble use. So what can this incompleteness mean which haunts me but the intimation of completeness ? This claim, as it seems to me, is founded in fair reason ; and we hold the right to see the account come out fair and true on this ground, if on no other. These searching sorrows and regrets are the vouchers for it, and their long enduring the promise that they will hold good ; while this pure love

for the life we live down here, great and noble in a true proportion of its worth to the world, with the unslain desire that what we gain in this life shall not be lost when we have done with these bodies,— what is all this, though there were no surer word about it, but the hold of the human soul on her own, now and forever ?

May I not say once more that the years, as they come and go, should bring the heart to understand that this we call death should not be thought of — and especially by those who, like myself, have had a long lease of life — as a bane, but a blessing ; and not to die would be the bane no man could bear, while so surely would this world be the loser by our staying that those who love us most dearly would pray that we might be set free from the burden of the over-many years. For it would make no matter to the creatures of the lower creation we have glanced at if their life could run on forever in the old kindly grooves, because they measure their life by their instincts, and the present moment is the perfect sphere. They want no better, as they fear no worse, and take no thought for the morrow but a thing only,—the squirrel his nuts, and the bee his honey.

For as Chaucer's birds sang while his pilgrims rode to Canterbury, so they were singing when I walked with my friend a few years ago over the same grass-grown road by Guilford ; and the swallows that built their nests then on the coignes of the grand cathedral had built that spring by the altars of the Lord, while the brood of last year was forgotten. The brood of this year was their first born ; and there are no grandchildren for them in the woods or the meadows, or golden or silver weddings. Therefore, it would be no trouble to them if their life could go on through the ages, as it goes through their brief span.

But here lies the distinction between our life and theirs. Where they have instincts, we have memories ; where they have habits, we have outlooks and inlooks, anticipations and

reflections, and our manhood on the line to which we have risen holds in its heart our cross and our crown.

The glamour of youth is mine no more, when the years have told their tale; yet I may remember the May days with a most tender regret, and long for my spring as I sit on the snow line. Yet I know or ought to know, that this I long for could not be the May I remember, because Memory would rob me of her choicest charm and the succession of sameness would blight the blossoms before they could set the fruit; and so on this ground I can be aware in some dim fashion why the eternal Love should give me the blessed boon of death, when I have drank my fill at the fountains of life down here, and it is time to cross the bar.

And I must take this truth home to my heart: that, by the time I have had enough of life, the world I live in now may have had enough of me, so that I must not only get out of the world, but out of the way, that the new man may have room for the work he must do, free from my jeremiads that the new time cannot hold a candle to the time when I was young.

Because I take this to be the truth, with a few noble exceptions,—that the elder world does not take over-kindly to the younger, with its swift onward movement; and so the time comes when we may say with a wise and good man of the last age, I am receptive no more as I was in my youth to the new life all about me or the new thought. I have hardened down slowly to the man I must be now to the end of the chapter.

So the time comes to the most of us, when we begin to trace the truth of the new time by the lines of longitude and forget the lines of latitude, we do not believe in the new man from the Lord, but want the old man and manhood that will be true to our line of measurement.

So Morse held the string of the kite which fell from Franklin's hand; but I have to wonder whether even that great-domed brain would have given a warm welcome, if he

could have lived, to the man of the new time. And old Sir Humphry Davy would have no fellowship with young Michael Faraday, or any physician in England over forty years of age accept Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

I knew a very noble old man in the ministry, whose son also became a minister, whose soul was taken captive by the truth born of the new time ; and he loved the lad as he loved his own life. But the best the old man could say, when he found where the young man was drifting, was, "I do not believe in his teachings, but I believe in him."

He could not believe in the lines of latitude, only in those of longitude. He wanted his boy to be what we call a chip off the old block. He would have the old wine in the old bottles,—and the more cobwebs on them, the better the wine ; and yet, forty or fifty years before, he himself was a pioneer of the ever-new truth.

So I think the time comes, for the most of us, when we cease to learn, and begin to forget how it was with us so long ago, when, it may be, we stood well to the front, as he did,—the good old man,—and can believe in or welcome no more the incoming truth and life fresh from on high, until we go hence and drink the new wine of the kingdom.

And, again, is not this true, that, as we grow old, the knowledge of the evil which is in the world begins to lie like lead on us, while the knowledge of the good can hardly hold its own ?

I open my morning paper, where the sins and shames I can find there in ten minutes will take the better heart in me out of the whole day if I do not take care.

I deal with nine men who are honest and true as the day, but the tenth man takes me in. Well, I lose more grace by that one man than I gain by the nine, think more of the bitter than the sweet, brood over the cruelty and forget the mercy, write the word "rogue" with a pen of iron on the rock of my memory and let the others go down the wind,

grow, it may be, a little harder and alert to suspect rather than to believe in my human kind, lose track of the generous and trustful heart, and call the thing which has usurped its place wisdom.

And so, if this could go on and on, where should we land? And well might the good Bishop Hugo say, seven hundred years ago, when one bemoaned his death as an evil,—

“An evil, sayest thou? Nay, but I warrant thee it would be a greater evil to live.”

Therefore, as the years steal on, I love to muse over this mystery of the life that now is and that which is to come, to thank God for this we have so full of worth if we are worthy, and then, as I wonder over that which is to come, turn to my Gospels and listen to the Master and divine Seer, who held it all in his heart,—this mystery,—and said: “In my Father’s house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.” And of the Father he said, “He is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him.”

And while I must say with the great apostle, “It doth not yet appear what we shall be,” I would hold on well to the faith that I shall be myself when I pass from the shadows of the seen and temporal into the light of the unseen and eternal.

I shall only pass out of one room in the many mansions into another, and what treasure in the heavens was mine here will be mine there, while that which is to come will not seem so much another life as the ripeness and perfecting of this.

“Free from the fickle and the frail,
With gathered powers, yet the same,”

even as the corn of wheat, which, except it die, abideth alone, but, if it die, bringeth forth much fruit, is not annihilation, but transfiguration, in Paul’s happy figure.

A wise man says, “To lose faith in the immortal life is to paralyze the life that now is, and to sap the springs of our

deepest love"; but this is my faith, that the passing I may brood over with a touch of dismay, while the springs of life run strong and full, will not wrest me, will not wrest you, out of ourselves, and land us, strangers, in a life in no wise of kin to this.

We may say we know nothing about the mystery of the life beyond; but this is not true, if we believe in Him who brought life and immortality to light.

We know enough to keep the heart from trouble, and this is what we need to know; for it was the heart's love which brought us here, that nursed us forth, bore with us, believed in us, hoped for us, and never failed, and that death cannot slay.

Let me sit down with some white patriarch whose sun is setting and whose life has fallen to the lowest ebb of the tide, and I will tell you what I shall expect to find. I should expect to find the good old head was giving way, but not the heart.

Has he done his day's work? He is tired now, and has sat down to rest. Has he speculated, as we do, over the wonders and mysteries? He speculates no more: he is resting.

Did passion clutch him once, and appetite? They are as the white ashes of burnt embers. Did he nourish some fine ambition? It is no more to him now than when he began.

"To learn the use of I and me." Here, where the head has been the main factor, it may be, I am silent: there is no communion. But I turn and touch the heart-strings: these vibrate and give forth the music.

Do you remember the old home and the mother when you were a boy, and when you lost your heart to the one maiden in all the world, and how you made a home together and held it sacred through the years to your golden wedding, and those graves,—are all these forgotten?

No, *no*: the dim old eyes light up with the sweet and the bitter-sweet recollections. They are all there, peopling the

silent chambers ; and he forgets that he is weary as he sits there telling me what a royal life that was, when the world was young.

And so I love to believe in — what shall I call it? — the solidarity of life here and hereafter, that I am to be myself, whatever befalls,— the myself I long to be, released from the body of this death, and to bear with me all that is best worth God's saving in my life down here ; and that not a flower has bloomed, or a well sprung up for my blessing, or a bird sung, or a dear friend clasped hands with mine, or tears fallen, or laughter rippled out of a pure joy, to be forgotten. I would be myself, and myself this soul which has stored up the essence of all that shall be of an immortal worth since I lay a babe in the cradle, so far away in time and space.

Jerome Carden, going over into England more than three hundred years ago, says : “ The English seem to have no fear of death, but with kisses and salutations parents and children part. The dying say that they depart into the immortal life, and there they shall await those they leave behind them, while each exhorts the other to hold him in memory. So cheerfully and without blenching they meet death.”

So should we, so would I, with the faith in my heart of my dear old friend Charles Ames, who sang : —

The ship may sink
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea ;
But all I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath,—
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God,
Let it mount as it will from form to form.

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

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(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

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VOL. V.

DECEMBER 28, 1900.

No. 12.

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THE HUMAN JESUS MORE HELPFUL TO THE RELIGIOUS LIFE THAN THE DEIFIED CHRIST.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

My text may be found in the First Epistle to Timothy, second chapter, and the fifth verse,—“For there is one God, one mediator also between God and men, himself man, Christ Jesus.” So the words run in the Revised Version.

About nineteen hundred and four years ago, during what time of the year nobody knows, a Jewish babe was born in Palestine. They named him Jesus. He lived until he was thirty, then began a public career, proclaiming the kingdom of God, going about doing good. After a year or two he had made himself so obnoxious to the constituted authorities that they put him to death. His enemies supposed that the matter would end there; but there were a few faithful souls who had been touched, enthralled, inspired, by his words and his life. They organized themselves into a little community, and waited for some divine manifestation of the kingdom of God. That which they looked for did not come; but this community grew until by and by it became mightier than Rome, and conquered Rome.

Since that day, though the man was little noted at the time,—so far as we know, not being referred to by any contemporary writer outside of the New Testament,—he has stood the central, supreme figure of the civilized world. In his name more kindnesses have been done, more cruelties have been committed, than in the name of any other that has

ever lived. He preached peace, but his name has been made the signal for bloodshed and war,—not through his fault, for ever his spirit has won its way more and more in the hearts of men; and it never was so dominant as it is to-day.

Who was he, what was he besides being a Jew? Many tell us that he was God, that he is God, who lived for a little time a human life, and disappeared again into the heavens. Others tell us that he was man. In which theory shall we find the most of inspiration and of help? For there are these two theories that I wish briefly and in broad lines to set before you, so that you may see that for you individually it is one or the other; for these two are mutually exclusive.

According to one theory the universe was created a few thousand years ago, man made perfect. He fell; and the world lay helpless under the wrath of God. Then there came to be here and there foregleams and prophecies of a salvation that was to be offered to the race; and by and by, miraculously, without any human father, Jesus appeared in the little town of Bethlehem, really God, clothed in a human body. He grew up in the home of his father and mother, like any child. Then, when he was thirty, he manifested himself to the people, called the disciples around him, taught, suffered, was crucified, descended into the underworld, came up again on the third day, and resumed the body which he had worn with his disciples, and then at the end of forty days disappeared into the sky and entered the heavens, clothed still with his human body, where he sits at the right hand of God, administering the new kingdom which was organized for the salvation of men.

Only a few have heard of it, only a few believe it; and there are but a few comparatively who are to be saved. The rest, by this same Jesus, are to be sent away at the last day into chains and darkness and torment forever and ever. This is one theory.

The other tells us that the world has been in process of

creation for millions of years; that that process is still going on to-day; that some three or four or five hundred thousand years ago the life which had been divine all the way through and up climbed from the ooze of ocean's shores until at last man appeared, standing upon his feet and facing the heavens. Man appeared, ignorant, barbaric, childish, weak. From that day to this he has been evolving, ever into something finer and better, until at last, in what, counted by the genealogic time is only yesterday, he blossomed out into Jesus,—Jesus in the human line of inheritance, born as any other man is born, with a father and a mother both human. He lived a human life; he sympathized with human cares and sorrows; he carried human burdens; he taught by precept not only, but by example; he shared the common life of common men. But so grand, so true, so noble was he that he out-towered ordinary levels of life as a mountain out-towers his fellows and the plain,—not because the mountain is different in structure, in material, from the rocks and the sands that make up the plains and the lower hilltops, but only because it is lifted by the divine power into this higher position.

So Jesus, according to this theory, is man, but a supreme man,—man summing up the best that the race is capable of, man the first-fruits of the kind of race that is to be, man the promise, the prophecy, of what is to come. He manifested the divine life on this theory as truly as he did on the other, only in a natural way, and sharing it with all his fellows. And, if this theory be true, we look for no last day when he, who is the loving son of man, Jesus our brother, is to sit on a throne, transformed into a judge, as one who condemns and casts out his brethren. We expect him to be our brother, our loving fellow-servant, helper, teacher, master to the end. And we believe that there is to be no outer darkness and groaning forever, but that the race is to progressively incarnate the divine life, and enter upon its divine inheritance.

Here are two theories. If one of them be true, the other cannot be; and yet one of them, that which I have just roughly outlined, is that which the careful study of science, of history, of church tradition, of the origin and growth of religions, of this Bible and all the Bibles, leads us naturally and almost inevitably to accept. Those who do study with free and open mind are coming more and more to feel that there is no other conclusion at which they can rationally arrive. One is demonstrated truth: the other is tradition, with no foundation in reality.

But there are a great many tender hearts and loving souls face to face with what to them is a sad dilemma. Their brains may persuade them to go in one path. Their hearts, their sentiments, their sympathies, their spiritual hopes and aspirations, they think, plead with them to take another. There are many people at the present time who would unhesitatingly accept this latter theory, only they have come to feel that it involves somehow a loss to the spiritual life. Their religious feelings, their religious aspirations, they think, must be put under foot and dominated by the intellect if they are to follow the teaching of science and history and criticism.

But now let us look a moment, and see if this be true. It is to answer this question that I have chosen this theme for to-day. I think, if you look back over the past history of Christianity, of the power and influence of Jesus, over the hearts and lives of men, you will be compelled to feel, if you look at it carefully, dispassionately, that it is the human side of Jesus that has wrought the wondrous, the beautiful results. It is not Jesus as God, it is the human which touches our hearts, which comes close to us, which appeals to us, which dominates us, which thrills us, which enthralls us, which inspires, which comforts, which cheers us.

In those countries where they have made Jesus, so to speak, too exclusively divine, they have had to invent Mary,— some one that could come in close touch with human

wants and human sorrows, human feelings, human temptations, human fears. They go to the Madonna, and plead with her, and say: Mother Mary, thou canst understand, thou wert human, thou wast tempted, thou didst suffer, thou canst feel for us. Plead thou with thy son, the second person of the Trinity, that he, too, may pity and may understand. This is the action, the instinctive action, of the human heart.

It is really, then, the Jesus that was tempted, the Jesus that suffered, the Jesus that mingled with the common people, and partook of all their wants and cares and understood the kind of life they lived, that has been the inspiration of the Christian life for all these nineteen hundred years. This is the Jesus that is pictured in art. This is the Jesus that appears in the lives of the mystics and the saints.

Now let us ask a question as to what it is that we need in order that we may have the kind of help that shall enable us to lead the religious, the spiritual life. We need, in the first place, a standard,—something by which we may judge ourselves, by which we may measure our attainment, see how far we fall short and what we need to do in order to attain.

Now a standard of action, a standard of living, a standard in literature, a standard in art, a standard anywhere, need not be perfect. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it is more helpful if it be not perfect.

To illustrate what I mean, let us look at the figure of George Washington. He was made so faultless to my young imagination as a boy that I never thought of its being possible for anybody to copy him. He had been idealized until he was out of the human range. That is a process that is continually going on in regard to the world's heroes. We tend always to idealize them until we lift them above the level of what ordinary people can be expected to become; and then we are apt to excuse ourselves, and say that was easy for him, but we are not up to his level. I remember

what a relief it was to me when I gave a little more careful study to Washington, and found that he was human enough so that he could get terribly angry on a battlefield, and even use words which are not considered polite in a drawing-room. This does not mean that I was glad to find a flaw in Washington. I was glad to find that he was human, glad to find that he was within my reach, that he belonged to that range of humanity to which I belonged,—that was all.

So you place before a painter a picture that is faultlessly, absolutely perfect, a picture painted by a god, if you please, and he cannot expect to copy that,—that is beyond the reach of his powers; but let him stand in the presence of a Raphael or an Angelo or a Titian, and, though supreme and superb, they are men still, and can become standards by which he can judge himself, and in the presence of which he may aspire. He may say, I may not be able ever in this life quite to reach that, but a man did it; and I am a man, and so I can try,—I can come somewhere near reach of it, at any rate.

But, if a standard is beyond our reach, it ceases to serve for us as a standard. We want a standard then, such a standard as we can find in the life of the Nazarene, the human Jesus. We are constantly finding similar standards all about us in the great and good of every race and every name. We regard one man as admirable in this direction, another as admirable in that; but, when we turn to Jesus, we feel that he was admirable in all the things that make up the sweet and gentle and true and holy life, and so he can become our standard of judgment.

Now, when we have got a standard, what next? We want to turn this standard into an example: we want an example that comes within reach of us,—an example that we can reasonably copy. Now let us test Jesus in two or three directions in the light of this fact.

Jesus, they tell us, was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet nobody found any flaw in him. He was

tempted. If he was not tempted, if he did not feel as we feel, if he did not engage in the moral battle that confronts us, then he can be no example for us; and the Bible itself says, "God cannot be tempted of evil." Of course not. God, who sees right through the evil, who knows at a glance that it is evil, and that no good, no ultimate joy, can ever come out of evil,—he who sees and knows that, because of his divine insight and omniscience, cannot be tempted. If Jesus was God, it is absurd to say that he was tempted in all points like as we are.

I am perfectly well aware that they make a distinction for the purpose of argument. He is two or one, as the case may require. He is tempted as a man, but not as a God; and yet it is a heresy—a heresy condemned by all the theological councils of the world—to say that Jesus possessed two wills, the will of a man and the will of a God. He had one will, though they give him two natures; and he could not be tempted unless that will was inclined to the thing that tempted him. If he did not want to do wrong, why, then it was no temptation. If there was nothing in him that temptation could appeal to, if he possessed no fleshly desires that longed for indulgence, if there was nothing in him that pride could touch, if there was nothing in him that could be roused to anger, if there was nothing in him like these human frailties of ours, then it is only words, words, words, and meaningless words at that, to talk of his being tempted as we are.

But, if he was a man, and was tempted, felt all the impulses that we feel, felt surging beneath the deeps of his upper calm all that chaos of evil and wrong desire that has so many times broken forth and threatened to submerge the world,—if he felt all these, and yet was master, then he can help us. We can say: Yes, here is an example for us. When we are tempted, he knew what it meant; and still he conquered. He did it. I can do it. He was a man; and I am a man. He was a child of God: I am a child

of God. It is not something beyond my reach: it is something that appeals to me, and rouses in me all that is high and fine and noble, to combat and put down all that is mean and selfish and vain. So he becomes, as man, a helper in the religious and spiritual life, as he could not possibly be if we put him out of the human range.

And, then, take him in his relations with the rich and the poor, for example,— the two great classes that men are insisting shall exist in the modern world. Did he cringe in the presence of the rich? Was he patronizing when he associated with the poor? What was his attitude? A man, if he is to be a man, must hold himself superior to either riches or poverty: he must know that “a man’s a man for a’ that.” A man is neither more nor less than a man because he is rich. A man is neither more nor less than a man because he is poor, necessarily. A man is neither more nor less than a man because he has had opportunities for education or has not had them, because he is born in Europe or in America, because he is born a Christian or a Mohammedan or an Indian or a Jew. A man’s a man.

A man who will lead a manly life must make wealth serve his manhood, must make poverty serve his manhood, must make lack of opportunity, joy, sorrow, serve his manhood, must keep his manhood at the top all the time. Did Jesus do that? Jesus walked in the midst of the rich and the poor in such a way as to leave no pride in the heart of the rich and no bitterness in the heart of the poor. His attitude towards them both was such that, when he had left their presence, if they understood the meaning of his life and his words, they would be lifted and thrilled and inspired by them. So we can take him for an example.

But, if he was God, then what? How can God be an example to us in his attitude towards the rich and the poor, when the universe is his, and there is no possibility of his passing through an experience of poverty, when the universe is his, and there is no possibility of wealth’s meaning

anything to him? But, if a man can lead the life that Jesus did in the midst of the poor and the rich, the high and the low, then he becomes an example and an inspiration to us to keep our manhood erect, to respect ourselves, to be too nobly proud to cringe to wealth, to be too nobly proud to scorn the poor, to remember that these are conditions created by forces over which he has no control, and that it is his business not only to lead a man's life in the midst of them all, but to help others to do the same. So here, it seems to me, the example, the life, the teaching, of Jesus help us, because he was a man, because he was human, because he could be touched and moved by all these conditions and motives that touch and influence us.

There is another phase of life through which we must pass, through which Jesus passed also. We lose friends. We lose them in two ways; and I think that way which is not through the gateway of death is the sadder of the two. Jesus lost friends because he asked of them too much. He asked some high and noble thing of them; and they were not ready for it. He uttered some saying; and they shook their heads, and said, "That is too hard for us," and they went their way, and walked no more with him. They misunderstood him. They were not willing to share his method of life. They were not willing to go among the poor, and devote themselves to the service of their kind; and so they left him, alienated from him because of misunderstanding; because they were not yet tall enough in soul to measure the height of his sublime and noble nature.

And then he lost friends by death, and wept with heart-break over the loss. Was he God? Then there is no such thing as his losing the friendship of people: those not yet able to appreciate and understand must be treated from the divine point of view, as little, undeveloped children,—no anger, no threats, no punishment, simply wait for them to grow. And death can mean nothing to the eternal life of God,—death, which is simply passing through a phase of

experience of life. Why should God shed tears over the death of any one of his children when he has ordained death as the experience of them all?

But the man Christ Jesus, the Nazarene, the human friend, who in spite of his consciousness of God, in spite of his sympathy with God, had his hours, if the record be true, of doubt and gloom and loneliness and question,—if he was brave and noble in the midst of these experiences, then we can be. When his friends turned from him, he did not let it make him bitter. Too many times, if somebody does not understand us, we find it very hard to keep on being friendly with them. We become alienated, we become soured, we become embittered, we no longer feel tender and loving and kindly towards them. Jesus never allowed it to make him bitter. He simply said, They do not understand: Father, forgive them. And then, when he wept over the loss of friends by death, though he may have believed ever so strongly in the immortal life, he longed as we long for the present the continued, the tender companionship of those that are dear to us; and perhaps he had his hours of wonder as to what sphere they would occupy in another life, as to whether they would outgrow their fellows, as to whether we might not have to wait ages before we caught up with their spiritual development. If Jesus could be true, patient, tender, loving, helpful, in the midst of these experiences, and if he was a man, then we may take him for a model and inspiration.

Turn to another point. One of the grandest things, we say, in the life of Jesus is that he was faithful to his conviction, faithful to the truth, no matter what attitude men might maintain towards it or him on account of that faithfulness. He never deserted the standard of right. Persecution might blanch his cheek; but it could not turn aside his forward-leading footsteps. Misunderstanding, mistrust, the embittered feeling of those he loved, the friendship of father, mother, brothers,—for it is said his brothers did not believe

in him, and taunted him,—none of these moved him. He was true to his conviction,—true clear to the end, and, when death itself threatened, unswerved.

And to carry the matter a little further still, and complete it, when the final hour of trial came and he could no longer postpone putting the bitter cup to his lips, then he did not falter: he did blanch, he did turn pale, he did shrink from it. Could a God blanch, turn pale, shrink? He said, "Father, if it be possible, let the cup pass from me; but, if it is thy will, I will drink it." This was his attitude.

And then that Friday afternoon, on the little hill outside the walls of the city, when he hung on the cross,—I think that is one of the most thrillingly magnificent scenes in the history of the world, or one of the most theatrically unreal, according as to whether we consider that Jesus was man or was not. If the words mean anything, he had an hour when he thought that even God might possibly have forgotten him. He said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There was that hour of gloom, when the face of the Father was eclipsed, when he distrusted God and distrusted his own mission, distrusted his own triumph; and yet he did not falter. He clung to his conviction of the truth, to his faithfulness as a man, to his crown as a supreme martyr,—clung to it, and swooned through death into life, the life immortal, on the other side and here equally.

This, if he were a man. If he were God, the suffering could not have been real. He knew that it was simply passing through the pre-ordained gateway, leaving aside his body, for the throne of the universe. Does God shrink, cry, grow pale, turn back from his own eternally ordained path? Could there be, if he were God, any model, any example, for us as we stand faithful to our convictions, as we meet contumely and persecution at the hands of our enemies, as we stand face to face with the last dread figure, the shadowy figure of death?

But if he were a man, and if he believed in God, in spite of passing clouds that obscured his face for a little, and if he believed that his truth was God's word, transmitted to him to deliver and stand by till the end, then for him to say concerning the hooting mob around his feet, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"; to hang there between earth and heaven hour after hour, in agony, faint in weakness, needing to be revived by his enemies that he might bear a little more pain; to wait patiently, then, in spite of the last cry of despair, still to cling to his faith, still to cling to his God, still to cling to his message, still to be faithful to his truth, then it is sublime, it is magnificent beyond the power of any words to express.

And here is an example and an inspiration for us. If he a man, our brother, the child of our common Father, the sharer with us of weaknesses and infirmities and temptations and sorrows and darkneses and trials,—if he could do all this, and if he says, standing there, Come, follow me, it is not so hard as it appears,—then cannot we also be true, cannot we also be faithful, cannot we also look in the face of death, and believe that beyond the shadow there is light?

It seems to me, as we turn now, not for the sake of leaving the truth, but for the sake of emphasizing it, in another direction, from the figure of the Nazarene to our own common daily experiences, we find this truth confirmed. I have hanging where I can see it a picture, a photograph of one brother, of another brother, who died many years ago; and these are constantly to me models, examples, inspiration. I think of them, how true, how brave, how sweet they were, how noble they were in their lives, how human, how tender, how brotherly; and I am ashamed of a thought or a word or an action that they would be ashamed to see in me or hear on my lips. Just because they are my brothers, my friends, like me, of my flesh, my blood, my spirit, my brain, they become models and inspirations and helps to me day by day.

So you on your part: it is a brother, it is a father, it is a mother, it is friends, it is some one who in the midst of poverty has lived sweetly and bravely, who in the midst of the loss of property has been cheery and strong, who in sickness has been courageous, who in watching over the sick-bed of another has been patient and sweet and tender, who in all these various relations of life has been noble. And they are to you inspirations every day, and you feel that you cannot sink below the level of what they would expect of you. You feel as Paul did when he pictured that great cloud of witnesses rising tier on tier around the invisible arena where we fight our life battle, and think that they are looking down and expecting good things of us. And by as much as they were noble men and true, and are waiting for you over yonder, you wish to go so that you can look them in the face, and meet the clear challenge of their eyes and not be ashamed.

If you will pardon the personality of it, I have one vision that I ever carry with me, in the presence of which I grow heart-broken and at the same time stronger. My boy, not quite two years ago, met death in the bravest way in which I ever saw it met by any one in all the world. He had made no professions of faith in another life. He died as suddenly as though he had been shot on a battlefield, with everything inviting, life all open, sweet, luring before him, but not a whimper, not a word of complaint, not a selfish word uttered. He looked up in my face, and said, "Well, papa, I suppose this is dying." But not a bitter word. And as I stand now, or lie or sit, and dream and think of the hours by that cot-side in that hospital, I should be ashamed to face death less bravely than he did. If I were carried off to a hospital to die alone, he would be there; and I should want to go through it so that I could clasp his hand by and by, and have him proud of his father. If it were a God that did it, it would be no help to me. It is because it was a human boy that did it that he

becomes to me a standard, an example, an inspiration forever.

Father, we thank Thee for Jesus, the Nazarene, Thy Son, and our brother because we are all thy children. We thank Thee that we may know about him and love him and follow him, and so find the way to the divine and spiritual life. Amen.

1511.2
Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JANUARY 4, 1901.

NO. 13.

The Century of Wonder

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

104 East 20th St., New York.

THE CENTURY OF WONDER.

I TAKE as a text from the fourth chapter of the book of Daniel part of the second verse: "It hath seemed good unto me to show the signs and wonders that the most high God hath wrought."

This is the last Sunday of the nineteenth century; and this nineteenth century has been the most wonderful one of time. These facts determine my subject. It seems to me that it would be inappropriate for me to speak on anything else than what God hath wrought for humanity, through humanity, and by humanity during this century.

At the outset it seems most natural that I should touch on some of the phases of our external civilization, some of the things that we have done to change the face of the earth and make life simpler and freer, some of the things that we have wrought in the direction of making labor easier and its products more abundant and more widely distributed.

If I should take into account the whole range of human civilization, and should wish to put my finger on the one discovery that has been most important as touching the development of the race, I should say that it was fire,—the ability to control voluntarily this marvellous power. Then perhaps I should come to what was partly an invention, partly a discovery,—the alphabet, then the printing-press, and so on.

It is a law of human advance that one discovery or invention becomes the parent of a great many more. Advance is by a sort of geometrical progression; and that, of course, is the natural explanation of the fact that this cen-

ture has accomplished so much more than any one that has preceded it.

When our forefathers came to this country and planted themselves on a narrow strip along the Atlantic seaboard, they had not the most distant idea as to what sort of destiny awaited them. There is a story which has been vouched for as true, which humorously attests the narrowness of their thought. I was told on good authority some years ago that there was a record in the State House in Boston touching a petition that had been presented to the fathers of the then little village concerning the building of a road out to one of the towns which now, for aught I know, is included within the limits of the city. It was gravely considered; but the request was rejected on the ground of the probability that a permanent settlement and civilization would never extend so far west. And now our western frontier has moved, since I can remember, from the Genesee Valley to the Western Reserve, to the Mississippi, beyond the Mississippi, across the Rockies to San Francisco, which, measured by our extreme western possessions on this continent, is now less than half way west, until what was west to us has become East; and America promises to rival England in the fact that the sun shall not set upon her possessions as it travels round the world.

Now what have been some of the inventions and discoveries which have made an advance like this possible? And, when I speak of our own country, of course I am speaking by implication of all the rest of the world; for what is true here is true in its measure and degree everywhere.

The greatest discovery of this century perhaps, so far as its effect upon our external civilization is concerned, is that of George Stephenson — the application of steam to the locomotive and the railway. Stephenson himself was obliged to speak very carefully of the matter. He did not dare to tell people what he really believed as to the possibilities of its development, lest they should be so frightened that they

would not undertake to help him at all. When the Boston & Albany Railroad was first projected, it was said by those who thought themselves wise that it would be impossible for them to build it so far as Worcester because the country was so hilly. We have learned now that this marvellous thing can tunnel mountains or climb them at its will, cross rivers or go under them at pleasure, that nothing is an obstacle which may not be overcome; and that little venture from the Atlantic seaboard has crossed the continent, and the scream of its locomotive mingles with the roar of the ocean that faces the other side of the globe. The railway alone has transformed the face of the earth, has made a new planet, opened up new possibilities for human life, for human enjoyment, human achievement, for human production.

Next perhaps in order of importance to this is the telegraph. You will remember — those of you who are old enough can remember the fact, the rest of you have read about it — how the delegates at a convention for nominating a President in Baltimore were astonished when they reached Washington that night to find that the news of what they had done had preceded them, and was being hawked about the streets by the newsboys. This was the first practical work of the telegraph. Now the world is turned into a whispering gallery. Time and space are not annihilated, as we sometimes boastfully say; but they are so shrunk and shrivelled, so far as our means of communication are concerned, that they are hardly obstacles in our way any longer. This same steam that has conquered the earth has turned the Atlantic and the Pacific and all the seas of the world into ferry ways. But a similar discouraging prophecy preceded its triumphs in this direction.

A famous writer of scientific articles in England, Dr. Lardner, published an article in the *Quarterly Review*, proving the impossibility of ever crossing the Atlantic by a steamship. The "Great Western" brought this particular copy

of the *Review* over here only a few weeks after the demonstration of its impossibility.

This indicates both the attitude of the older and conservative toward these great changes, and the tremendous power that is wrapped up in these discoveries and inventions of man, steam and electricity. And now the telephone has come and we talk almost without regard to distance, recognizing the tones of voice of those with whom we are acquainted as easily as if they were in the next room. And, to show the quality of this curious human nature of ours, these marvels have become such commonplaces to us that, instead of getting down on our knees in wonder and admiration before them, we simply get impatient if they do not serve us within two or three minutes. We cannot stop to wonder or admire; for we must get to business.

There are other changes almost as remarkable as these — which are spanned by the memory of people now living, — discoveries of electricity, its power and application in many different directions. Take it in the matter of lighting. I do not remember seeing my father use the tinder and flint and the steel for kindling a fire; but I do remember well his tinder-box and flint and steel which he used only a short time before I was born. And the difficulty of kindling fires easily — in the country, at any rate — was such that I can recollect our neighbor coming to borrow a firebrand, and take it home with him through the snow, as the readiest means for making a fire on his own hearth.

I remember then how my mother made her own candles, how we burned whale oil, and almost spoiled our eyes with trying to see; and I remember the first discovery of what seemed to us a wonder, the first introduction of burning fluid, — or camphene, as it was indifferently called, — it seemed so marvellous an advance upon the methods of illumination that had preceded it, one drawback being that we used to hear constantly of explosions; and we would sit and read our books, wondering whether ours would be the

next instance of the dangers of such an improvement as we had made.

Then that was followed very shortly by kerosene, at first crude and dangerous also; and to-day one of the great corporations which, according to popular report, is doing so much to oppress the people, has at least done one good thing. It has made this lighting fluid better and cheaper and safer than it ever was since the world began. And to-day all these means are becoming antiquated; and we touch a button, and without any danger of fire or difficulty of any sort we have an illumination almost equal to that of the noonday sun.

These are indications of some of the tremendous changes that have taken place. And there is another illustration of how these things have made space and time shrink. I must tell you what my father used to say. He was born in what was then a part of the State of Massachusetts, which is now the State of Maine; and, when he was a young man, he said that after the Presidential election in November it was sometimes planting time in spring before they were certain as to who was elected. To-day we know before midnight of election day itself. I was practically certain before nine o'clock in last November. Think of what all this means in the way of material advance! The explorations of the earth's surface, the new geology, the new chemistry, what telescope and spectroscope have revealed, the discovery of ether, the hundreds of inventions, the marvels of the camera,—of all these and many more, and of the new world they have given us, I can only hint.

But now comes a more important question than this. It is quite possible that we may become masters of space and time, that we may be able to ride rapidly from one part of the earth to another, that we may be able to send our messages under the sea and over the mountains in an incredibly brief space of time, and yet that the real condition and welfare of the people themselves may not be greatly

improved. Let us come, then, for a moment to consider the condition of the common people, see what this century has done for them.

There are those who tell us that it has done very little. When I listen to some of the philosophical socialists, to some zealous labor reformers, if I were inclined to believe them, I should think that the condition of the common people was almost as bad as it was during the Middle Ages or in the time of the Roman Empire. They tell us that the growth of great trusts and corporations, the accumulation of money in the hands of the few, and the dependence of the working people on these great combinations for their means of livelihood, are keeping them in practical slavery, in some cases making them more slaves than they were in the centuries that have gone before. They tell us that the great increase of wealth and the difference between the rich and the poor is creating class distinctions as real as any that have ever existed in the past.

Let us consider this a moment dispassionately. My sympathies — and why I say this is that you may understand that I am biassed, if at all, in that direction — are all with the common people. My sympathy is with the laborers, if we speak of them as a class, though I think that that word "laborer" itself begs the question and is entirely misleading. I claim to be a laborer, though that is not the word that is usually applied to me. I was born and brought up on a little farm, and I have done almost every kind of physical work that any man has ever done, and yet I never worked as hard in my life as I have since I ceased technically to be a laborer at all; and I never began to work the number of hours that I have since I got into the position of which I have been recently accused, by a good many correspondents, of being the wealthy minister of a wealthy church, and pandering to the prejudices and vices of the rich.

To speak of classes as existing in America to-day is to abuse the dictionary and misuse the English language.

There are no classes, in the technical sense of that word, in this country. When we speak of classes, we mean distinctions determined by powers over which the individuals have no control, conditions into which people are born, out of which they cannot emerge by their own genius or their own endeavor. A man is born a duke or he is created a duke by the reigning sovereign. No genius, no power of his own, can make him a duke. But there are no classes in this country, rich or poor, that a man is not perfectly free to enter, provided he has the ability, the power. I mean there is no external power to keep him out of it.

There are no classes, then, in this country; and the agitation that is going on as to the condition of the laborer instead of being a discouraging sign is altogether a hopeful one. You go to those countries where there is no advance on the part of the common people, where the peasantry are really degraded and kept down by the supremacy of classes, and you find very little agitation and labor reform. It is not a practical problem. That this is a problem means that the common people are better off than they have ever been before, and that they expect to be better off still, and are striving towards the achievement of that better position.

It is said that the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer. This is simply not true. There are more people rich in this country to-day than ever before; but there are not more people poor, according to the population. I saw a statement in a paper this morning, the *Sun*, that there are to-day something like four thousand and forty-seven millionaires in America. There were perhaps half a dozen at the beginning of the century. I am not quite sure about the figures. This means that an enormously large number of men relatively have entered this class, if you choose to call it so. And never let it be forgotten that the rich man *has* to serve the common welfare with his money, *in order to get an income from his investments*. I saw also in this same paper that on Wednesday next—January 3—one hundred

and seventy-five millions of dollars are to be distributed, these millions being interest and dividends on the earnings of money invested; and about half of this enormous sum is in the savings-banks, owned by the common people in the main.

There never was a time, then, let me say in a general way, when wages were so high as they are to-day, when the common people could earn so much and so easily. I happen to know that during the recent strike in the coal regions — while some of the New York papers, for political purposes apparently, were trying to make out the condition of things a good deal worse than they really were — many of these miners had been earning from two to three and four dollars a day, and frequently not working more than from six to eight hours a day at that, and that in many of their homes were such means of comfort, of enjoyment, of refinement, of education, as no king on earth could command five hundred years ago. I do not mean to say by any means that the condition of the working people, the common people, the great masses of people in this country, is an ideal one; I am in favor of bettering that condition as fast as possible; but for the sake of our country, for the sake of the hope of better things, let us not belie our condition, but try to represent it fairly and understand really where we are.

The common people, then, in this country were never so well off as they are to-day, — never earned such wages, never lived in such good houses, never set such a good table. It is said that Cobden, when it was remarked by some one that he hoped the time would come when all the people in England would be able to read Bacon, replied that he would be content if the time ever came when they were able to eat bacon. That was the condition of things in England in the early part of the century. The table of the common people was never so generously set as now.

And in how many of the homes of the common people do

we find musical instruments, pictures on the walls, carpets on the floors,—all the indications of the beginning of refined tastes, and the ability to feed and nourish them!

And, then, through the printing-press, reading has become so common and so cheap that, as I said a moment ago in regard to another matter, the poorest people in America to-day have at their hands the means of intelligence such as nobles and kings were not able to command only a little while ago. This is the general condition, it seems to me; and hours of labor have decreased, until it is the rich people, the professional men, who nine times out of ten are working long hours now instead of those who are technically called wage-earners.

When I was seventeen years of age, I thought that I was getting rich because I was earning sixteen dollars a month by teaching. And about that time, I remember, my brother—who was an athlete and famous for the amount of work he could do—was hiring himself out on a farm, and working from the time he could see in the morning till as long as he could see at night, for twelve dollars a month. And yet they speak as though the wages of the common people were decreasing, or not equal in their purchasing power to what they were in some problematical and supposititious “good old times” in the past.

As I said a moment ago,—and I would not be misunderstood,—all my sympathy is with the working people who are trying to better their condition. I am glad to see them combine, that they may make themselves powerful, and be enabled to lift themselves to higher levels of civilization. I am sorry when they misuse their combined power, as I am sorry when a trust or combination of rich men misuses its power. The combination of itself is good, and has in it the germs of a higher and finer civilization. And when we condemn a combination of capital we condemn, by implication, the combination of labor. I am in sympathy with the decreasing hours of labor; for it is the only way by which

the people can become civilized and highly educated. They must have time ; and the work of the world can be accomplished in these shorter hours unspeakably better than it could be in the long hours of a hundred years ago, for the inventions in the way of machinery that have distinguished this century have made one man capable of doing the work of two, four, six, eight, ten, and doing the work of fourteen or ten hours in eight or six at that.

I am in sympathy with all these movements for the betterment of the condition of the common people. And yet, for the honor of God and the hope of man, let us tell the truth about the social and industrial condition of things, so that we may not be discouraged, so that we may gather ourselves up in the light of what we have accomplished in the past, and go on to grander and nobler achievements still in the days that are to come.

Not only are the common people better off in this century than they ever have been before, but there is another great movement which demands recognition on our part ; and that is the freedom, the independence, of women. Jane Austen, the famous woman novelist, the one whom the authorities and instructors of Harvard tell us is the greatest woman novelist who has ever lived, wrote under such conditions as made her feel obliged to conceal so far as possible the fact that she was writing. It was considered not quite the proper thing for a woman then to be known as literary. During the greater part of the last fifteen hundred years women have been expected to hold, if they were not wives,—in which case they were practically drudges in a great many instances,—one of two positions, that of the drudge or the plaything of man. His equal, his companion,—this he had rarely been ready to consider her. But this century has been distinguished by one of the most remarkable movements that the world has ever seen,—the enfranchisement, as it has been called, of women.

When the movement was first started, you can remember how the names of Susan B. Anthony, of Lucy Stone, of Mary A. Livermore, were by-words, as an indication of how it was looked upon. I recall the story of Lucy Stone's lecturing in a certain country village in Massachusetts, and asking the minister to give notice that she was to lecture at four o'clock in the afternoon; and he did it in this wise. I quote simply as an indication of the spirit and temper of the times. He said from his pulpit: "A hen is going to attempt to crow this afternoon at four o'clock" at a schoolhouse in such a district in town. "Those who wish to hear her can have the opportunity." This was the way the matter was treated in the early part of this century.

There were almost no occupations open for women. They were not expected to be educated. When my mother was a young woman, she learned to read and write and work her sampler, perhaps to perform some simple problems in arithmetic. She was as well educated as any of the girls of her time. This was all she was expected to know. What a battle there was over the question as to whether women were to be permitted to study, to learn, to explore the mysteries of the heavens and the earth, to know history, science, philosophy, the arts,—to do whatever she found herself capable of doing, as a man would do it, as freely, as simply. What an uproar there was about it! How grave ministers preached sermons, published pamphlets, wrote books!

I remember one book was, begging the whole question, "The Reform against Nature." What was nature, what was natural for women, what was women's sphere? This was the thing that the man decided. The controversialist settled it before he began to write, and then published his book to prove it. But women have learned at last; and they have proved their right to learn to do—what? What they can do, what people want them to do. Barriers are broken down. There is not a profession to-day on the face of the earth that

is not freely open to women, provided they are able to enter in and occupy. It is for them to settle, and not us.

We have not yet given them the ballot,—in every section of the country. It is the women themselves to-day who stand in the way of the ballot for women. The first moment that all the women of this country want to vote, they will vote; and no man will say them nay. I am not quite certain that I think the millennium will speedily follow the voting of women, any more than it has the voting of men.

And let me interject my opinion here for what it is worth. If I could have my way, I would have the ballot something to be attained, as the reward of intelligence, of fitness to vote,—and this on the part of men and women. I think a good many thousands of people in this country have the ballot to-day who ought not to have it. At any rate, I think the country would be better off if they did not have it. I would have the ballot the reward of fitness to wield it; and then I would have it free to men and women both, without any regard to race or color or creed. That seems to me to be the true solution of the ballot problem.

But this century has seen the enthronement and crowning of womanhood. In the old days of chivalry there was a sort of mock courtesy and homage paid to women, often without real respect. This is the century when women have entered upon their real birthright, when men look upon them as their equals, and treat them, not with courtesy and condescension, but real respect and homage.

Equal,—what do I mean by it? It almost seems to me foolish to discuss the equality of men and women. In one sense, women are not as strong as men, there are some things they cannot do as well; but women can exceed men in a hundred directions. You might as well discuss the inequality of a rose and an oak as discuss the inequality of men and women. What we want is to concede them utter freedom to become whatever God and nature has made them capable of becoming, and leave the world open to their

conquest,—not make them dependent any longer on the whims, the courtesies, or the love and adoration of men, but enable them to look men frankly in the face with level eye, and choose, if they will, a mate, or walk the world alone, if they prefer, and that without any stigma or reproach. This is what women have attained in the nineteenth century; and it is one of the grandest signs of the advancement of the race.

Another point is so important that I must deal with it; and that is the question as to whether the world morally and religiously is getting better or worse as the result of this century's achievement. When I was a young man, there was a very popular book in religious circles, the title of which was "Primitive Piety Revived." The author of the book wanted the world to turn round and go back down the centuries till it came to the first, and try to be as good as they were then. I read the book. Since then I have tried to make a study of these centuries, to find out what the facts may have been. I went back to the New Testament as an indication. I read one of Paul's Epistles; and I found him rebuking one of the early churches that was regarded as a model for all time by the writer of this book—for what? For drunkenness at the communion table. I found him rebuking the church for conditions that would not be permitted for a moment, not in a church simply, but in decent society to-day.

I have studied that first century; and, while I recognize the supreme light and guidance of certain figures and characters that made it illustrious, I do not want any piety that I can find among the common people revived to-day.

As I come up the ages to the third century, the fourth, fifth, I have made a study of specimen centuries all the way along; and there is not one of them that, for what I regard as true piety, genuine religion, high and noble ethics, can for a moment compare with the average condition of the people in the civilized world to-day.

Here in this city of New York just now we are having a spasm of reform. I hope it will be more than a spasm. I wish that we could be anxious and vigilant day by day and week by week and month by month and year by year ; and, since we cannot wipe out all the evils of the world, I wish we might cover them away out of sight so far as possible. I question whether certain methods of reform, of parading all these evils at our breakfast tables, are really as helpful as they might be. I question whether it is wise for us to call each other names, and to accuse each other to such an extent as to make the impression over the sea that New York is the worst city on the face of the earth ; for I do not for a moment believe it is. I do not believe there is a city of an equal number of inhabitants anywhere in the world that is a better city than this one of our own. These evils that we complain of have existed from the beginning of the world. We shall not see the last of them in this century or the next. While we try to lessen the amount of evil, let us not discourage ourselves and the real reformers of the world by magnifying it, and making it appear to be worse than it really is. Let us try to be calm, see the facts as they exist, and then do what we can to make the world better.

As we study the real moral condition of the world, what do we find ? Take it, for example, in regard to certain conspicuous habits. The world was never so truth-telling as it is to-day. Nothing like it ever existed in the past. Why ? Business, the commercial life of the world, compels truth as nothing has, nothing else can ; for it is on its credit and truthfulness that the fabric of our great commerce rests. You may be assured that there was never so much truth in the world as there is to-day. And there never was such a real care for truth as there is to-day.

Take it in the matter of intemperance. Sometimes, when I listen to a temperance lecturer, he makes me feel that, if I half believed him, I should feel that it was hopeless to try to make the world sober. I should feel like giving it up if

after eighteen hundred years of Christianity the world was getting worse. If the universe is against us, there is not much use in our trying.

What are the facts? Go back a hundred years, and it was no disgrace for a man to end his dinner by falling under the table and being put to bed by a servant. It was a common thing. A man would be cast out of decent society for certain things that were commonplace a hundred years ago. Dean Ramsey, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells an anecdote about how profanity in good society used to be regarded. A sister was talking of her brother, and said, "He swears dreadfully; but," she adds, "no doubt it is a sad habit, but it is a great set-off to conversation." That is the way it was looked upon seventy years ago.

Another illustration of the good old times. Charles James Fox, one of the great orators and statesmen of England, used to spend night after night gambling to the extent of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of pounds, and then appear in his place in the House of Commons and make one of his magnificent speeches the next day.

Suppose it was known that one of our statesmen in Washington was so engaged. A howl of indignation would rise that would make it impossible for him to keep his seat for a day. It was no disgrace for Fox. I speak of this to indicate the change of tone that has passed over the moral world.

Vice, I said a moment ago, is too common; but vice and crime are infinitesimal compared with the clean, sweet, wholesome life of the majority of our people. All human progress is like the march of an army. There is a vanguard, the best, the foremost of all. Then there is the great main body. Then there are always camp-followers and stragglers. These always were connected with every army. I suppose they always will be, at least they always will be in our time. But let us not, because there are

some camp-followers and stragglers, forget the great main army, and the vanguard that are leading on the progress of the race.

The world was never so wholesome and clean and sweet morally as it is to-day; and this great and grand city of ours, in spite of all the fault we may find with it, is one of the finest illustrations on the face of the earth of a noble, high, fine, sweet human life.

And to leave morals for a moment and touch the question of religion. Creeds are not so much thought of as they were a hundred years ago, except in some few reactionary churches. Rituals are not so much thought of. They are not regarded in any of the churches as quite so important a means of salvation as they used to be. But, if we define religion by its essential characteristics, as love for truth, reverence for goodness, desire for the divine life, human helpfulness, sympathy, tenderness, pity, care, then we shall come to the conclusion that there never was so much real religion in the world as there is to-day. The world is not going back in any direction. There never were greater men, never nobler men, never truer men than have distinguished this century.

There are some persons who go back and pick out the illustrious men of the past, and think that by comparison with them they are pygmies that walk the earth at the present time. Let me hint my opinion. Plato and Aristotle and some of these great names seem to be heaven-kissing mountains in the imagination of the student; and we find it hard to believe that there are any men quite equal to them to-day. There never has been a man who has walked the earth who, in philosophy, in breadth, in grasp, in comprehensiveness of all human knowledge, in power to combine it into one great system that shall stimulate and help and develop human thinking and living,—there never has been a man comparable for a moment to Herbert Spencer, who is living to-day.

There never has been a scientist in all the past grander than Charles Darwin. There never have been generals greater than those that have distinguished this century. And this matter of war, the one great horror and barbarism still left in the world, is itself becoming humane and civilized in comparison with what it used to be in the olden times. Go back in imagination and witness the sack of a city, and then let a city be taken or an army be conquered to-day, and see the organized mercy and charity and surgical skill of all the world coming to heal the wounds of war, and note the difference.

Now at the end — for I have no time to discuss this limitless theme any further — let me note one great discovery, one or two discoveries which have changed the face of the world, and changed our conception of the civilization of man. When I was speaking of the discoveries of the century in the first part of my discourse, I purposely omitted what we have found as the result of geological research,— as to what we have found out about the origin and growth of our planet, the astronomical discoveries which have gone along with these, the discovery of the antiquity of man, and then, profoundest of all, that central fact of evolution, the origin and descent of the race.

We have found out here a fact which is revolutionary, which is gradually transforming the thinking of man and is to give us a new view of what constitutes civilization. We used to think of man as a wreck and a ruin. The perfect condition of things was in the past, and civilization was on the down-grade. It was to end in the tremendous catastrophe of the last day, and few were to be saved, while the great majority were to be hopelessly lost.

But evolution has reversed all this. The perfect condition of man is before us, something we are travelling towards, that we look for as an achievement to be attained in the centuries that are to come. Man is not a wreck. This means a new conception of human history. It means a new theology. It

means a new religion. It means a new thought about God, a new humanity, a new hope for the race. There is to be no final catastrophe, no smoke of torment to ascend forever and ever. Man has been the child of God from the very first. The Father has folded him to his bosom from the beginning, and folds him still.

And under the guidance of this great inspiration we attack the problems that meet us and face us one by one, confident of our ability to conquer them, and knowing that "now are we sons of God"; and, though it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that, as we go on, we are to be more and more like Him.

So in this trust, in the light of this magnificent achievement, we say good-by to the old century, and turn with glad faces and new hopes to that which is before us.

Father, we thank Thee for what Thou hast wrought during this century. We thank Thee for the hope that is in our hearts, for the trust in Thee and the trust in our fellow-men. We thank Thee for the confidence with which we stand on the threshold of the new era, the better time that is to be. Amen.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JANUARY 11, 1901.

No. 14.

The Twentieth Century: A Prophecy

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

372 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A PROPHECY.

My text may be found in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation, a part of the fifth verse,—“Behold, I make all things new.”

In one sense, we may anticipate that this will be true; in another, not. Nothing is ever made over quite new, because this is a universe in which things grow; and the present is always connected with the past, as the topmost twig of a tree is still linked of necessity to the lowest point of its root. And though

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast,”

as Pope says, and though we may hope grand, magnificent things, we may never hope to get rid of ourselves, to escape connection with the things that have gone before.

The twentieth century—a prophecy. You will remember that Tennyson sings, in “Locksley Hall,”

“For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.”

I shall attempt this morning to dip a little into the future, to call up in some partially adequate way the vision of the world, to indicate something of the wonder that I think will be.

I do not forget Lowell’s homely warning, in Yankee dialect, in the “Biglow Papers,”—

“Don’t never prophesy onless ye know”;

but I shall attempt to prophesy a little in what seems to me the only rational way. In his famous speech, Patrick Henry said,—I quote his idea rather than the words,—The only way by which we can foretell the future is by the past. The only way by which anybody ever prophesied and had his prophecy come true was by studying the then present condition of things, seeing which way certain forces were tending, and estimating what they would come to in the future if nothing intervened meantime to change the direction or interfere with the culmination of those tendencies.

If I see a seed and know what it is, I can prophesy the result of planting it, provided the conditions are favorable and it comes to its maturity. If I see a train of cars leave a station and know what track it is to run on and how many miles an hour it is going, I can prophesy where it will be tomorrow at noon. If I see certain tendencies in individual character, in the light of the past experience of the race, I can foretell what they will come to. If I see certain forces at work in the character of a nation, I can reasonably forecast the future of that people. This is the only legitimate prophecy. As, then, we have studied in rough outline the nineteenth century,—seen what has been accomplished in it,—we may stand on the threshold of the twentieth and outline certain probabilities as to the years that are before us.

The New York *Sun*, in a brief editorial during the past week,—I do not remember definitely what day it was,—pointed out the obvious but most important fact that in one sense the nineteenth century will hereafter be the date up to which the past will be reckoned, and from which the following centuries will be estimated, this particularly in regard to methods of travel and the transmission of news or intelligence.

It is a very striking fact to note that, so far as ability to get over the surface of the earth is concerned, hardly one particle of progress had been made, from the journeys of Abraham in Mesopotamia down to the year 1801. The

most rapid means of locomotion was by the horse or camel, or some other animal that could go faster than a man. It is only forty years, I think, since we, here in America, were wondering over the marvels of the pony express, that could take news across the continent in such an incredibly short space of time. Think of the change, as I pointed out last Sunday, that has been made by the railway and the telegraph,—time and space shrunk until they are obstacles in the way of human advance no longer, peoples now brought face to face with each other,—acquaintance such as never existed before; and, before I am through with the sermon, I trust I shall be able to point out to you the moral and religious significance of these physical changes. For we must remember that we cannot divide these lives of ours or this universe by any hard-and-fast line into secular and religious, physical and spiritual, human and Divine.

These physical conditions of ours have most tremendous results in the moral and spiritual realm. God is in one as much as in the other; and we need to remember it when dealing with these physical forces. We are face to face with him in the presence of a steam-engine as much as when turning over the leaves of a Bible.

On the 15th of November, in the year 1882, I read a paper in the Second Unitarian Church, Mr. Chadwick's, in Brooklyn, the subject of which was "The Change of Front of the Universe." In that I pointed out—what I shall wish to deal with a little later—what a tremendous significance there is in the changes that have been wrought in this nineteenth century that has just closed in the realm of religion.

I said there, and I put this parallel with the statement of the *Sun*, that the nineteenth century is the turning-point of time. In the religious history of the world, men will speak of the nineteenth century in the future as that up to which they reckon and from which they will date in all the centuries to come. I shall tell you why before I am through. Meantime let us turn to forecast a little, if we may, some of

the physical changes, the discoveries, the inventions that we may anticipate during the twentieth century.

What more of wonder is to happen in these years that are ahead of us? I note — lest I forget it, so you may see that the inventive genius of the world is not weary — a new and wonderful invention or discovery announced in the morning paper, — a method, which is to be very fruitful in the future, by which they are able to transmit signals under the ocean from ship to ship, from land to ship or from ship to land, in peace or war, almost as they will.

Colonel Waring, the year before his so-much-to-be-lamented death, in a speech which he made at some dinner, prophesied what this city of Manhattan was to come to during the coming century. I note one or two of the points which he made. He said that it would not be a great many years before there would be nobody living on the island of Manhattan. It would be covered by enormous business blocks, but be deserted by the inhabitants as the city of London is to-day; for by means of rapid transit the people would be able to live over the rivers in every direction, and almost as far away as they would care to, for the sake of getting room or beauty of situation or any other convenience.

He made another prophecy, — that there would be no horses on the island of Manhattan when that period should come. In the work of the world, — and this is a prophecy which I make not only concerning Manhattan, but the country and the civilized world, — the day of the drudgery and abuse of the horse has gone by. And note, as touching this, the point I made a moment ago concerning religion, as related to the physical side of life. It is not preaching, it is not humanitarian societies that have done it or is going to complete the work in this direction: it is scientific discovery. The horse is to be the companion, the friend, the plaything, if you will, of man in the future, but no longer his slave, to be abused and beaten and killed at will.

This country is to be covered during the coming century with magnificent roads from one end to the other, and automobiles or carriages of some sort that will not use the horse are to be improved and cheapened until people can travel almost at will from one end of the country to the other with what speed they please, and with a safety that leaves the old days of accident through frightened and run-away horses practically out of account.

Then what else? Machinery in every direction is to be perfected and multiplied, until, perhaps, we may approximate at any rate that prophecy of the famous "Song of Steam," where steam is represented as saying to man,

"By and by you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself."

Steam will probably be superseded very largely in almost all directions by electricity. What other forces we cannot as yet foresee. Perhaps others will come by and by that will leave electricity as far behind as that has left steam. But manufactories, power of production, means of transportation, will be developed, until the face of the world will be changed. The power of producing food supply and clothing supply, the supply of all the physical necessities of the race, will be multiplied almost indefinitely. There are hints that make it not unreasonable to suppose that chemistry may produce by and by food products for the race out of the old waste and refuse and already used material of the world.

Good roads and ease of travel will make the old isolation, even in agricultural districts, a thing of the past. People can live in towns and have all the advantages of association as to art, music, and society, and still carry on their agricultural work.

The world will be ransacked. The nineteenth century has seen almost all of its wonderful places explored. That which was a dark continent has become open to the light

day,—hardly a spot of it now that is not known and mapped. Only the north pole and the south remain; and expeditions from one nation and another are being organized to knock at the frozen doors until they are opened. It will not be long before we shall know the surface of the earth. The oceans will be further narrowed, till we cross the Atlantic easily in three days.

Then, during this nineteenth century there have been most marvellous advances in the direction of chemistry, the exploration of the infinitesimally small. We have only begun work in that direction. This universe at our feet, the unspeakable infinity of the small that overwhelms me almost more than the sky over my head, is to be still further mapped out and known. Explorations in the heavens, also, will be carried on. We have discovered, during the nineteenth century, the composition of the stars; we can tell which way they are moving and how fast; we know, for example, what the shape of the constellation of the Great Bear is to be in a million years, because we know the divergent directions that the stars which compose it are travelling, and the rate of rapidity with which they are moving from their present positions. The heavens will become a known country to us.

One other thing. I shall not be at all surprised if that other dream of Tennyson's in "Locksley Hall" shall come true. He says he

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Some of the best and sanest scientific men of the different civilized nations at the present time are working on this problem, and believe that it is a soluble problem. It is possible, then, that all the discussion as to whether we shall have Free Trade or Protection may be settled for us by some discovery by which argosies with their freightage will sail over all boundaries, and laugh at custom-houses.

Tennyson also sees great battles in the future,—

“Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain’d a ghastly dew
From the nations’ airy navies grappling in the central blue,”

until such time come as he dreams,

“Till the war-drum throb’d no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

I was asked this morning at the breakfast table if I hoped that war would be ended in the coming century. I said I wished it. I hardly dare to use the word “hope”; for hope means that you think a thing may be reasonably expected. I hope a great deal in that direction; but one reason why I have taken a position which some of you may have misconstrued, in favor of the union so far as possible of the Anglo-Saxon races, has been because I believe that such a union as that would have more power over the future destinies of this planet as to war and peace than all other things put together. If the English-speaking peoples of the world can only agree to work together for humanity, then wars will cease; for they will be mighty enough to dictate to the world as to whether a war shall be fought out or not. So long as there is so much of savagery, barbarism, still in the heart of man,—when I look at China, the Asiatic races, the barbarous peoples of the Isles of the Sea,—while I wish for peace, I dare not prophesy that there will be no more wars in the coming century, or that we shall see a date during that century beyond which there will be none. Let us work and pray, however, for such a consummation.

Turning now, as I inevitably must, to a topic I touched on last Sunday, though I am speaking of it now from another point of view and with a different purpose in mind,—what of the social and industrial features of the coming century? May we hope that the social and industrial problems of the world are going to be solved once for all? I do not believe it. People talk every little while as though they could take some moral evil of the world and get together in conference

and settle it for good. I have heard people, for example, say, "We have abolished slavery," — we have the political side of it, not the rest, not the moral, social, industrial results; we have not abolished them at all,— they say, "We have abolished slavery, now let us abolish intemperance," forgetting entirely that intemperance is a personal habit for self-control, not a political institution at all. So, when you have a great moral problem, a question of human consecration, of human desires, to settle, no conference or a vote on the statute books ever has settled it or is ever likely to till the last day of time.

We must remember that man, socially and industrially, is growing. You attain one level: what does that mean? That you are through? No, it simply changes your problems and gives you new ones as in order you reach the next level, and the next, and so on *ad infinitum*.

In a universe like this, which is infinite, and with a race that can progress forever without getting through, I do not look for any speedy settlement of social or industrial problems. I do expect a marvellous increase in the common good, the common welfare, uplifting the lower levels of society, lessening the differences between those that are rich and those that, by contrast, we call poor. But that we are going to work out some beautiful scheme that is going to get rid of human nature and solve all these questions for good, that I do not believe for a moment. I am glad I do not believe it. I believe in such infinite possibilities for the race that I would not, if I might, have my wildest dreams satisfied as a finality; because I believe that God has something better than my finality, that is away beyond it still.

We have reached the point now where I do not think the wealth concentrated in the hands of very rich people is such a public calamity as a great many seem to think. I get letters, have papers sent to me with articles and discussions in them urging if one scheme could be adopted, or another, that all would be well; and the writers think I am a very wicked

man because I am not ready to accept and work for their particular scheme. I do not believe in the finality of any of them ; least of all can I see much help in what is popularly called Socialism. I know that a Universalist minister has presently left the pulpit to advocate Socialism and to run for office on that basis. I received a newspaper during the week in which the writer says if we could carry on the work of the world as the post-office, the fire department, or the public schools are carried on, all would be well ; and he sees no reason why it should not be done. He sees no reason in the fact that the post-office, fire department, and public schools are not productive enterprises. They are enterprises in which we are spending money in the public service all the time, are losing money, not making it. They are not productive enterprises at all, like Carnegie's Steel Works, like the Standard Oil business, like any one of a hundred combinations that you choose to mention or name. The parallel does not hold.

I would be a Socialist in a moment if some one could prove to me that we could end human ills by Socialism ; but we are not going to get rid of human nature in this way.

And there are two serious defects in Socialism which I wish to mention. The men who are capable of managing great enterprises are wrought out by the fierce fight of our competitive systems, brought to the surface because they can do things ; and they are rarer than men who would make good Presidents of the United States. I do not see how you are going to produce them in any other way. Suppose a lot of Socialists took charge of Wanamaker's store, and put someone in to manage it : they would probably run it into the ground in three months. What chance is there that the man who would be appointed by a body of men would be capable of running it ? Suppose they took charge of Carnegie's Steel Works. Would Carnegie be put at the head of them ? Probably some one who would wreck them in a couple of weeks. The men who can run such enter-

prises are few, and are developed in the process of carrying on such things.

Take an illustration. I know of a prominent hotel in this country, the proprietor of which—who had made a great success of the business—died. The company took charge, and appointed a man to run it. He did run it, and was losing money every day. They went to a man who had proved his capacity for doing that kind of business; and he went to them on his own terms. The conditions had not changed, nothing had changed, there were not more people wanting to stay at that hotel. But this new man who came in put a hundred thousand dollars into his own pockets every year as profits, besides the money he put into the pockets of the directors. One man knew how to do it: he was cheap at any price. The others could not, and lost money. That hints a weak point in Socialism.

Then there is another. Under the Socialist system, who would appoint the men who are unpopular to do their peculiar work? Who would have appointed Theodore Parker to do his work, or Channing, or Emerson? In Judea, if the world then had been managed by a central committee, who would have appointed Jesus to preach the gospel of the coming kingdom of God? Michel Angelo, Shakspeare, any of these men who have done the grandest and most necessary work of all the world,—who would have appointed them? I cannot see any place for that kind of men in Socialism, and they are the most important of all.

I believe in individualism, and in that necessary co-operation which comes out of the necessary mutual interdependence of people, of communities, of states, of nations. That is the only socialism that is coming. The world began in socialism; and it was barbarism and tyranny of the worst kind; and every step towards liberty has been a step towards individualism. I believe that is to be the future along the lines of which the development of the industrial and social problems has to come.

I do not believe that at the end of this century the rich people are going to be envied as they are now. I get fierce and wild and angry communications from people whom I do not understand except by supposing that they are angry as they can be at Rockefeller and Carnegie and these men — for what? Because they have a pile of money, and the writers have not. I can see no other reasons.

As I said last Sunday, the man who is worth ten or fifteen or a hundred millions of money must use that money for the public good or he cannot get his returns from it. He cannot help himself. He does not bury it in a hole in the ground. He cannot put it away and lock it up. In order to get his returns he must use it for the public good. And a man who has a hundred millions to look after cannot possibly get time to do much else, And I do not want to be tied to that business. I would rather try to serve the public in some other way. I do not want a hundred millions. It would take all my time: I would rather have something else. I am grateful to the man who will successfully manage a hundred millions of dollars for the public good; and, as I said before, he may, in the profane words attributed to a millionaire some time since, say, "Damn the public!" as much as he pleases; but he cannot escape serving the public if he tries.

I think by and by that these wealthy men who have proved their capacity to productively employ millions will be looked upon with gratitude by the main body of the people for doing it. And what is the difference between Mr. Carnegie and the average American to-day as to living? I do not speak of the very poorest, but the average American who is getting a good living. What is the difference? One can have a more expensive house, a more expensive cook. Nine times out of ten he does not dress any better. Travel is so cheap, books and papers, works of art, are so easily obtained, — or are in free galleries and libraries, — that the difference between what a millionaire can get out

of the world and what I can get out of it is practically infinitesimal. And the same is true of the average American.

Then another weak point in Socialism. I do not think any plan is going to make it as well for the lazy, the drunken, the shiftless. They are not to be equal to other people; and I am glad they are not. This is a universe in which the law of competition is inherently necessary and eternal, as I believe. If two people are trying to be good, they are competing to see which will be the better. It is a race; and, while I believe that we ought to make the road open and the conditions as equal as possible, it would be the greatest calamity to the world if we could reverse the law, and make the swiftest come in last in any department of human life.

One other point let me touch on. What is coming to the literature and art of the twentieth century? There are dismal prophets who have been telling us that the industrial age was going to destroy romance,—there was to be no more poetry, no more art, no more beauty. Ruskin and others have made classical their wails in this direction. I do not believe a word of it. I believe that the extreme opposite is true. A young poet, William Vaughan Moody, a friend of my son, in a little poem published in the *Atlantic*, has proved the contrary, so far as he is concerned. So have Kipling and Walt Whitman. There is going to be a great new poetry, a literature of democracy, a poetry of the real world, as much finer and grander than the poetry and art of the past as you can possibly dream. The petty squabbles of barbaric people around the walls of Troy, the beautiful but childish mythologies of Greece and Rome, the glamour and imagery of chivalry, Arthur and his Round Table,—the idea that these are the only themes for art and verse! The heavens declaring the glories of God, the marvels of astronomy, the telegraph, the telephone, the wonders of chemistry underneath our feet,—God in all his magnificent unfolding in this magnificent universe,—these no themes for art and

literature! They are such gigantic themes that pygmies cannot handle them, and they go on piping their dilettante verse and writing to their mistress's eyebrow.

When we get in tune with the magnificent things of heaven and earth, then we will have an art and poetry that the world has never dreamed of in the past: we may have a drama that will belittle Shakspeare. We talk of Shakspeare as having exhausted the possibilities of literature in that direction. Do not think of such a thing. There is not a noble-minded, decent commoner in all Shakspeare: all his heroes are nobles. There is to be a drama and a poetry and an art of democracy, of God's nobility, and not that of any petty king or king's mistress, which is to dominate the future.

What of the religion of the future? And now I come to two points I spoke of at the outset. I said that in 1882 I pointed out the fact that the nineteenth century was a turning-point of time. What did I mean? I meant this in brief. Up to the nineteenth century, up to the development of evolution, certain general conceptions of the universe and of God and man had been held all over the world and in all religions and among all nations. This in spite of certain prophetic foregleams and glimpses of another thought. God in all nations had been thought of as away from the world. The visible universe was something that he had made at some definite point of time. Religion had been a system of beliefs and ceremonies and laws that he had imposed on humanity. Punishments and rewards were arbitrary; and most of the race, not having kept the laws up to that particular time, were to be plunged into an abyss after some cataclysm on the judgment day.

In the middle of this nineteenth century we discovered — what? We discovered that God was not outside of the system of things, but inside, the heart and the soul and the life of the universe; that the universe was not something made by an outside artificer at a definite point in time, but

the unfolding manifestation of the infinite life and beauty and power; and religion, not a system of arbitrary inventions imposed on the race, but *life*, a living obedience to the living, eternal, inherent, necessary laws of God in the universe; and destiny, rewards, and punishments, not inflictions, but results; and eternal hope and advance were put in place of final catastrophe and eternal despair.

This is the change of front of the universe in a religious way to which I referred. From this nineteenth century the new conception of religion is to dominate. I do not care, for the purposes of this statement, whether it takes one thousand or ten thousand years to bring about the change. When Galileo discovered the moons of Jupiter, the Ptolemaic theory was dead, though it was believed in by everybody. When Darwin demonstrated the natural, animal origin of man, every theological scheme in Christendom died of necessity, because they all spring out of and are founded in the belief in a Fall of Man,—a thing which has been demonstrated never to have happened. The conception of God and man and the future is completely reversed; and, if it takes a thousand or ten thousand years for the religious world to find it out, no matter. The fact is there, and it is merely a matter of intelligence and time.

So the religion of the twentieth century, the religion of the coming civilization of the world, is not to be an arbitrary thing of creeds, of rituals, of genuflections, of prayers and vestments: it is to be a spiritual intelligence that studies to find the laws of God. Then it is to be the humble and loving heart that seeks to obey them, and incorporates these obediences into the life of a hopeful and advancing humanity.

God, duty, right, love, service, eternal hope,—these are the watchwords of the religion that is to come. And, as bearing on this religion, note what I said at the beginning. These physical discoveries have brought the nations face to face, barriers are so far gone that have kept people apart

in the past. Differences of race, of languages, impassable seas, unclimbed mountains, all sorts of barriers, have kept people apart. They have mistrusted, they have hated each other, they have been at war with each other.

In future they are to know each other, and flow together as one common people. The physical discoveries and investigations of the nineteenth century and those that are to come in the twentieth are to wipe out all these, and make people know that they are brethren. So the ability to say "Our Father in heaven," and the knowledge of human brotherhood are being brought about by these physical discoveries as they have never been by anything else since the world began. All the preaching, all the prayers, all the Bibles, have done comparatively little as compared with these physical discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century.

I hope for a common religion as coming out of these movements which we see on every hand. I do not believe that everybody is going to join the Catholic Church or become members of the Church of England. I do not believe that we are all going to be Presbyterians or Unitarians according to the type of Unitarianism which exists to-day. We are not to look for any union of Christendom along any of these lines.

We are all on this stream of tendency, which is God moving forward and lifting up the world; and we are all going to change and flow together in the light of these common principles which I have enumerated. We are to believe in God, in the eternal Fatherhood, the universal brotherhood, mutual service, and mutual dependence, in the possibility of eternal progress, in the revelation which is the unfolding more and more of truth year by year. We are to believe in a grander doctrine of incarnation than that which put all of God into one man once for all two thousand years ago. We are to believe that God is progressively incarnating himself in the race.

These ideas may hint my prophecy as to the religious outcome of the twentieth century.

And now at the last. I said we have ransacked the earth. We shall leave no more mysteries or secrets on its surface. But there is one more wonderful world still, which remains a dark continent. I refer to the mind of man. The old Greek said, "Know thyself." We have admired the saying for two thousand years; but we know a very little more of ourselves than they did then. The realm of man is to be explored. We are to find out the capabilities and capacities of this mind of ours; and then we are to solve the problem as to whether the *ego* depends on this physical husk to such an extent that, when that falls off, we cease to be. I believe that we are floating in an invisible spiritual universe as this old world floats in the ether. I believe that from the beginning of human history there have been sporadic indications of this; and just as Columbus, when he neared this continent, felt a change in the air, noted a difference in the sea, saw floating leaves, branches, indications that something wonderful was at hand, so I believe on all sides of us to-day there are hints of the great next discovery that we are to make in the realm of man,—the nature, the possibilities, the destiny of the soul.

I believe that we are souls, that we wear bodies, that within these bodies there is being developed, year by year, another body as real as this, which death simply releases, so that we go out not unclothed, but clothed upon, real beings not only as much, infinitely more, than we are to-day. This I believe. The Society for Psychical Research has begun this investigation, and is beginning to make thought in this direction respectable. I expect that during the twentieth century, just as really as Columbus discovered America, we shall discover the immortal life,—shall know that we are souls, and that death is not the end, but only the gateway to something wider, something grander.

I do not believe that world is to overshadow this. Here

is our present life-work ; but, if we could know the issue, know that there is an issue, and that the good or bad of it depends upon what we make of ourselves here in these present conditions,— if we could only know these things, it would not only wipe away the tears of the broken-hearted and despairing, it would help solve our social and industrial problems as nothing else possibly could. It would wipe out the distinctions between the rich and poor as nothing else could.

If I know that I am a soul, and that death is a doorkeeper opening a way for me into a larger life, then I am not going to struggle and quarrel about the house I live in or the clothes I wear or the good things, as we call them, that I can command and control, because here is something so much grander, of which we are certain, that it belittles all these. And I believe that we can look forward in the light of a truth like this to such a change of heart on the part of the great majority of people that they will be willing to estimate the relative value of the things that now seem to absorb them so much and to be the only things that are worth fighting for, and to let these things take their true place ; just as if, when we are on a journey, we like perhaps the best room in the hotel, but we will not be disheartened whether we get it or not, because we are there only for a night, and are going on.

If we can believe that, then we have become masters of the planet, indeed ; and this world is only become a seed-plot where souls are developed up to a certain point, to be transplanted and find their bloom and fragrance and consummation in the finer airs of another country.

Oh, Father, we are glad that we can hope so much, and glad we may do some little thing to help on the realization of our hope. Bless us on the threshold of this twentieth century. May we bow upon the threshold with gratitude for the past and with adoring wonder, in view of what we may expect in the days that are to come ! Amen.

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

JANUARY 18, 1901.

No. 15.

PRAYER

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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PRAVER.

"He spake a parable unto them to the end that they ought always to pray, and not to faint."—LUKE xviii. 1.

I CANNOT doubt that we live in a time which is trying the souls of men touching the nature and the worth of prayer as they were never tried before; and this is therefore a time when those who believe in the power and potency of prayer as they believe in their own existence and in God should try to touch this question, and to show, if they can, what reasons are final to them, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint, and that this should be done with that sincerity and sacredness of the spirit which, of all things I can think of, the question demands.

I think, indeed, that, away down within the heart of the question, prayer is not something to be argued over at all until we know whereof we affirm, by a genuine personal experience, carried out along all the lines of life, and purified, and that every other method is as far from the truth and right of it as it would be for us to argue on the opening of a rose as we tried to unfold it with a penknife or on the secret of power in a great psalm, while there is no touch of poetry in our own souls; or, still again, to argue on the grand conclusions of science when we know no more about science as an inward vision of the beauty and fitness of the universe than an Indian on the Plains. When a friend heard Charles Lamb talking of a man in a sceptical, off-hand, unbelieving fashion, and calling him hard names, he said, "But, surely, Charles, you do not know the man," "That is true," the kindly humorist replied. "If I knew him, I should not talk so about him." And there I think he touched the nerve of this question of the way we talk about prayer, standing outside the circle of its power.

Never once, perhaps, in all my life aware that deep is calling unto deep, that my inmost nature and life is stirred to this most sacred outcry after God, my Father, only realizing the nature and quality of prayer on the lower planes of life, when I would move my lover or my friend or pluck some benefaction from one above me, I can easily say there is nothing in prayer touching at once my heart and the heart of the Eternal, and show reasons for my thought that seem to be conclusive in the very narrowness of my power to judge; while, if in some divine moment the heavens did bend over me and call to me, and that once there was an answer out of my heart, then I should never take such ground again. But, once for all, I should say I do not know how it should be so; but I am clear it is so. I prayed once really and truly in a mighty self-abandonment and self-forgetting.

It was a cry I could not help any more than the infant seeking the breast can help crying; and to my soul that once there came a satisfaction deep and sure as that the babe finds in the mother's milk, a rest like that it finds in her arms, and forever after the question was settled for me as to whether men ought to pray and what is the use of praying.

And I am not sure, after all these years of life, that there is any other way in which we can certainly be aware of the reality and potency of prayer except just this, of being lifted on its wings close to the heart of God.

We can say prayers from a book or improvise wonderful and eloquent orations to the Most High or to the people about us, with the Most High for a make-believe. Or we can work ourselves up into an insanity of the soul, so that the contagion of our spirit shall be like a fire in dry stubble in which ten thousand men and women shall be caught by our fervor, and imagine they are praying when they are only vexing the still heavens to no purpose, exhausting the springs of life, and challenging the pity of God, while they

imagine they are forcing Him to do what would contradict the whole tenor of His life and love.

Of these kinds of prayer the world is too full, so that those who have some sense in them of what true prayer ought to be, supposing such a thing is possible, are driven sometimes to doubt the divine reality, because these are genuine prayers, according to the common teaching, yet something whispers it is not so; and so they fall back into doubt and fear, and will rather take their chance at a life without this blessed opening heavenward than come into such hollow mockeries, and cheat their souls. The result is that they come into a certain antagonism to this true spirit of which I am thinking, and make it hard — I speak in all reverence — even for God Himself to deal with them in the only way he loves to deal with His children, so that they shall meet him half-way, as it were, and come when he calls. Yet, if such men and women would strip themselves of these foregone conclusions,—that it is no use praying,—and simply leave the matter to take its own course; if, with a pure humility, they would even say, “Prayer has been of a wonderful worth, now and then, to human souls: it has lifted them out of darkness into light, and out of weakness; has touched the very summits of power; it is the secret through which some of the grandest men and women the world ever saw have come to their greatness and goodness. I must deny the evident truth if I deny that: now I will wait, and hold myself open, and it may be some moment will come when my nature will be stirred also from above, and then I shall know what true prayer is by the one true way in which I can know of praying,”—then to such men and women the moment will surely come when God will bend the heavens and come down, and the heart will spring up to meet the wonder and be lost in the infinite love. For that is to me the one true prayer which is always answered. It is no resolute and long-drawn repetition of words ever so sacred and true of

our own volition. It is the soul aware that there and then the heart and arms of God are open for comfort, for succor, and for life. And, as I have seen the child rush forward at such a sign from the mother or the father, by an impulse it could not control, and lay its face where the whole world centres to its little life, so we come to God. It is the divine love and pity reaching out to us as we reach out to the children; and the vision of the home love is but a trailing shadow, at the best, of the love of heaven. We want, in some sad, lonesome moment, when life goes hard with us, and its troubles seem to be intolerable, to find a shelter and a rest; and how it is we cannot tell, but there is an opening we were not aware of before, a glint of light, as it were, in a dark cave, and we follow that, and, lo! at last the light is all about us, because it must be so or our life would fail forevermore.

And here, I think, we touch that wonderful fastness no man ever tries to storm in the soul of another, though he may not be aware he has one in his own. For I ask you to think for a moment of that man we have never met in all our experience of the evil side of human nature, who would try to rush in at such a moment between another soul and the infinite pity and mercy, and pour out arguments to show that its prayers as those are a hollow mockery and a sham. Here is a child in trouble, smitten with an intolerable pain or lost in the night or cast back on the Fatherhood of God, with not a friend in the world. In that great woe the poor little heart is lifted. You hear a cry to Heaven because earth has given way,—a quick, strong, intolerable cry for pity and help. You are a philosopher of the sceptical sort. You have got all this settled in the negative. You have all the arguments against prayer at your tongue's end, but you would bite your tongue through before you would use one of them to tell what you call the truth to that poor little soul that is reaching out its hand and feeling for the hand of God and Father of us all. You stand, with Father

Taylor, beside a coffin where a man lies dead. There is a weeping woman and six children. The old man's heart is stirred to say something that will break the great, thick cloud of despair; and you hear him moan as if he were the mother of these small folk, "O God, we are a widow," and then he breaks down and rises again, for he has found the open heavens. He could not tell you what he has been saying, to save him, when it is all over; but there is a new life and light in the poor, dark place. They sorrow not as them that have no hope. Bunyan's Greatheart is there in the guise of the old sailor chaplain, and by that prayer he has taken the sting out of death. You watch that scene, you take in all its meaning, your arguments are all as safe and sound against the worth of true prayer as they were when you went within the doors, and the truth you say ought to be told always and everywhere; but just in the measure of your manhood would it be impossible to drag what you have been holding for the truth out of your mouth with hot pincers. No, you would say, I cannot touch the fastness of consolation that old man's prayer has raised in the widow's heart. I must go my ways, and keep it all to myself.

Or it is a man, in such stress as I have seen men among the rude and harsh conditions of life we do not quite understand. He has been the slave of whiskey, of blasphemy, and of things I must not name. There comes a day when, in the true old Scripture word, he wants to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life. But the chains are about him, of habit and appetite: he is tangled in the meshes of his sin, so that, in whatever direction he tries to break out, he finds he is beaten. But God pities him, and some day touches this instinct to pray. It is only some such cry as that of the publican, who stood afar off, and would not so much as lift his eyes to heaven; but there it is, sure enough, just God be merciful to me, a sinner, and no more. I hear him cry. I am a well-bred, well-conducted

man. I never in my life was in such need of succor ; and perhaps I think, if I was, it would be no use, I must fall back on my own proper manhood, and work the problem out that way. But as I see that man, and hear him, and know what it means to him, I do not venture to tell him it is all a mistake. I would help him to pray, if I knew how, instead of saying any word that would smite with the frost of my unbelief these delicate tendrils that are reaching out to something stronger, these powers that are shooting out and feeling their way upward, because even to me they are evidently smitten by the sun of righteousness. There again, then, is a fastness of prayer no man in this world with the heart of a man in his breast can muster courage to storm. For, somehow, here we touch primal things, powers that interlock the soul with its Maker ; and we know it, and bow to the better leading.

We may not pray ourselves or for ourselves believe in prayer ; but, when we see the heavens open in that way to another soul, we cannot and dare not prevent them, and run our risk of the consequences of leaving the child or the widow or the man trying to smite his way out of his sin, bare of that blessed power which may bring the Father to the fatherless, the husband to the widow, and deliverance to the captive.

There is, even to our insight, something of an infinite worth to them in these outcries ; and we have to stand bare-headed and silent in their presence. Or, if it was possible for us to see some men close at hand, who have risen and are standing to-day in the front ranks of the immortals, nearest the throne of God, and to realize, as we watched them through a spirit of prophecy, what we realize now through history, how sacred and awful in their power their prayers would be, and beyond all question touched by the spirit of the Lord ! These great prophets and psalmists, whose words go ringing through the ages ; these martyrs so forlorn and sore beset, who had to encourage each other in whispers as

they went to the stake or rotted in the prison ; and these reformers, from whose new birth the new epochs of history start and the new life of the nations,—once they had to find their way somehow to this near presence of God, to catch their measure there or take their orders ; and before that they had to find God and God had to find them, as a close personal matter on which every other event and deed of their lives must turn. Isaiah is there, and David and Paul, John Huss and Luther and Milton, and the later men of this mighty mould, every man with his face heavenward ; and his heart, touched with this secret power which is to work such wonders, throbs with prayer. It is the uttermost and innermost secret, the spark that by and by sets the world on fire.

I watch them one by one come and pour out their souls in this cry to Heaven ; and, as they cry, I have power to foresee what will come of it. How hearts will be transformed by it, and homes and cities and nations ! It is a little seed that is bound to grow to a great and blessed harvest, which will ripen evermore for blessing.

Of what use and potency is prayer ? I am saying, as I watch these great ones lifted on its wings ; and then I see this use and potency which have come of it through such men all these thousands of years, not of saying prayers, but of prayer, not of orations to or about the Most High, but this strong, simple outcry of the human heart to the divine heart, and the sure answer.

And where should I be in such a presence, with my wet blanket of handsome, well-ordered, philosophic doubt, as to whether there was any use in such strong crying and tears ? Use ! Why, all the spiritual use and beauty and blessing we have in the world this day have come right out of that fountain. There, surely, you will find the spring-head of this river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. It was in this blending of the spirit of God and the spirit of a man in the most living and intense way of which we can have any experience ; it is the secret of all the great

psalms, I say, that set the world on fire after the singer is dust ; of all the great battles that tear out to the sun the rank growth of oppression and wrong, and give humanity a new start ; of the reforms that never go backward ; and of the revivals that take a millennium in their span, and then out of their ashes start another and a better. Down in the heart of all these things you find prayer, not for the sake of harp and crown, but for truth and freedom and a new life, though the man himself be lost in the winning which has devoured his whole nature, as when Clarkson said he had been so entirely taken up with the salvation of the slave as never for a moment to have thought of his own. I do not seem to care for these new speculations about prayer when I think of these wonderful old verities. These settle the question to me as to whether prayer is of any use, when once you are sure it is prayer, and not that semblance of it I have mentioned. For from the lowest conditions I have touched to the highest, from a man praying Almighty God that he may be free from whiskey and blasphemy, and live a clean life, to the man who is stirred to set a nation free, it is the same great blessed thing, as the sun is the same when he flashes from a dewdrop and when he glasses himself across a whole parallel in the Pacific Ocean.

But, if I doubted still whether prayer was of any use and potency, I would carry my trouble where I have to carry so many, and set it in the light which comes to us from the heart of Christ. I see in him a revelation such as I can find nowhere else in the world. He stands on the summit of our human life : there is nothing higher this side of God to me ; no spiritual wisdom, and insight so true and pure ; no character so grand in its simplicity or so simple in its grandeur. His soul would tolerate no illusions that touch the divine life. He must stand by realities, and he stood by prayer. He had no set time for it, and no set forms ; and he never seems to have thought of it as a duty, any more than your children think it is a duty to come very near you,

now and then, to tell you their troubles or their needs. It was a deep, sure instinct that must find God on the mountain, in the still night, in the chamber, with the sorrowful friends in the garden, and on the cross. The time came, again and again, when his own strength gave out, when the world was a waste, when the burden was so heavy that it would break his heart if he found no succor outside, or had I not better say within his weary spirit? Then Christ prayed right into the waiting heart, and put himself in the merciful and helpful hands waiting to take hold of him, and take hold with him; and the horror of great darkness or of great weakness passed away, and he rested in God. Was this a reality? There has been none quite equal to it that I know of since the world stood. Was the eternal love and pity touched by his prayer, or did the man merely rouse his own nature? He says God heard him, he tells me God will hear me and help me. I take his word for it, as multitudes have done in all time. I find it just as he says it is, and there I rest. I try to set these new notions of prayer as a sort of self-communion over against this divine verity of the spirit of life. They will not stand the test. There is but one way open,—the old, tried, trusted way, in which he found the power to be the Christ and Saviour of the world.

In that way I know I can find the power to be like him, and in no other. I must pray when I must; and there I solve the problem of the use and potency of prayer. It is not a thing to reason about. Though these and many other reasons haunt it always, it is a thing to be done; and, when it is done in this true fashion, all the reasons against are as if you should reason against this life which will spring forth when the winter is over, and the warm winds come, and as if you should say, It is no use sowing wheat or planting corn in good land, when the furrows are waiting to catch the grain and to turn it in the summer into a great harvest.

So the real argument for the use and power of prayer is

to pray, not to talk about it out of the head so much as to do it out of the heart, and, when we are troubled at all about it, to see what has been done, and believe what is now being done through its wonderful and beautiful grace.

Not to mistake the mere saying of prayers for prayers, but to follow the leading of the holy Spirit of Truth, and pray when the true moment comes, as Jesus did, lost to everything in the universe except that one heart that is stirred to help us when we cry, as our hearts are stirred to help our own when in pain and weariness they cry to us through the night, and bring us with a great burden of tender love and pity to their side.

Catalini, the great singer, would kneel in some quiet corner before going on the stage. And, when one asked her why she did this, her answer was, "To thank God for his great gift, and pray for the power to bring it to perfection." And Agassiz said once to a friend, "I never try to enter some province of nature, obscure to me, without first breathing a prayer to the Being who hides the secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to them." And Coleridge said, "It is the whole man that prays: less than this is mere lip service and mummery." And Theodore Parker said, "When the world *thinks* in lightning, it is not in proportion to *pray* in lead." And the great German,—“I cannot understand those who would not have us pray.” He must be a foolish child who has nothing to ask of his Father, while you must all know by heart this strain of the great singer and seer :—

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.”

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit* Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JANUARY 25, 1901.

No. 16.

SERIES ON
THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

IV. MAN

GEO. H. ELLIS
373 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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572 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

M A N.

My text you may find in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, a part of the twenty-seventh verse: "And God created man in his own image."

In the early part of the sixth century before Christ there lived in Sparta a man by the name of Cheilon. He was one of the reputed Seven Sages of Greece; and to him is attributed one of the most famous sayings of the world,—“Know thyself.” He taught that the most important object of human knowledge was human nature.

And, as we think of it, we are compelled to recognize that our theories and systems of religion depend very largely upon our conception of the origin and nature of man. Our ethical schemes are determined by what we think about ourselves. The origin of man is intimately, inextricably associated with our thought as to the kind of being he is; and dependent on this thought—as to the kind of being he is—are our dreams of his destiny, both in this world and any possible world in the future. It ought to be, then, the most interesting, as it is the most important, thing for us to study,—the origin and the nature of man.

From the beginning of the world until within the last half-century, substantially the same ideas have been held concerning human origins. In other words, all religions, all races, have believed that man was, at some time in the history of the past, made,—made by a being working on material from without, as a sculptor might fashion and shape his clay. You are familiar with the story which lies at the foundation of our religion, and which I need to note merely for the sake of refreshing your memory with what you already know.

The early chapters of Genesis, though they were not put into their present form until late in the history of the Hebrew people, tell us that God created man in his own image — that he took the dust of the earth and shaped the human body. Then he breathed into the nostrils the breath of life, and this body became a living creature. The use of the word “soul” there does not determine anything as to what we mean when we discuss the question of the nature of the soul, and its possible immortality: it means simply that this man, created out of the dust, became alive when God breathed into his nostrils.

Then it is said that God formed a garden eastward in Eden, and in it planted all trees that were goodly to look at and good for food. And he placed the man and the woman, whom he created afterward, as the keepers of this garden, forbidding only one thing,—that they should taste of the fruit of one particular tree. They disobeyed this explicit order after they were tempted by the serpent, who in later time came to be regarded as the same as the Devil. And, as the result of this disobedience, they were cast out of the garden. And all the evils that have been known from the beginning of creation until now have followed that act of disobedience and that expulsion.

Moral evil came, so that man has been regarded in all the great theologies of Christendom as incapable of any moral good. This is the familiar doctrine of total depravity; and it is a perfectly logical doctrine. It means simply that man is a rebel against his rightful Ruler; and, so long as a he continues in this attitude of rebellion, he cannot do any good thing,—anything which his Ruler will accept as good. This rebellious attitude vitiates all his actions and his nature,—a perfectly logical outcome.

As the result of this, sin, pain, and sorrow came into the world. And, finally, man was doomed to death,—not simply a death which means the dissolution of this physical body, but, as we have all been taught, no matter in what Christian

denomination we may have been trained. there waits those who are not saved a second death, which is eternal.

This is the ordinary story as to the origin and nature of man which was taught by the Jews after it was borrowed during the time of their captivity, and which has been taught from that day to this in Christendom, and accepted with practical universality. Man created then perfect, voluntarily rebelling against God, and moral evil, suffering, death, — the penalty inflicted by the Divine Power !

It is very strange that until within the last fifty years there has practically been no rational study whatever anywhere in the world that has attempted to investigate the problems of the origin and the nature of man. This seems like a startling statement ; but you will see how reasonable it is when I remind you of the fact that among early, ignorant peoples there were no means of study or investigation. The mind of man had not sufficiently developed to make him capable of undertaking so gigantic a task. And then there were religious prejudice and tradition — some of the most powerful influences in the world — standing in the way. The credulous early tribes easily accepted without question any statement made to them by their leaders and their priests, and did not think of studying the matter, even if they had been able to study it, which they were not.

There was then no rational investigation in this direction until the two or three centuries of the last part of the history of Greece preceding the birth of Christ. Science in some true sense had been born and was beginning to develop among the later Greeks. But, unfortunately, young Christianity adopted a Persian or Babylonian legend which the Jews had borrowed,—adopted it as an infallible, divine revelation explaining the origin and nature of man. For this story of the creation, the Garden of Eden, the serpent, and the fall were not even original with the Jews. They were Persian or Babylonian traditions, which, as I have said, were borrowed during the time of the captivity.

Early Christianity accepted this story as infallibly revealing divine truth. So, do you not see, for the first fifteen hundred years of Christian history scientific investigation was practically impossible? It was forbidden as heresy, it was daring to doubt the word of God. So that, when the mind of man did wake up after the long sleep of the early centuries and the Middle Ages, and began to question, the questioning had to be done by stealth. Men investigated in hidden corners, in out-of-the-way places; they involved their theories of truth in allegories; they would put forth tentatively a statement which, to the modern reader, clearly shows what they were really believing, and then, on the basis of revelation, apparently deny and repudiate it, because they dared not do otherwise.

There was, then, say for fifteen hundred years, no science, no investigation, as to these great problems. Then men began to dare to think; began to win intellectual freedom, so that it was safe to think; achieved at last intellectual independence; and then for the first time since the world began were we in a condition to attack a problem like this with any hope of its solution.

In the modern world there were foregleams and precursors of what in all future ages will be regarded as the most distinguishing feature of the nineteenth century, the Doctrine of Evolution. Who framed it? Buffon, Goethe, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Lamarck, the elder Darwin—men like these speculated, felt their way, wondered, asked questions, but came to no solution. Herbert Spencer, in 1852, published an article called "The Development Hypothesis," in which he outlined the entire scheme of evolution, including the universe as we know it to-day. But this was philosophy, and not science. Herbert Spencer, no more than his predecessors, was able to put his finger on the key-point of the situation. That is, he did not point out a real cause which could account for supposed changes. In 1859, seven years later, Darwin published "The Origin of Species." Alfred

Russel Wallace, still living, and then at work in the Malay Archipelago, had hit upon an independent discovery of the same great natural truth.

Never since the world began has a book met with such a tempest and storm of obloquy, abuse, and ridicule as did this book of Darwin's. The religious world was aghast. Here was flat and outright denial of revelation. Here was blasphemy. Here was the degradation of man, making him akin to the lower orders of life on the earth. And the witty paragraphists of the newspapers have found in the supposed monkey-origin of the race infinite theme, fund, for ridicule, from that day to this, developing many varieties of wit, and exposing the fact either that they were too ignorant to know what they were talking about or else that they were willing to accept the charge of ignorance because it gave them an opportunity to appear smart.

Never, I say, has any book been so abused as this; but it rapidly made its way among the competent, the minds of those who had been seeking for some light on the origin and nature of man, until to-day there is not a thinker on the face of the earth who is aware of the facts who dares to question the substantial truth of the great discovery which Darwin made.

What is this discovery? It is a discovery that all the forms of life we see on the globe are growths, not outright creations. It had been believed, taught by all naturalists until very recent years, that God created outright, in a moment, certain types and forms of life. Then there was some great catastrophe which destroyed them all, and then he created another and higher type; and so on, step by step, as the forms of life have advanced. God has made the new conditions and then matched these by new and special creations of new and higher types of organism. This had been the belief until the epoch making book of Darwin in 1859. Since that day all the world has come to think of the universe itself as a growth, an unfolding.

As a part of the evolution of the universe this earth appeared. Then the lower types of life. From these low beginnings the forms of life have climbed by natural gradation, one type of life growing out of, evolving from, the preceding. So there is genetic, vital connection between the lowest form of life on the earth and the highest and noblest type of man. We are all akin, one life. But note, if you please, that this doctrine does not degrade and brutalize man: it lifts the level of all life, and teaches us to think of the lowest and highest as equally divine. It is one life everywhere, and that one life God. This is the outcome of the evolution teaching, and not that which was rashly regarded as its logical conclusion at the first.

I cannot go into an elaborate argument, if it were needed at this late day, to prove that man is evolved or developed from lower types of life; but I can give you briefly two or three facts which carry the argument with them irresistibly to any thoughtful man.

There are just three thinkable ways by which man could have appeared on this planet. We know that there was a time when he was not here: we know that now he is here. How did he get here, by what process? That is the problem which naturalists set themselves to study. You can think that the story in Genesis is literal fact, that the Almighty God of this universe took clay, as a sculptor does, and shaped it into the image of a man, then breathed into the nostrils and conferred life upon what was dead. That is a possible, thinkable theory. A "theory," I say, by way of courtesy; for it is not a scientific theory. A scientific theory must have some facts on which to base it, and out of which to construct it; but there are no facts in this connection. So it is not a scientific theory.

The second way by which man might possibly have come here is this. We may think that he might have been born of parents very much unlike himself; as though, for example, a dog were born of a horse.

A third way is this,— he might have been born of parents slightly unlike himself. He might have appeared as an advance in certain directions on this parent ; and this may have been the method all the way down the line of ages to the beginning.

Now here are three thinkable ways. If you were confronted with two or three possibilities, and one of them had a little evidence in its favor and the others had none at all, as a rational being, you would feel compelled to accept that which had even the slightest amount of evidence, though you might not regard it as being nearly all you would like.

Now in regard to this theory of outright creation, in the nature of things, there is no possibility of one slightest particle of evidence whatever. Proof is out of the question. In regard to the second theory, that man might have been born of parents very much unlike himself, there is no evidence, there is no possibility of proof of anything of the sort ever having occurred. Of the third possible theory, that he might have been born of parents slightly unlike himself, and so have advanced beyond them, there is a good deal of evidence. In other words, all the evidence there is in the world is in favor of this theory, which is the theory of evolution,— that man has been developed gradually, slowly, from lower types of life.

Now what does this mean ? I should be ashamed to presume that I needed to explain this point, did I not constantly see references to it in the great newspapers and hear it on every side in conversation. The popular opinion seems to be that Darwinism, or evolution, teaches that man has been developed from the ape ; and this is the material for all the witty paragraphs which have enlivened the newspapers for the last forty years. Darwinism teaches nothing of the sort.

What does it teach ? If I could draw a diagram on a blackboard, I could make the meaning very plain. Suppose you think of the evolution of life under the figure of a vine. Take an enormous grape-vine ; if you please, picture it in

your mind for a moment. As you come up the central stem, a branch goes off on one side : here is one type and kind of life, one species, we will say, of creature. A little further up another branch starts off, and develops into another type of life ; still higher, another branch ; still higher, another branch, — and so on, branching out into one kind of life after another. But evolution does not teach that one species ever directly developed into another species.

In other words, we find the fishes ; then above them are the reptiles ; but no full-grown and developed fish ever changed into a reptile. After the reptiles, you have the birds ; but no completed reptile ever became a bird. After the birds, you have the mammals ; but no bird ever developed into a mammal. This is not evolution, this is not Darwinism.

What does it teach ? We know that there are creatures, we find their remains in the earth's strata, who are half-bird and half-reptile : they have the characteristics of both, so that it is difficult for the naturalist to tell which it really is. What does this mean ? It means that before the birds and the reptiles had become completely separated from each other there were these creatures with the characteristics of the two, and that then one branch of life shot off in one direction and developed all the reptiles, completed reptilian life in its widely various forms ; and above this juncture, where you find the characteristics of both, another branch shot off, and developed into all the bird-life forms. So there was a point down below man, and below the ape, where there were creatures manifesting the characteristics of both the ape and the man, and where it would be very difficult, indeed, for a naturalist to tell whether the creature was ape or man.

But by and by the ape-like forms go their own way ; and above, from this trunk of life, there shoots out a branch, and the lowest manifestation of it is the lowest type of the human. This is what evolution teaches, that there has been this gradual development of all these various forms of life, until

on the topmost bough there comes as fruitage this wonderful human nature of ours, summing up in itself the characteristics of all the forms of life that have preceded it, keeping whatever is useful to it, and yet developing something higher and finer.

Man, then, originated in this purely natural way; not without the help and guidance of God, but under God's guidance. In other words, it is not a question as to whether God created us or made us, whatever word you choose to use, or as to whether he is our Father. It is simply a question of process, of method, as to how we came to be what we are.

I have been asked a great many times whether this theory of the origin of man does not make it difficult for us to believe in the soul. Where does the soul come in? There is no more difficulty about it on this theory than there is on the other. It has always been a question of speculation among philosophers as to where the soul comes from. In the old days, in the Middle Ages, among the Schoolmen, you will find, if you care to look into the matter, that there were three speculative theories. A certain set of men taught that all souls were pre-existent, and that, when a new babe was born, he was furnished with a soul that may have been as old as the angels or as old almost as God himself. For a previous immortality has been believed in by some, as well as an immortality of the future.

Then there was the theory called Traducianism. It was believed that man inherited his soul from his father and mother, as he inherited his other faculties and qualities. And then there was Creationism, which taught that God created a new soul for every baby born into the world. So this question as to where the soul comes from is not necessarily connected with evolution. It is as old as human thought.

I believe that the soul began when man began. We know that the animals below us are conscious; but they are not

self-conscious. No animal ever thinks I. No horse or dog ever thinks, I am a horse, I am a dog, or wonders at the difference between itself and some other animal. But, when man appeared, the "I," the "ego," the self-conscious entity was born. In other words, I believe that the divine life which was in the grass-blade and which climbed up through the infinite ages, manifesting itself in every type and form of life until man appeared, with man became integrated into the ego, so that man felt he was a self, and could speak of God as his Father, and could reasonably expect to go on, starting out upon an infinite pathway that leads into the future.

Darwinism, it seems to me (and I must take your time long enough to dwell for a moment on this), gives us an entirely rational and a much more hopeful account of the origin, or existence, rather, of evil, of pain, of sorrow, of death, than does the old theory. It seems to me a hopeless way of looking at human history to suppose that we began in perfection, that we immediately fell, and that God was angry with us and has been punishing the world ever since with moral evil and pain and infinite suffering after death. If you take this theory, which has been demonstrated as true, where do we land? Note I say demonstrated as true. It is no theory in the sense that you are at liberty to accept or reject it, as you please. It is proved to be true.

What is the outcome of it? In the first place, we are confronted with this significant and wonderful fact. The world has puzzled itself always over the origin of evil,—why God permitted evil. But, now that we think of man in the light of this new and magnificent truth, we have no origin of evil to contend with or account for. It is the origin of goodness that we are to think of. For in this lower animal world all that we think of as evil,—jealousy, hatred, selfishness, greed, horrors, wars, murders, death,—all these things existed from the first. They existed before man appeared; but they were not evil, because there was no conscience, there

was no standard of right and wrong. It was not an immoral world: it was an unmoral world. So that, when man appeared, instead of its being the origin of evil, it was the origin of goodness. When the conscience first became developed and man was able to recognize himself as capable of doing either right or wrong, then he took an immense step in advance. It was not a fall: it was an ascent. So this greater truth forever does away with all possibility of belief in the Fall of Man.

The recognition of the distinction between right and wrong was an immense step in advance. Man became a moral being, capable of improvement, looking down upon his lower self, seeing the imperfections of his nature, and striving to outgrow them and leave them behind. So there is no doctrine of the introduction of evil into a good universe on this theory: it is the coming of good, the recognition of good in an unmoral universe.

Again, we have not to think of God's inflicting pain as a punishment. People have been asking from the beginning of the world until to-day: What have I done that God inflicts this punishment upon me? Why does he make me suffer? Why must my nerves thrill and tingle with pain? Think for a moment. In the light of this theory, pain as an argument against the goodness of God utterly disappears. There are two kinds of pain in the universe. There is the necessary pain and the needless pain,—the pain that we bring upon ourselves without our being obliged to do it and that which we voluntarily inflict on other people. These things are evil, but God is not responsible for them: they are not a charge against his goodness.

Now, all the necessary pain of the world is seen to be infinitely beneficent. Instead of its being something that we must account for, apologize for, it is something to be grateful for. You cannot conceive of the existence of nerves which can thrill with pleasure without their also being capable of thrilling with pain. Then, if a race of creat-

ures could be created and placed upon the earth incapable of feeling pain, they would be wiped out of existence in six months. The necessary pain of the world is simply the signal set up marked "Danger," "No thoroughfare," warning us against things that would do us harm. All the needful pain of the world is a token of the love, the beneficence, the kindness and the care of our Father.

Then, too, death, instead of being the last great evil, the one final curse of God, the mark of his disapprobation of a ruined and fallen race,—death is found to be as natural as life, a part of the divine order: not something to be accounted for; as natural as the sunset after a sunrise, that which rounds out human life. Death is not an evil,—I mean natural death, death after a well-ordered life: it is only premature death, which God, again, is not generally responsible for, which is an evil. If there be another life, then death is the greatest blessing that God has conferred in love and tenderness upon his children; for it is the gateway of immortality.

You see, then, in the light of this theory of evolution, this way of looking at the origin and nature of man, the old difficulties fade away, the problems are changed, and, though they were thought to be insoluble, are found to be capable of solution.

And now at the last I wish to call your attention to the fact that the disproof of the doctrine of the Fall of Man has in it the seed of the universal dissolution of the theologies of Christendom. Every one of the theologies of Christendom has been based on the doctrine of the Fall of Man: their scheme of theology has been a plan for the saving of man from the results of the supposed fall. Within the last fifty years, as I have said,—and inevitably then because it could not have come before,—it has been demonstrated that what was supposed to be a fall is an ascent; and every one of the great and towering theologies of Christendom are crumbling at their foundations, and of necessity must fall.

It is a new problem which is presented to the world ; and the churches are beginning to readjust themselves to it instinctively and gradually. Less and less do they talk about the wrath of God, less and less about the fall of man : it has become poetry, an allegory. Less and less do they frighten men and women with lurid pictures of the coming horrors of another life. More and more do they tell us that it is possible for men naturally to be good, and that the one great end and object of all churches and all preaching and all human effort is to help men to be good. Less and less do we hear of salvation, in the technical sense of that word. More and more do we hear of education, of training, of helping to set the human race in better conditions, of cleansing and purifying their environments, of making it possible for people to live sweet and simple and wholesome lives. More and more talk do we hear of improving the conditions that surround us. These are taking the place of the old ideas of a supernatural salvation from an eternal woe.

It is education that the race needs, not salvation. I am using the words in the technical sense. Not education in the sense of teaching people things,—that is not education,—education in the sense of unfolding, evolving, developing what is in man, his capacities and possibilities. What the race needs is a chance to live, and become its best self.

I do not for a moment think that the life and teaching, the lovely figure, of the Nazarene, are to pass away or lessen in their influence. I believe that Jesus in the ages to come will be more and more ; for Jesus did not teach what have become the fundamental principles and ideas of the theology that has worn his name. Jesus is the ideal man, the son of God, the embodiment of love and tenderness and pity and human help. So he will march on, radiant as the morning, leading the advance of mankind, an ideal, unapproachable because we shall lift him and make him more and more beautiful in our thought as the world advances. He will influence and stimulate and lift up the race.

But henceforth the problem of religion is not to save us from the wrath of a God which does not exist, is not to deliver us from a hell which is a figment of the barbaric imaginations of the ancient world : it is to develop man more and more, to carry on the work of evolution ; for evolution is done, practically, with this physical form, so far as man is concerned.

Note one very interesting thing. The lowest forms of life are horizontal. As life lifts, creatures begin to rise, until, when you come to man, he is perpendicular. You can carry the process no further unless you reverse it and revert to the original form. The body is complete except that it may be made finer and finer. Evolution has transferred its working to the mind, the heart, the moral nature, the soul ; and so the ages that are to come shall find man ever growing more and more into the likeness of his ideal, which is the likeness of his Father, God.

O God, we thank Thee that Thou hast revealed this great truth to these later generations, and that we have developed a capacity for accepting and using it. We ask that we may adjust ourselves to the new ideals that have come to man, not considering it religious to cling to errors because they are old, but know that the truth, and the truth only, is divine, and that by following it we are following Thee. Amen.

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK FEB 7 1901

(Being a continuation of *Unity* Pulpit, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

No. 17.

SERIES ON
THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

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GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

V. BIBLES.

My text is in the Second Epistle of Peter, a part of the twenty-first verse,—“Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost.”

Has God ever spoken to men? If he has, has he got through speaking, or does he speak to-day? Assuming that God exists, and that we are his children, we should certainly suppose that he would have something to say to us. We should expect, at least, that he would give us adequate guidance in the most important affairs of life. Has he spoken, then? Does he speak?

So far as we can trace the beliefs of the ancient world, men have always supposed that they received messages from the Unseen, from their gods, or, when they came to be monotheists, from their God. It may be well for us to note for a moment some of the many and various ways by which they have supposed these words of God to come.

Stepping outside our line of Christian tradition for a moment, we find the ancient priests believed that they could divine concerning the purposes of the gods by watching the flight of birds, by studying the entrails of animals as they were being sacrificed. There were certain sacred trees in different parts of the world. It was supposed that the will of God could be learned by listening to the noise of the winds in the leaves of these trees, and interpreting the message.

In other parts of the world there were mysterious and sacred caverns, from which issued what we should call to-day certain natural gases. These gases had the power to produce certain effects which were called inspiration on the

part of the priests who inhaled them, and what they said in these conditions was taken to be messages from the Unseen. Then they came by means of visions or voices. Those who were insane were supposed to be taken possession of, and to be speaking words of mysterious import. In all these many ways, and in others which I need not stop to enumerate, people outside the line of our Christian history have believed that they received messages from the gods.

When we come to trace the beliefs of the people from whom we have inherited our religion, we find that they held similar beliefs. There were other ways besides these, also, in which they trusted. We do not know just how they were used ; but in the old days the high priests were supposed to be able to communicate with the divine by using the Urim and the Thummim. These were sacred stones. In what way they were supposed to communicate the divine will we are now not certain. They also expected to find out the divine will by means of the ephod, a holy girdle worn by the high priest. It was not uncommon for them to cast lots, expecting God to direct as to how the lots should fall. We find the eleven apostles adopting this method in the sacred work of electing a twelfth man to take the place of Judas after the betrayal.

Not only among these were there visions, messages, voices, men sent, books written, but there were also dreams, there were ecstasies. Saint Paul, for example, tells us how he was wrapped away in an ecstasy and visited the third heaven, hearing words and seeing things which it was not lawful for him at present to disclose.

In all these ways, then, and in many others, men have supposed that they received messages from God. Of course, the most important way in the thought of Christendom to-day is that of being inspired to write certain parts of a book which has come to be called the Bible. Before considering that, however, let us raise a preliminary question.

Is there any way that we can think of by which God

could speak an infallible message to men? For, of course, the pivot on which the whole question turns is this matter of infallibility. Suppose a man has a vision, whether in the night or in the day. It may be an authentic thing to him. But can he convey it in any infallible way to others? We must trust him,—both for the accuracy of his statements and for his interpretation of the meaning of that which he has seen. Can we be sure that he is accurate always in his statements?

Suppose a man claims that the Holy Spirit has taken possession of him, and that he speaks as inspired. He may be ever so thoroughly convinced of this; but how is he going to convince the world? We cannot help wondering as to whether he is mistaken; and, when we find people claiming to be inspired, as we do, contradicting each other and giving inconsistent messages, then we feel sure that at least some of them must be mistaken, and it may be impracticable for us to decide which.

Take any message that you can imagine; and, by the time it has become a second or a third hand message, an element of uncertainty has entered in which makes it impossible for a rational man to have any trust in its infallibility.

Suppose a book be written; and let us concede for a moment that in the first instance it is absolutely infallible,—that is, it is a direct and precise expression of the thought and the will of God. But no words yet have ever been framed which conveyed precisely the same ideas to every class of mind and every grade of intelligence. So even this may not give precisely the same message to everybody.

But by and by this original writing is lost. It has been copied: who knows whether the copyist was infallible? It has been copied over and over and over again, has passed through a hundred hands. It has been translated into other languages. Who knows whether the translator was infallible? So, if the original writer received the infallible word of God, by the next generation, by the time it was trans-

mitted to some other people, an element of inevitable uncertainty has entered in ; and I, for one, cannot conceive of any way but one — which, perhaps, I shall speak of by and by — through which we can get an infallible message from the Divine.

Suppose, for example, that the stars were arranged so as to read across the face of the night heavens, "There is a God," and to give us his name. Who could say but what they were accidentally arranged in that order? The words would necessarily, at any rate, be in some particular language. Who would be sure of the translation? You see, even in a thing like this, there would inevitably arise a question in the minds of after generations ; for the arrangement of the constellations to-day is certainly as wonderful as though they spelled out words in some tongue which is no longer a living language.

There seems to me, then, no way by which we can escape a certain element of question as to the infallibility of any word that claims to come to us from God.

But now another question: Do we need an infallible revelation? If we do, why? If it indeed be true that the race is in a moral and spiritual condition such as it could not discover and find out for itself, and if it be further true that God has arbitrarily doomed the world to an endless hell in the future on account of this condition concerning which we are ignorant and are not wise enough to discover, why, then, of course, God would have to tell us about it, and tell us very plainly. But a supposition like this would presuppose God to be an unjust and immoral being whose word even would not be worthy of our trust.

It does not seem to me, then, that we need an infallible revelation in religion any more than we need one in agriculture, any more than we need one in chemistry or geology or astrology or engineering or mechanics of any kind, any more than the financier needs one in Wall Street.

I suppose all of us would be glad to have infallible guid-

ance in the particular matter in which we happen to be interested; but I do not believe that it would be well for us. And let me tell you why. If the world had had, years ago, an infallible revelation made in regard to any department of human endeavor, do you not see that it would have interfered with the development of the human mind itself? Every teacher knows that it is not wise to put in the hands of his pupil in mathematics a book containing the answer to all the problems. He knows, if he does, that the mathematical ability of the boy will never be developed as it must be by his own working out of those problems; and it is much more important that the pupil be educated mathematically, to evolve, to develop in the process of study, than it is that he get the right answer. The right answer is entirely a secondary consideration. It is the growth and development of the pupil that is all-important.

Suppose God, a thousand years ago, had revealed to the world all that is known to-day about steam and its application to the many industries of life. The world would not have been ready for it in the first place: it would only partially have comprehended what it was all about; and it would have interfered with the education of the race out of which have come the invention, the discovery, and the mastery of this tremendous force.

I believe, then, that an infallible revelation in any department of human life would not be a good thing for us: it would be an evil thing.

And now let me appeal for a moment to history to justify my statement. There have been a great many infallible revelations given to the world; that is, if we are to trust the word of those who have received them. They have had them in India, two or three of them, among the Buddhists, among the Hindus; in China, followers of Confucius; in Arabia, the Koran, the Bible of the Mohammedans. They had them in Old Testament times, in New Testament times. We have had one or two in the modern world. The Book

of Mormon is precisely as infallible as any other Bible that the world has ever received, if we are to take the opinions of its believers as settling the matter. And now the latest of them all, Mrs. Eddy, has made a deliberate and definite statement to the world that her book, "Science and Health," is inspired; that she did not write it. So we have a large number of infallible books in the world. The only trouble with them for the student is that they do not at all agree with one another; and we cannot believe that God is the author of contradiction and confusion.

Go a little closer, and note another fact. Suppose you visit India or China,—any of the countries where they have an infallible book,—Arabia,—it does not make a particle of difference which. Does the book which is an infallible revelation carry the same message to everybody? Not at all. You have schools, different philosophies, sects, divisions, in all these countries, each one of them claiming the authority of the one infallible revelation on behalf of its peculiar teaching. So, however infallible it may be, it does not carry infallible guidance to the people who devoutly believe in it.

Not only, then, do the different Bibles of the world contradict each other, but they do not carry the same message to those that accept them.

Come now to our own Bible for the moment. Do all the people who accept the Old and New Testaments as an infallible revelation from God get the same message from and through them? We know they do not. Doctrinally, with regard to practical matters, in all sorts of ways, they differ. Here are the Baptists, for example, insisting that the Bible teaches one authoritative method of baptism; and nobody else at all agrees with them. Here are the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists and the Episcopalians, each one claiming that a certain church order is clearly revealed in the New Testament; and each one of them feels sure that he has got it, and the rest have not.

So take matters of doctrine,—in regard to the nature of man, the fall of man, in regard to the nature of Jesus, atonement, future punishment,—all sorts of problems: as many different opinions are held as there are different sects and denominations, and each one of them appeals to the one infallible message as its authority. Something wrong somewhere. It cannot be perfectly clear.

And then another thing. Those persons who have believed—and this is true not of our Bible only, but of all Bibles—that they had an absolutely infallible book have stood square in the way of human progress, always, everywhere, and of necessity. An infallibility cannot possibly consist with free inquiry and discovery and advance.

You remember the old Mohammedan, who said concerning the famous Alexandrian library: “If it agrees with the Koran, then we do not need it. If it does not, it is wrong, and ought to be destroyed.” So he burned the thousands of volumes. This is the spirit of infallibility: nothing can be permitted that is not consistent with the book, with “my” interpretation of the book; for that, of course, is the only one that is correct. So the world must stand still where the writer of the book had stopped thinking.

It stands, then, and of necessity, in the way of all growth. It produces certain other results which are evil and only evil, and evil continually. It cultivates spiritual conceit, superciliousness, and pride. Remember the word of the Psalmist, and see how out of it have come bitterness and hatred, persecution in every age. The Psalmist says: “Do I not hate them that hate thee? I hate them with perfect hatred.”

Queen Mary of England, popularly called the Bloody, said, Since God is going to burn forever the heretics in another life, it is fitting that I should imitate him, and burn them in this.

Out of this belief in “my” infallibility comes the fact that

I cannot tolerate anybody who differs from me. And, if it is believed that I stand a sponsor for and representative of God, then I have no right to tolerate. I stand as voicing the wrath of the Almighty; and you know what that means always, always has meant, when a man has arrogated to himself that supreme position.

The spirit of the Romish Church, we say, is changed, is becoming broader and more liberal. It is, under compulsion. What did the pope say the other day? The Duke of Norfolk, the titled leader of the Catholic faction in England, led six or eight hundred pilgrims to Rome; and the pope, when he received them, complained, whiningly, of the fact that he was kept a captive by the secular power and had no longer any temporal rule, and that therefore he and the Church and the truth and God were being insulted by Protestant worship springing up right there in Rome. That is the spirit of the pope to-day — if he only had the power.

It is the spirit of all infallibilities, and of necessity must be. Infallibility has hated, has persecuted, has kindled fires, has turned the thumb-screw, has manipulated the rack, has invented all tortures, has driven believers into the wilderness, has cast them over the edge of precipices, has pursued them with the sword, has watered the streets of the Old World with blood, has lighted up the darkness of the ages with fires that would seem to have been kindled from the lower regions. This has been the result of infallible revelations. We do not need them. We thank God that in this modern world we are getting free from the superstitious belief that we have them.

Now, then, where are we in regard to this matter of God's speaking to the world? Does he not speak? Has he not spoken? I said near the beginning that I might refer to the possibility of certain utterances of the Divine as being fixed and final. To what did I refer? I referred to such things as these: Human experience, for example, during the progress of ages, has wrought out certain results as bearing

on the treatment of the body, as bearing on moral problems, the relations of men and women to each other, as bearing on civilization, that are practically infallible. No sane man doubts them, no lover of his kind questions their binding force. There are certain words, those of the Divine spoken through human experience, which are fixed and settled words. In the realms of science there are utterances of the Divine that we may consider as clear and unmistakable. Whatever is demonstrated as truth in geology, in chemistry, in astronomy, in any department of scientific study, this is infallible as far as it goes. But none of these are questions about which envy and jealousy and hatred between man and man can ever be raised.

Infallibility, then, we may find within very narrow limits, and in certain directions in these departments of human study. I may get a message from God which is practically clear and unmistakable for me, sufficient for my guidance; and yet I may not impose it on another. I am bound by my own conscience, my own conviction of what is true and right; but I have no authority to exact unquestioning obedience to my dictum from any other human soul.

And I am under the highest of all obligations to keep my own convictions always ready for revision in the light of higher and grander truths or the results of wider human experience. But, so long as I believe that a certain thing is right, that thing I must do on peril of being false to my God and to my soul.

How does God speak, if not in an infallible way? I believe that God has spoken to men — perhaps in all the ways to which I have referred — some time, somewhere, in the history of the world. I believe that there is many a word of God in this wonderful book that I never loved so much, in which I never was so interested, as I am at this hour. I believe that God speaks to us in a thousand ways, from the heavens over our head to the earth under our feet, — that he speaks in the experiences of human lives.

Let us note a little more particularly some ways by which we may believe that he sends his messages to us even in this later day. Men have believed always that all the things that they saw, felt, did, have not originated simply in themselves. They have believed that they have been played upon like instruments, sometimes by the skilful fingers of unseen personalities. They have believed that all their thoughts were not their own, all their words not their own, all their actions not their own; and these have not been always ignorant people, enthusiasts, persons not to be trusted.

Take, for example, a woman like George Eliot. She was a hard-headed woman, if ever there was one,—a woman who exacted proof. She was an agnostic, a woman not to be swept by fancy; and yet she has left it on record that she always had the feeling that the best things she ever wrote were somehow not entirely her own. She does not attempt to tell us where they came from.

One of the most famous preachers of the modern world—I have this on perfectly reliable authority—was sometimes known practically to fall into a trance after he had begun his sermon, and speak without clear intellectual consciousness of what he was saying. He himself has said that, when a parishioner came to him at the close of the sermon and asked him just what he meant by this saying or that, he would be compelled to wait until after he had seen the report of his stenographer before he answered, because he was not quite sure what he had said. And these were the days when the people clutched the seats in front of them, and listened with breathless eagerness to what he was saying.

All men who speak, I take it, have times when they feel as though they were somehow rapt out of and above themselves; and, if you should speak to them in the midst of their discourse, they would open their eyes, and feel as though they were dropped suddenly to a lower level. Men who

speakers and men who write are sometimes conscious of being lifted as if on wings, into higher ranges of atmosphere, into heights whence they gain wider views of humanity and the universe.

The elder Dumas used to be found frequently, by a friend who called upon him, sitting at his desk, laughing with *abandon* at the keen or witty remarks of some of his own characters, as though he were hearing them and had nothing whatever to do with them himself, except to listen. In all ages of the world there have been a class of men whom we call Mystics, who have felt that they were in touch with unseen realities around them, and that they voiced wisdom and aspirations higher than they were familiar with in their normal hours.

The great men of the world have been men who, like Jesus, now and then climbed to mountain tops, and had their hours of transfiguration; and then they came down into the confusion and *mêlée* of ordinary human life, and appeared like other people.

These are undeniable experiences. What do they mean? I do not for one moment suppose that the utterances of people, at these times, are necessarily infallible. For you must remember that, if a wind harp be played upon by the breeze, the music will be determined, not entirely by the character of the wind, but by the range and capacity and condition of the harp itself. So divine influences may play upon the human mind and heart; and the resulting echo will be determined, not entirely by the divine influence, but by the condition of the instrument that is touched and played upon.

Just what do I believe? for possibly I am not making myself very clear. I believe that this world of ours is immersed in a world invisible, a world as real as this, infinitely more real, if there is to be any grade and degree of reality recognized. We have learned enough about this old material universe of ours to know that the mightiest forces

in it are the invisible and intangible forces. Paul talked about running his life race in an arena, while, rising in a semicircle tier on tier, was a great crowd of witnesses.

I believe we fight our battle here in the presence of witnesses. I believe, as Milton said, that

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

We play our part here on our little stage, in the midst of a spiritual universe of which God is the Father. It is one house, with simply different rooms in that house.

I believe that now and then there come to those prepared for them whispers out of this Unseen,—touches, voices, glimpses, influences. They are not infallible; but they lift us, and they make us stronger, braver, better. Here is one source of possible inspiration, though not of infallibility. For, if I can influence a friend here, I may conceivably influence that friend after I have passed into the Invisible; but, if I am not infallible now, there is no reason in the wide world why I should suppose I should be infallible five minutes or five years after I have passed into the Unseen. Influences, inspiration then possibly, but not infallibility.

There is another source of inspiration, the direct influence of God. What do I mean by that? I do not mean at all, for I do not believe at all, that God ever used any man since the world began as an amanuensis in the work of writing a book for him. I do not believe that God arbitrarily selects this man or that man to be inspired; that he says, Now here is Isaiah, and here is Paul; they two shall be inspired; and Mohammed and other people shall not. I believe nothing of the kind.

What do I believe? I believe that God is spirit, infinite, universal, and that we are bathed in him, live and move and breathe in him; that he is life, thought, feeling, love; that he surrounds our lives, as the air surrounds the world. But I believe that he is changeless, not arbitrary in his

selection. He surrounds humanity, then, in a certain sense, if I may suggest something by a figure, as the ocean surrounds its shores. The ocean does not change its nature, but it sweeps into the Bay of Fundy, into the Mediterranean, up the mouth of a river, into a little creek or inlet, according to the capacity, the receptive power of bay, river-mouth, creek, inlet. He fills every opening full.

I believe that from the beginning of the world God has been flowing into humanity, — yea, into all lives before there was any humanity, — filling life full of himself, just according to the capacity of that life to receive him. God is in a grass-blade. How much of him? All that a grass-blade will hold. God is in a pebble stone. How much of him? All that a pebble will hold. God is in Mont Blanc. How much? All that Mont Blanc can hold and manifest of his majesty and might, and his beauty and his glory. God is in a constellation. How much? All that a constellation can hold and reflect. And God is in a horse and a dog. How much? All that the horse or dog is capable of receiving. God is in the Fiji Islander. How much? All that a Fiji Islander can think and feel and express. God was in an ancient Roman as much as in an ancient Hebrew. How much? As much as he could express.

And so, as the world has climbed up, as man has advanced in intellectual, in moral, in affectional capacity, in spiritual ability, God has come in and filled him full. Or, to put it another way, God has been the power that has developed and unfolded from within, expressing himself just as fast and as far as humanity has developed into capacity for divine expression.

That is what inspiration means, that is what the coming into us of God means. God was in Confucius, God was in the Buddha, God was in Mohammed. He was in all these great men, leaders, witnesses of their ages, expressing himself just as fully as they were capable of receiving him and understanding him.

Why do we to-day cling to the supreme leadership in morals and religion of the Nazarene? Because here was a soul so developed, so rounded, so clarified, that God could put more of himself into him than perhaps into any other man that ever lived; so that we say that God shines in the face of Jesus. Nothing unnatural about it; nothing supernatural, any more than there is something supernatural in a raindrop catching as much of the sun as it can hold or the wide ocean catching a million-fold more. So God inspires and comes into us just as fast and as far as we are ready to receive him.

And he speaks to us. I was glancing at a line of Walt Whitman's just before coming into church; and he says,—of course I am not quoting him verbally: Why should I seek for any more of God than I am seeing to-day? I see God every day and every hour of every day. I see him in the faces of men and women in the streets; I see him in my own face when I look in the glass; I find messages from God dropped in the street and along the highways, wherever I go. I do not pick them up: I leave them there, because other messages will come from him punctually day by day, forever and ever.

To the person who can see, God shows himself; to the person who can feel, he is manifested, as you reach out and touch the hem of his garment; to the one who can appreciate beauty, God comes in all his beauty; to one who can appreciate the exactness of mathematics and their relation to the order of the universe, God is apprehended mathematically. As Kepler said, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee." Not infallible; but he saw that God had been there, and he traced his footsteps.

And so in every direction, whatever our peculiar capacity may be, we see and feel and hear and touch God. It would be a pity, indeed, if the modern world were poorer in revelation than the ancient. I do not know whether I shall shock you when I say that a large part of our Bible, except

for critical and historical purposes, is not worth much to-day. We have other books that are more the word of God than the most of Kings and Chronicles and Esther and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and the Epistles of Peter and John. Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, Thoreau,—a dozen writers of the last century have larger, higher, deeper, wider inspiration of God than half of that book contains; and why not?

Has God been hiding himself since two or three thousand years ago? Has he had nothing to say to the modern world? Has he entered into no brain, no heart, no life, since the time of Paul? What, then, has Christianity meant,—the Christianity which is the blossoming, unfolding of a divine life, ever growing wider and finer and sweeter as the centuries go by? That means that there never was a time since the old world swung in the blue when there was so much of God in humanity, so much of love, of tenderness, of pity, helpfulness, care, and devotion, so much of everything divine as there is here, this moment, in London, in New York.

And that means an ever-widening revelation, the evolution, the unfolding, of the Divine within the sphere of the human. So remember that, if you listen, you can hear. If you do not hear, never dare to think that there is not a voice. If you reach out your hand and it is sensitive, you can feel. If you do not, never dare to say God is not there. If you love, you will thrill to the pulse-throb of the infinite love. If hate is in your heart, do not dare to say there is no love in the universe. It is full of God: only listen, only feel, only look, only ask that a glimpse may be vouchsafed to you.

I wish to close with two verses of Lowell from his poem, "Bibliolatres":—

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness

And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
 There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
 Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
 Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
 Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

Father, let us bow our heads and listen, and we shall hear. Let us know that they who feel after God shall find Him who is not far from every one of us. Let us know that revelation for all our needs is ours, that if we only open our minds and our hearts and our lives to Thee, Thou wilt come in and abide with us forever. Amen.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

Dear Father, we are glad this morning that we can come to Thee and pour out our hearts in Thy presence. We do not think that we can tell Thee what Thou dost not know or that we can persuade Thee to be better than Thou art; and yet our hearts prompt us to speak, and with the simplicity of little children we tell Thee what we think we need. We know that, above all things, we need to be inclined to walk in Thy way, and then we need light to help us see that way; and we need strength and courage to face obstacles, to overcome difficulties. We need to be true to what we see and feel to be the best. We would then open our natures to Thee as flowers open to the rising sun, asking that Thou wilt come in and shape and develop and make of us what Thou wilt. Thou knowest the special need of each soul in

Thy presence. Are there any here weak and needing strength to do that which they know to be right? Are there any troubled, carrying a burden that seems too heavy for them? Are any bewildered, wondering which of two or three paths they ought to walk in? Are any discouraged, feeling that they have tried and tried so often to accomplish that in which they have not succeeded? Are there any rebellious or bitter, not understanding Thy way, and feeling that the world has treated them unjustly? Are any alienated from those they ought to love, carrying in their hearts envy or hatred or malice? O Father, whatever we need, be Thou the answer of that want, and let us this morning know that we are in Thy presence, and are receiving help from Thee. We remember not only those that are here this morning, but all associated with this place of worship. Are they kept away by indifference, by illness, by anxiety, by business that takes them from the town,— wherever they are, Father, may they remember Thee, and remember this place at this hour, and so commune with us and with Thee, and receive the help which they need. We remember all people of every name worshipping to-day, whatever their creeds or in whatever words they express their beliefs. All Thy children reach out after Thee. May they find Thee, and learn that Thou art not far from any one of us.

We remember our country in its difficulties, in its struggles with other peoples, strifes yet unsettled. Oh that wisdom may be in the minds of those who are in places of authority, that they may know how to heal the hurt of our people and of all other peoples with whom we deal, that peace, peace with truth and righteousness, may come.

And, Father, our hearts to-day go over sea in tender sympathy with our motherland, with those bound up with us by so many ties. We remember that one lies dead who has been, perhaps, greater than any woman who ever sat on a throne, one whose reign, at any rate, has been most illustrious of any. The hearts of an empire turn towards one

solemn, sacred spot, a burden weighs them down, love unites them in one, respect and reverence are in their hearts, bowing them down towards the memory of her who has gone. O Father, we thank Thee for what she has done for the world, for civilization, for brotherhood, for peace. We thank Thee for what she has done in many a great crisis to preserve friendly relations with this country, that looks to that as its fatherland. And we ask that to-day there may be in the hearts of England and America that drawing together which shall promise good things for man; for, Father are we right? We believe that union and sympathy between these two great peoples may carry more of good for the world than all other things of which we can dream; and we ask that there may be no misunderstandings. We are bound together by ties intellectual, spiritual, moral, political. The great freedom which is our heritage and blessing we trace to the struggles of England and its noble men; and we ask, Father, that no petty jealousies, no meannesses, no angers, no envies, no hatreds, may come between us. Let us be — as we are, and ought to be — one great people, working for God and the future of the race. So, Father, may we rise in Thy spirit into sympathies broader than any that are yet realized, and consecrate ourselves to the highest human ideals. Then we may help answer our own prayer, that Thy kingdom may come and Thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven. Amen.

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

EB 8 201
MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 8, 1901.

No. 18.

SERIES ON
THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

VI. GODS AND GOD

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272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

372 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

(FEB 8 1901)

GODS AND GOD.

My text may be found in the First Epistle of John, the fourth chapter and the eighth verse,—“God is love.”

As the world grows, idols are forever passing away; but God abides, and becomes ever more and more. It is not always true that idols have been made of wood, of stone, of some kind of metal. More commonly they have been made of thoughts, imaginings, wrought out by the hands of ignorance and fear; and these have been the most hideous and cruel of them all.

The boy who lives in the home with his father, and sees him every day, does not have, when he is a boy, any adequate, any complete idea of his father. His conception of him is determined, not by what the father is so much as by what the boy is. He thinks as well as he can, but his thinking is determined by his intellectual, his moral, his affectional nature; and the thinking will change as the months and the years go by, though the father may remain substantially the same.

And the boy frequently estimates his father by something which the father cares least about, something which does not at all essentially touch what he is in the community, as a part of the great world. As, for example, the boy may be proud of his father chiefly because he is tall or is an athlete,—not at all appreciating his qualities of heart or head. And not only do these thoughts of the boy change concerning his father, but, if there are three or four or a half-dozen boys in the same family, they may all have widely divergent conceptions of the same one father, the man whom they see and touch and love.

Is it strange, then, that the world, as it has grown from childhood towards a manhood not even yet attained, should have divergent, contradictory conceptions concerning the one Father in heaven, whom, in one sense, no man hath seen or can see? Is it strange that different nations, differently born, trained, surrounded, leading different kinds of lives, should have differing ideals of the Divine? And is it strange that, as the world grows, the old conceptions of God are outgrown and left behind? Would we have it otherwise if we could?

I wish to run over for a moment what you are, in the main, very familiar with,—some of the steps of the world's growth in its thought concerning God.

At the beginning, or as near the beginning as we are able to penetrate by our studies, polytheism existed all over the face of the earth, of necessity. There was no possibility of anything like monotheism in that stage of human culture. As men looked abroad over what they knew of the heavens and the earth, they had no conception, and at that time could have had no conception, of any unity in it at all. And they had no conception, and could have had no conception, of any force except such as they were conscious of,—will force. So that the powers manifested in the heavens above and on the earth around them seemed to them separate individualities, and seemed to them alive.

Why not? How could it have been otherwise? We need not stop this morning to note at any length a discussion still going on as to whether early man's belief in the gods sprang from ghost worship, ancestor worship, or whether man, apart from this, exercised his power of personifying natural objects and forces, and thinking them living and distinct beings. It may be there is a measure of truth in both these theories. At any rate, it is not specially important for us; and we may leave it to be settled by the persons engaged in research in that department of human thought.

At any rate, man believed in a multiplicity of gods,—the sun, the moon, the stars, the winds, the clouds, the lightning, the mountains, the rivers, the brooks,—all these different manifestations of what we think of to-day as the one life were then so many distinct living individuals. Or, if you choose to put it another way, there were distinct, individual spirits in all these.

There was no difficulty at that time in the history of the world in accounting for either good or evil. The things that people liked, and which, therefore, they thought of as good, were the result of the activities of the friendly—and, therefore, good—deities. The things which they did not like, which hurt, which produced unhappiness, they thought of as the result of the hostility of evil deities,—deities, at any rate, hostile in their attitude towards them. There was no trouble at that stage of human culture in accounting for any of the good or bad things that happened in human life.

But by and by this stage of thought—not being in its nature permanent, because it was not true—began to pass away; and men in certain parts of the world became henotheists,—that is, they believed still in many gods, but believed that they must worship one god, their god. The Jews, for example, worshipped Jehovah. They did not doubt the existence of Dagon, the god of the Philistines; but they must worship and be loyal to their god. Just as to-day a German in Europe does not doubt the existence of the czar or of King Edward VII., of the king of Italy or of Austria; but he must be loyal to the kaiser. The kaiser is his king or emperor.

This was the state of thought in regard to the unseen powers that were supposed to govern the world. But by and by another step in advance was taken; and we find some of the old prophets declaring with emphasis that there is only one living and real God, and that all the gods of the nations are idols, created either out of thoughts or some material.

But, when this stage of thought was reached, it was only on the part of the Jews, of the Arabians, of a few people; and the classic nations of antiquity still believed in a multiplicity of deities or they believed in none at all. For Greece and Rome at last came to this point: the gods were outgrown, and no new ones came to take their places. Intellectually, Cæsar could not believe in Jupiter and the gods of the poets. He was too wise, too sensible a man. Cicero could not. Socrates could not believe in the gods of Greece. So they became, according to the popular ideals of the time, atheists; and they had to be, because they were sensible and thoughtful.

Not only that, but they outgrew the gods morally. The time came when in Greece and Rome the average citizen of Athens or of Rome was better than any of the gods. They could not believe in them: then they could not worship them then.

What was the result? We find Lucretius, just before the birth of Christ, the philosophical poet, trying to get along in the universe without any god, trying to frame a theory of things that did not need any god. This is a stage of human thought, I suppose, that almost every great, thoughtful nation has passed through. And you will note how necessary it is. The old conceptions of the gods are consecrated in the popular religion, and it is irreligious and atheistic to doubt them; and yet men become too wise and too good to believe in them any longer. And so this conflict arises. And, until the old gods are superseded by better, there is a period of interregnum, when there is no god at all for the clear-sighted, earnest, honest man.

The Jews were monotheists. From them we inherited our Christian monotheism; and, as I told you a Sunday or two ago, having adopted the old Hebrew Scriptures as an infallible revelation from God, there is no science in early Christianity. For a thousand years we accepted substantially the Old Testament monotheism, wrought over as

the result of Greek speculation into the Christian Trinity. They told us that it did not destroy the monotheism, this making a Trinity out of the nature of God; and they tried hard in their definitions to avoid tritheism.

But the time came when the intellectual advance of man outgrew the Christian conception of God that had been dominant during the first thousand years of Christian history. For we must remember that the thought of God goes along with the thought of the universe. God to the Christians of the first millennium was not at all the God that we have in our minds to-day. He was an outlined, undividualized being, sitting on a throne in a heaven just a little way above the blue. He could be found and seen with such eyes as we possess if we could only attain to that heaven. The universe was small and contracted as compared with our modern conception of it. God ruled the world arbitrarily. He was not in the universe in the sense in which we think of him to-day.

But by and by, at the time of the Renaissance, other thoughts were born, new conceptions of the universe began to take possession of the human mind. New conceptions of God of necessity followed these new conceptions of the universe, and men began to occupy the position in modern times that Lucretius did in ancient Rome. Atheism, or at least agnosticism, came to be popular on the part of some of the clearest-headed thinkers of the world.

Why? Is it strange? The old conception of the universe had been outgrown; and yet it was consecrated as a part of the religion. The intellectual conception of God had been outgrown; and yet it was consecrated as a part of the religion. Not only the intellectual thought of the universe, and of God: man morally outgrew his God. So that the people who revolted at the time of the Renaissance were clearer-headed than those who had thought out the old conceptions not only, but they were nobler-hearted; and they could not worship the conception of God which was em-

bodied and enshrined in all the creeds, and set up as the object of adoration over all the altars. And so for a time many of the nobler spirits of the world passed through a phase of unbelief, many of them dying in that unbelief, because they could not clearly see their way to any higher or finer conception of things.

So in the modern world. We have had attempts, many on the part of noble men, to think a conception of the universe that requires no God. Men have said, speaking as scientists: "God is an unnecessary hypothesis: we can get along in our theories without him." But, though for a time the head may get along without any God, the heart finds it more difficult: it does not rest content in unbelief; it cannot look abroad over the wide spaces of the universe and feel that all is blank and empty air. Being appalled, it longs for a Father, some one to trust, some one to love.

Let me frankly admit that it is just as easy to imagine the material universe self-existent and eternal as it is to imagine God self-existent and eternal. The difficulty is not there. The problem arises when we look this universe in the face, and try to find its essential meaning. And I believe that, as the result of the deepest search and scrutiny, we are coming to find more and more that the meaning of it is divine.

Let me ask you to think for a moment. Suppose we wake up as for the first time, and look abroad over the earth and into the heavens. If the knowledge that has come to the modern world could be ours, we should find what? First, that here is not only myself, but here is a power not myself, outside of myself, a power that was here before I was born, a power that will be here after I have died, a power that has created me,— therefore, my Father, on any theory I choose to hold of it or him. Here then, first, is a power, a power unlimited, so far as we can imagine or dream, which is practically omnipotent.

What else? This power manifests itself as a universal order. There is no chaos. Neither the microscope nor the

telescope has yet been able to find any part of the universe that is in disorder. Order everywhere.

What next? Intelligence. For we cannot imagine that which is intelligible to be other than the manifestation of intelligence.

What next? Is this power personal,—that is, outside of us? It is, at least, by the most rigid scientific reasoning, as much as a person. I am a person. You are a person. Millions of personalities exist; and there cannot be evolved anything which was not at first involved. A stream cannot rise higher than its source. The cause must at least be equal to and adequate to the result. That which has produced and which manifests itself in personalities must be at least as much as personal.

Is this power conscious? We are conscious. That which has produced us must be then as much as conscious. As Herbert Spencer said to me one day in conversation on this matter, "There is no reason why we should not think of the Eternal Power as being as much above and beyond what we mean by personality and consciousness as we are above and beyond vegetable growths." But this is not, as you see, a negative, but a grandly positive statement. This Eternal Power is above and beyond what we mean by personality and consciousness; that is, personal and conscious in some grander way than we can now or as yet imagine.

Is this power good? Did you ever stop to think of one thing? There is no necessary, no essential evil in all the world. There are only two ways by which evil was ever wrought, or ever can be wrought. Evil is either the perverted use of some power which is in itself good or it is the excessive use of some power which in itself is good. There is no conceivable way of working evil, except by one of these two; and this means that the things, the persons, which do evil are not essentially evil. So there is no essential evil in the universe; and that means that at the heart of it the universe is good.

I had occasion a little while ago to make a statement which I wish to recall to you,—that, analyzing it with care and in the light of what science has taught us of the nature of things, necessary pain is good, not evil. What we call evil, as I have just said, does not really exist as an entity. Sorrow, separation, those things that trouble us here, even death itself, not essentially, not necessarily evil at all. It is very easy to prove, I think, that this is the best conceivable of all worlds. Ignorance is only the natural and necessary process through which we pass in becoming learned. Evil is only the natural and necessary stage through which we pass in coming into conscious personal goodness. Pain and sorrow are bound up of necessity with the lives of sentient beings,—no permanent, no eternal part of beings.

So, I believe, we are ready to say, on the basis of the clearest thought and the most cogent scientific reasoning, that this Power outside of ourselves is not only power, but personality, intelligence, consciousness, goodness, and love.

Is it one power? Herbert Spencer again has said—I speak of him simply because he is as competent a spokesman for modern science as any man living—that the existence of an Eternal Power back of all phenomena is the one most certain item of all our knowledge. If we do not know anything else, we know this,—that there is an Eternal Power back of all that is manifested, and that this power is that in which all the divergent manifestations of the universe find their unity.

Modern science has proved that all the forces of the world are only varieties and manifestations of one force. So, I believe, we are ready to say we believe, and we have a right to believe, in God, and that God is love. By this I would not have you think of God as an outlined being away off somewhere on some distant planet or world, a being that we could get nearer to than we are already if we could only travel fast enough or in the right direction. For this thought of God is one of the idols which is destined of necessity to pass away.

Where is God? They used to think of him as just above the blue dome ; but that blue dome has faded into space, as the result of modern investigation. The nearest star to us after we leave our solar system is so far away that it takes light between three and four years to come to us from it : that is our next-door neighbor. The next one, I think, is so far away that it takes six or seven years. Where shall we look for the centre of the universe, on which to erect the throne of God? If we seek for the centre of a universe that seems to us, so far as we know, infinite in extent, we must put God in that sense so far away that we should be practically lost in the deeps of space.

Where is God? God is nearer to us than he ever was in all the thought of the world before. God is here, always here, always all here. Does that seem incomprehensible mystery? Let me, in the use of an illustration which I may have used before, try to suggest to you that it is no more mysterious than anything else is mysterious. We sometimes delude ourselves by imagining that, when we have labelled a thing which we have seen a great many times, we know it, and have divested it of its mystery. We have seen flowers, grass-blades, and pebble-stones ever since we were children. Can you explain either one of them for me? Whichever one you look at, if you ask a few questions about it and try to trace its meaning, you find yourself face to face with the Infinite ; as Tennyson has expressed it in that beautiful little fragment of his about the "Flower in the Crannied Wall." Explain that to me, and I will explain to you what God is, what man is.

Let us take, then, a familiar illustration, that I may suggest to you that the mystery of God's omnipresence is not more mysterious than something we are daily familiar with. Where are you? Did anybody ever see you? You are not your body. What has anybody seen when they have looked at you? Seen a face, clothes, certain outlines of a figure ; but, if they had seen the whole body, would they have seen

you? You are not the body. You inhabit the body for a time : you wear it, you use it ; but you are something else than the body.

Where are you? In the body, you say. Though this mysterious something we call our thought can circle the earth quicker than the electric forces can do it, and commune with the stars at the same time that it is here. But where are you? Did anybody ever see you? No. Nobody ever will see you : you are as invisible as God is. In what part of your body are you? You are omnipresent in your body as much as God is omnipresent in the universe. When you are looking, for all practical purposes you are in the eyes ; when you are clasping the hand of a friend, you are in that hand-clasp ; when you are running on some errand of mercy or business, you are for all practical purposes in the feet. You are wherever a special activity of your personality is called for. When you speak, you are in this invisible air, being shaped to words on the tip of your tongue and by your teeth. You are omnipresent in your body ; you are invisible.

Let that figure of speech suggest to us a mystery indeed, but no profounder mystery concerning God. The modern thought of God is that he is in and through the universe, which is no longer a mechanism, but has become an organism. The universe was not made : it grew, just as you were not made, but grew ; and God is the mind, the heart, the life, the love that makes the universe the body of the living divinity.

God, then, is omnipresent. He is in the flower when that flower is unfolding. He is in a nebula when it is cohering to an orb and is in the process of creating a sun. He is wherever there is activity going on ; and all of him that is needed is wherever the special activity is going on. And as we know, from the farthest electric throb of the most distant star to the tiniest movement of a grain of sand in the street, that all is thrilling and moving with tireless and eter-

nal life, so we know that God is everywhere, is omnipresent. Thus this great, this overwhelming conception, is becoming real to the modern world, is being seen to be rational, something we can gain at least a glimpse of and partly comprehend.

This, then, is our modern thought of God ; and the old ideas concerning him are passing away. I wish to suggest to you now that this process of passing away is all round us, in all the churches, and is as yet very far from being complete. In one sense,—and, I beg you to understand, the sense in which I mean it,—we do not to-day worship the God of Abraham, of Isaac, or of Jacob. We do not worship the God of Samuel or of Elijah, or of any of the prophets. We do not worship the God of Paul. We do not worship the God of Leo X. or of Pope Sixtus IV., after whom the Sistine Chapel was named. We do not worship the God of the reformers, Luther or Calvin. We do not worship the God of Whitefield, or of Wesley, or of Edwards, or of Finney, or of Moody.

Note, I believe that all these men,—and truer, nobler souls than some of them, in spite of certain things I am going to say, have never lived on the face of the earth,—these men saw God the best they knew. And in one sense, in the real and true sense, they were feeling after the real God as much as are we ; but they suffered the limitations of their time, their traditions, and their training,—the intellectual limitations, the moral limitations,—and they could not think clearly and nobly of him who is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The God of the Methodist Book of Discipline, the God of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, the God of most of the old creeds, the God of the Episcopal Prayer-book, the intellectual conception of God, I mean, which is outlined in these, is not the God that the best men and women, even in those churches to-day, are worshipping.

Just as the old conception of the universe has been outgrown and is passing away, so the old intellectual concep-

tions of God are being intellectually outgrown, and are passing away. We do not think of him any more under the concepts that we used to hold.

But not only that: we are outgrowing the elder ideals morally. I said a little while ago that the average citizen of ancient Athens and ancient Rome was better than the gods whose worship they had inherited. So I say now, simply, directly, deliberately, that the average man in New York to-day is better than the conception of God, as outlined by either of the great men to whom I have referred. The God of the great creeds is morally outgrown. They said he was good, but he was not. For, as they went on to define him, they contradicted the assertion of the goodness, and inserted into their creeds statements about him which the heart of his children is coming to regard as libel, and to protest against for the sake of the love and honor that is borne Him.

When in early Christianity they deified Jesus, in one sense they did something sweeter and finer than they knew; for what has been the result of it? There was a movement for a time, and it partially succeeded, to make over the noble, sweet, tender Nazarene into the repulsive image of the God they worshipped and whom they referred to as his Father. But the result of it has been that Jesus, the tender, living, gentle Nazarene, has transformed and made over the conception of the God. And men have come to feel and to say, God must be, at least, as good as Jesus was.

The Jehovah of the Old Testament was not as good: he was jealous; he was partial; he was cruel; he indorsed all sorts of things that we morally abrogate and hate to-day. The God of Elijah, the God of Paul, was not as good as Jesus. The God of Pope Leo X., the God of Luther and Calvin, was not as good. The God of Moody and the great modern revivalists was not nearly as good as Jesus.

Run over in your mind the ideal of Jesus,—the gentle, the tender; forgiving his enemies, saying, "They know not

what they do"; tolerant of the ignorant and the weak; eating with publicans and sinners; forgiving the woman who had gone astray, and telling those who were without sin to cast the first stone. Ideal in his sweetness, his love, and yet unflinching in his adhesion to the truth. This was the ideal of Jesus. And, as the years went by, they tried to make of him a judge, and to represent him as casting all his enemies into an eternal hell. But from before his gentle face all those barbaric horrors are fleeing away, as the clouds and the mists flee at the coming up of the morning sun.

So Jesus, the tender, ideal, perfect humanity, is coming to give us our conception of God. We must think of God, if he is worthy of our worship at all, as being utterly flawless. He must be perfect, or we cannot believe in him. So he is coming to be, at last, all these things which we can dream. The old partial conceptions of him are passing away; they are being quietly laid one side, so far as practical use is concerned, even though they still remain imbedded, like old-time fossils, in the creeds. So God is coming to be perfect, to be love. The divided universe, half of which belonged to the devil, we can no longer tolerate. As Tennyson says:

"The God of love and of hell together — He cannot be thought!

If there be *such* a god, may the *great* God curse him and bring him to naught."

Now, then, as we go out over the world, engaged in our business or our pleasure, we are not orphans, we are not alone. Our God is not even away off somewhere in space: he is here. It was God who held the worlds in their orbits last night while we slept. It was God who turned our old planet until by and by the part of it where we were came into the light of the morning sun; and it was dawn. It was God who waked us out of our sleep; it was God whose loving and universal care fed us; it was God who was watching us, who folded us in his arms and guarded us in the darkness.

And now, as we turn and go about our occupations, no matter what business we are engaged in, it is God's power we are using to carry that business on,— God in our minds, bodies, hearts, consciousnesses, leading us in the ways that are right ; God moving our machinery for us, whether it is electricity, steam, or water power. Whatever it is, it is the manifestation of the tireless life and force of God, our Father. If there is any beauty, of a flower, in a child's face, wonder in the eyes of some one we love, that is God. Wherever there is light, it is God, the power ; wherever there is order, it is God, the law ; wherever there is majesty, as in the mountains, it is God, thrilling and lifting us ; God in the infinite variety, the rhythm, and movement, the tireless uplift and sink of the sea ; God in the air, cooling, disinfecting, cleansing, healing,— God everywhere.

Duty, truth, love, power, care, helpfulness, pity, inspiration, aspiration,—“in him we live and move and have our being.” The world is no longer secular for six days and sacred the seventh. If we understand it, it is all sacred. We are always in the presence of God ; and, wherever we are, we may kneel and be in the innermost sanctuary of his temple. God is our Father, and God is love.

Let us be conscious, O Thou high and holy One, that we are in Thy presence ; and so let the comfort and help of Thy presence be ours. Amen.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great causes, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 15, 1901.

No. 19.

TWO EMIGRANTS

BY

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GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

TWO EMIGRANTS.

"Terah took Abram, his son, and Lot, his brother's son, and went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan. And they came to Haran, and dwelt there; and Terah died in Haran."—GEN. xi. 31, 32.

IF you take a map of the region touched in my text, you will see what this man did as it stands in contrast with what he set out to do. Haran is a day's march from the old homestead, while Canaan is ten or twelve; and it is easy going to Haran, but very hard to Canaan. For after you leave the point at which the man halted, and push on to that he aimed for, you have to cross a river over which there was no bridge,—a desert of seven days' journey and the rugged passes of Lebanon. So to go to Haran from Ur is a sort of picnic; but to get to Canaan after that is a painful pilgrimage, which demands about all the pluck and courage there is in you.

Then, if you could see this Ur, or Edessa, as it came to be called, you might guess how the man caught the idea of going to Canaan and made his day's march. Edessa is a pretty little place, they say, as you shall find anywhere in old Chaldea. It stands in a sort of desert beside a deep, clear spring, and is full of shade-trees and fruit-trees; while above all this beauty and pleasantness there rises a great rock, almost impregnable by nature, on which there has been a fortress time out of mind, to which the people could retreat when the enemy came, and defend themselves, when there was no chance for them down in the town and on the level lands below. This, then, was the sum and substance of Edessa.

A small place standing by itself in a desert, very pleasant and good to live in, if you can only be content to live in a small, quiet way, as they do in a small country town, let us say in New Hampshire.

Now Terah, according to Talmudic and other traditions, was a brass founder in this pent-up place; and his particular line of business was making molten gods for home consumption. But such an industry as this must have been limited for good reasons. Only so many at the most would be wanted, and they would not wear out as wagons do and ploughs; but, the older they grew, the better the folks would like them,—as is always the case with our idols, no matter what you call them,—nor would there be room for any great improvement except by permission of the priests, who are usually the last men in the world to admit that anything can be improved. The poor man, therefore, could not strike out a new idea in this matter of molten gods, and push the old incumbents from their pedestals or melt them over and bring them out with all the modern improvements, allowing so much for the old metal.

You see, then, in what a strait Terah probably found himself, and why he may have begun to look with longing eyes westward. This Canaan away over the river, the desert, and the mountains, was then a kind of Pacific slope looking out on the Mediterranean. A splendid land of promise, in which you could till and graze to your heart's content or do a grand stroke of business when once you got there. A land where you could widen the whole horizon of your life, develop your nature, find untold outlets for your powers, plant the new stocks that had no room to grow in Edessa, and die when your time came with the feeling that you had made your stroke for a larger and fairer existence.

So Terah, as I think of him, began for these reasons to look toward Canaan with longing eyes. He wanted to give up comfort for freedom; a workshop in a pent-up place, in which he was bound to follow time-honored traditions and

usages, for a tent on the breezy slopes away beyond the mountains, with the ocean for his boundary on the one side and the desert on the other ; and to exchange the safe but narrow citadel on the rock for the finer fastness of a manhood which would hold its own against the world and win.

It was a tremendous thing to do. I think I can see the old man through the mists of time sitting in his workshop trying to count the cost. And still, as he counts, the thing seems ever more feasible. Then he consults the young men, — his son and nephew, Lot ; and, of all things in the world, this is what they would like to do of course, especially Abram, who is reaming over with brave, bright dreams of what he would like to do in this world. So there would be a notice sent in due time through the town of a house and shop for sale, and the choicest assortment of molten gods ever heard of in Edessa, to be had at the buyer's own price, because Terah must be rid of them, as he was going out west. Then the roots of his life would be torn out of the soil, where father and son had flourished ever since the times of the tower of Babel. And there would be weeping, and visits made to the homes, the altars, and the graves of those they loved. And then on a forgotten morning you see them start on their day's march to Haran, where they will halt and start on the morrow toward the river and the promised land. That morrow never came for Terah. How it was we do not know. We only know this, that forward to Canaan he will not stir one step. Haran is a pleasant place on one of the streams that run into the Euphrates, as we read, with plenty of good land about it, and with a better chance at life then, in all probability, than he had left behind him in Edessa. Be this as it may, reason or none, there he stayed a great while and there he died,— one day's march from the place he had left, ten from the place to which he was bound ; on the wrong side as yet of the river, the desert, and the promised land.

So never now will he see the white glories of Lebanon or

the summer splendors of Hermon and Sharon, and never the blue sea turning to gold as he sees it at sunset from the crests of Carmel. He started on a journey. It ended in a jaunt. He dreamed of the mountains, and settled on a flat. His ideal was freedom, to be bought with a great price. He struck one stroke for it, and then gave in and accepted comfort again on good securities. He went back no more, to be sure; but he went forward no farther. He got his chance just this once at a singular, separate, generous, free life, which held in its heart unknown treasures of greatness and worth, if he had only gone forward that morning, and grasped them for his own. But the morning came, and he was not ready. So he was not to be one of the units in this life of ours after all, but only one of the fractions,—Terah, the father of Abram, who started for the promised land and broke down at the end of the first day's march.

And yet, as I watch him sitting there, I think I can see what may well be said for a fair and kindly judgment of his failure. It is clear for one thing that he is getting to be an old man when he feels this impulse to strike out for a wider and nobler life; and this is an impulse old men very seldom carry through if they can find a way round it. The change again was not only that we have noticed. It was a wrench to his inward life far more painful than this which would touch the outward. This son of his who comes to be one of the supreme men of the world has set his face already against the old gods and the old belief. He will not follow in the father's footsteps at all, and is evidently looking forward to the new home as a place where he will not only find the freedom to go where he will and do what he will earthward, but heavenward, too; and, once over there, I think Terah guesses this is just what will happen. So you see where the main trouble lies. Here is a man setting out on a new enterprise at a time of life when nature opposes instead of helping him, and looking forward with his eyes while his heart is looking backward, with Canaan on his lips

and Edessa in his marrow, exchanging the old ways, which were as familiar to him as his own door-yard, to wander away over the deserts and mountains, all new to him and all strange. So I do not wonder his heart failed him. He needed more than an impulse to lift him out of that narrower life. Nothing short of an inspiration could do it; and I am not sure that even this could have mastered him when more than two-thirds of his life lay behind.

And so he must have said sadly: Boys, it's no use. I will not go back, but I cannot go on. This is a finer chance than we ever had at Edessa. Let me settle down here and wait for the angel of death. I think I can do a very good stroke of work in Haran. They have no such gods, I notice, as I used to turn out of the old foundry. Their ideals are quite low, and I can do a good deal to improve them if I can only stay here and end my days. Something like this was the plea he made, while they painted the glories of the better land, its freedom and beauty and its rich reward. They talked of freedom, he preferred safety; of the splendid chances, he wanted comfort; of the mountains, he was wedded to the flat; of the sea, he liked the little river better, purling along in the sunshine; of great rides across the desert and the greensward, he liked his arm-chair better on the porch in summer and in winter by the fire. So Terah took Abram, his son, and Lot, his brother's son, and Sarah, his daughter-in-law, and went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go to Canaan. And they came to Haran, and dwelt there; and Terah died in Haran.

But it is to be noticed now that this is by no means the whole sum and substance of the one day's march; for here is what we have come to call evolution at work. Terah brings the young men so far toward the large and free life, and then the impulse in him to go onward is mastered by the longing to sit still, while that which was only an impulse in the father changes in the son to an inspiration, through which he not only carries out the old man's whole intention,

but does more than he ever dreamed of doing, because that which was in the old man merely a desire to better himself and his family becomes in the young man a blessing to the human race, and the whisper of ambition in the one man changes in the other to the voice of God.

I cannot dwell long on this point in the story; and there is no need to do so, because you ought to know it as well as I do. I only want to say that there is no evidence, or hint even, of a divine light and leading in what these people are doing until Terah is dead; but then God speaks to Abram, and bids him get out of Haran and pass over to the promised land, and, once there, he becomes the spring-head of the vast floods of blessing to which the prophets belong and the psalmists, the seed of a mighty and matchless harvest the world is reaping now for the everlasting life.

So, while the old man never saw the promised land, the young man saw it, and registered his claim to it for the homestead of his race,—the race which was hidden in his loins when he crossed the river and the mountains and saw the land he had been dreaming of so long, while the old father's arm was about his neck, holding him back from his great desire. So it seems but the simple truth, therefore, to say that some touch of the grace and glory of the whole journey rests on the old man's grave. We have no reason to feel sure the son would have gone to Canaan, after all, if the father had not set out to go, even if he did break down at the end of the first day's march. The impulse came first, the inspiration followed; but who shall say that the one was possible without the other? I suppose there are people in Edessa to-day who have come straight down from some man who was quite content to stay where he was born, and who was living there when Terah tore out the roots of his life and went away, called him a fool, it may be, for going, bought a lot of the things dirt cheap, made money on them, and never once in all his life looked beyond the palm-trees and the spring; but in all the world you will not find a

poorer story of what men may do for this world's blessing and their own than such a line of men will give you.

So taking that one step did something, after all, for the genius and inspiration which has made our Bible the supreme book of the world, and the Hebrew line the most radiant in the religious life the world has ever held. This man who never saw Canaan with his dim old eyes still made Canaan possible, as Toscanelli's charts made America possible to Columbus, though Toscanelli himself went not a league toward the land which was hidden below the far sea-line. Terah's dream never came true; but, then, he had the dream, and did something to make it come true to his son and to the race. They say the way to hell is paved with good intentions. Well, then, I say the way to heaven is also paved with good intentions; and here is one of them that pave the way to heaven. He did see the promised land, after all, through the eyes of the man he had gotten from the Lord; and there was a strain of the sturdy striving that had paid the price of leaving the old homestead in the man who could never stop until he came to the new.

So Terah's feet also are beautiful upon the mountains, though they never touched them. I said he started on a journey, and it ended in a jaunt; but this must not blind us to what that jaunt cost him,—the great sorrow of the parting, the selling out and tearing out, the heartache of the man who seems to stop for the bone-ache. He did not do all he set out to do, but he did more than any other man of his clan in Edessa; and, dying in Haran, he was not only one day on the way to the promised land, but he had started his son that way, and made it so much easier for him to fulfil the grand primal purpose.

So this man's life touches yours and mine, as I think of it, and opens out toward some lessons we may well lay to our hearts; and this is the first: that, if I want to do a great and good thing of any sort outside the old grooves in which I find myself running, the sooner I set about doing

it, the better. For while there is always a separate and wonderful worth in a good old age, if it be good, I think this power is very seldom in it I am trying to open. It is not your old Philip, but your young Alexander, who strikes the stroke which is felt while the world stands. I know of no grand invention, no noble reform, no peerless enterprise, no greater and purer faith, no superb stroke of work of any sort, which was not started from a spark in the fervent fires of our youth. Once well past that youth, and you can dream of Canaan still; but the chances are you will stop at Haran, and will never face the long and rugged way. So this putting off from youth to age of the fine adventure is like waiting for low water before you launch your ship. If we want to make our dream of a wider and better life of any kind come true, we must push out and do it while the glow of it is in the heart, which is far more than half the battle. We must not stay in our Edessa, thinking about it, until we are a hundred and thirty, as they say Terah did, or else the strongest impulse we can ever feel after that will hardly take us beyond the first day's march. I think the whole wealth of real enterprise in all directions lies within the line of our earlier manhood; and we make the stroke then which gives distinction, or we never make it to any great purpose. There lies our chance of rising from a collective mediocrity into some sort of clear and clean nobility.

And this is especially true, I think, of the great change which touches the religious life of man, and leads us on to a wider and better faith in God and a fairer and sweeter life in the soul.

There are very few of us, indeed, who do not find ourselves running in a rather narrow groove of faith when we begin to think and look out for ourselves; and a good many take to the groove kindly, and never want to get out of it. But there are a good many, again, who cannot quite believe what they are told or do as they are bidden. There

is the stuff in them for something better ; and so the idea dawns on them of exchanging Edessa for Canaan, and, if they ever do it to any sure purpose, that is their fairest chance. I doubt not for a moment, if the young man Saul had waited until his hair was as white as mine before he struck out for the better and more beautiful faith that was in Christ Jesus, when the vision came to him on the way to Damascus, he would have died a Pharisee, and Paul, the apostle, would never have been heard of. There is, to be sure, a very great difference in the youth or the age of the heart, so that you shall notice how some men and women never grow old, while others are never young. I knew a man, for instance, whose whole business in this world seemed to be to keep the grim old banner of Calvin flying above the cross, and he was by no means old in years ; but I claim this is the way to find out his real age. Calvin was born in 1509. He begins where Calvin ended ; and so I say he will be 337 years old on the 10th of July next, old style, for he is still alive. But all the same, when I hear of those who were born and raised in a narrow and dogmatic church and creed getting glimpses of a wide and free faith, and hear people say, 'That man will never be content, or that woman, to stay where they are,— they will be sure to strike out for this wider and better faith of ours,— I always want to ask how old they are in this age of the heart, because, if youth is in their keeping still, the chances are they will make the whole journey to Canaan ; but, if they are past their prime, they may be ever so true and sincere, as far as they go, but they will only go to Haran. It is a noble vision, as when Terah saw Hermon and Sharon and the sea, in his mind's eye, as he sat in Edessa, with the old gods about him ; and it may be a good intention, as when he started for the mountains and halted on the plain. But in all human probability this will be exactly their trouble,— the one day's march will tire them.

Nor do I count it a reproach, again, for a man of this kind

to give up before he comes to the end of his enterprise. It is because he begins too late that he ends too soon, and it is no small matter, I say, that he begins at all ; while one can only blame him then if, with these visions haunting his heart, he tells you Haran is good enough for him, and he need not look for anything better. If he knows all the while, as this old man did, that the promise still lies away beyond the line at which he has halted, and says so, though he only goes one day's journey toward it, I can bare my head in reverence for what he has done. I know what it is to leave these Edessas of our faith, and what it costs. How the old altars have the pull on you, and the shadows of the palm-trees where you sat, and the deep spring, and the fastness ! and I know what it means,— this untwining of the loving arms that would hold you back even from the one day's march. So, when I hear those blamed who stop short of where I would love to see them right in our midst, I want to say, Have you any idea what it has cost them to go so far ? and whether it was possible to go any farther, and want to say also, Is it not a good thing, anyhow, to take those who belong to them as far as Terah did, and, setting their faces toward the land of promise, leave God to see to it that this which may be no more than an impulse in the man who has to halt shall grow to an inspiration in the man who goes right on ?

Indeed, I think this is what always comes to every honest endeavor to reach a higher and better and a wider life. So I like Darwin's suggestion that the way the eagle got his wings and went soaring toward the sun came out of the impulse to soar ; and the wings did not precede the desire to fly, but the desire to fly preceded the wings. Something within the creature whispered : Get up there into the blue heavens ! You can do it if you try. Don't be content to crawl down there in the marsh. Out with you ! And so, somehow, through what would seem to us an eternity of trying, so long it was between the first of the kind that felt the

impulse and the one that really did the thing, done it was at last in spite of the very law of gravitation, as well as by it; and there he was, as I have seen him, soaring over the blue summits, screaming out his delight, and spreading out his pinions on the free air, twelve feet, they said, from tip to tip. I like the suggestion, because it is so true to the life we human creatures have to live,—trying and failing, setting out for Canaan and stopping at Haran, intending great things and so often doing little things. I tell you again the good intention paves the way to heaven, if it is honest and true. There is a pen feather of the eagle's wing started somewhere in our starting, and a soaring that goes far beyond our stopping. We may only get to the edge of the slough, but those who come after us will soar far up toward the sun.

So did *you* set out with a grand dream once of what you would like to do in this world,—how you would make your way to foremost place, make your fortune, write your book, strike your invention, command the listening senate or the church, be one grand unit of some sort, one of the men and not one of the masses of men, and rise above the average mediocrity into a distinct nobility. And do you find now that this can never be your fortune and lot, yet have you done your best, and kept your face fair toward the Canaan of your heart's dear desire, lying still in the far dim distance, do not lose heart or hope. Mind the parable of good old Terah, and thank God and take courage. You have not labored in vain. It is the first step that costs, and you have taken that step; and there will be those in God's good time who will take up the march, and do what you had to leave undone.

Or is there a divine ambition reaming and pulsing in the heart of your youth to go the whole way and do the grand work for God and man your nature calls for? Mind good old Terah again, and push out and push on. Would you be a leader and no mere follower in the wider and divine

life, *now* is the accepted time. Wait a few years more, and you will lose your chance to be as Abraham, the father of the faithful, and must take a lower and poorer place with old Terah, when you have done your best.

Do you say, finally, What is the use, and where is the need? the ages have answered that question. "There's na new guise that is not auld," the Scotch poet sings; and we strike the old parable in our new life. We strike the new lands, found cities and states. We are greedy for land, greedy for gold and iron, for anything we can clutch. It is the first man of the earth earthy; but we must have a nobler and a better ambition, or we can have no cities worth the name, and no states that will be fair stars in the zone of the republic. We want a new and nobler man, and a woman who is more than his peer. We cannot stop with the idols of silver or gold or brass. This is only the first step, the perseverance of the sinners, who make such things their gods. We have to melt them down, and reveal the perseverance of the saints, in schools and churches, in libraries and colleges, in a finer moral life and a spiritual life to match. Then we can hope to found lines more noble than this from which the prophets came, and the psalmists, and the apostles, and the Lords Christ. And new Bibles will grow out of our life, also greater and better even than this we treasure; and, true to this great sacred law of our life, this city of ours shall be beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, and this land lapped by the greater ocean shall also be the holy land, and her mountains outshine, as they overtop, Tabor and Hermon and Sharon.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 22, 1901.

No. 20.

SERIES ON
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GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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SAVIORS.

IN the first chapter of Matthew, at the twenty-first verse, you will find these words, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus,"—"Jesus" translated means Savior,—“for he shall save his people from their sins.”

All nations, all religions, have had their Saviors. But, as we study them, we find that the beliefs concerning what men need to be saved from, and how this salvation is to be accomplished, have been widely divergent. We find still further that, even in the same religion concerning the same supposed Savior, the same ideal has not continued. The thought of the people has changed concerning the nature, the office, the work of the Savior, in accordance with the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of the people. We shall find this point clearly illustrated when a little later we come to consider what people have believed concerning Jesus.

From the beginning of the world, as men have looked over human life, the evils that afflict us have been patent and observable. Men have suffered from physical pain; they have had mental sorrows. There have been hunger and want of every kind,—disease, vice, crime, death. These have always existed; and men have always of necessity had some theory in the light of which they have accounted for them.

It is inevitable that men should have asked: "Why do I suffer? Why do pain and sorrow and moral evil, want and vice and crime, exist?" And, when we consider the mental condition of early men, the answer which they gave to their own questions was the most natural one in the

world; and yet it was a magical, a supernatural answer. Men believed, and they could not have believed otherwise, that they were surrounded on every hand by invisible beings who were able to help or hurt them as they pleased. And they have supposed that these beings were some of them friendly, some of them hostile, some of them perhaps fickle and changeable, now on good terms with them and now opposed, according to conditions. And they have believed that all these evils were brought upon them by these invisible powers.

A study of early man, for example, shows us what we should not have supposed before that study,—that death itself even has never been regarded as a natural thing. It has been hard for them to believe that men must die. And, when a man has died, instead of supposing that it was the necessary result of some inevitable, natural cause, they have always believed that some enemy has killed him. If that enemy was not visible, then invisible,—some spiritual being. This in illustration of the universal fact that they have attributed the existence of all these evils to hostile spirits in the Unseen.

Now you will readily see that the method by which they would attempt to be free from these evils would naturally be determined by their theory as to the cause of them. They were caused by the enmity of invisible beings. The thing to do then, of course, is to win the friendship, the good will, of these invisible people.

No other method would even occur to them; for they knew nothing of what we mean by nature, natural forces, natural laws. How, then, would they proceed? Naturally, they would proceed as we know they did. They attempted to bring to these invisible beings such offerings as they supposed they would desire, that they might win their regard. And as the first great want of man—pressing upon him with a force in those early times that it is impossible for us now to conceive—was the satisfaction of hunger. And we

know that they believed that these invisible spirits needed food. They ate the spiritual counterpart of the visible thing which was the supply of their own needs. And so modern research has revealed to us what has been known but for a little while, that the earliest idea of sacrifice was that of a common meal partaken of by the god and his worshippers together. They brought some animal, sacrificed it, poured out the blood upon the altar; and it was believed that the god communed with them as a partaker in this common meal.

And just as you find among the Arabs, for example, to-day, that, if they have eaten with even an enemy, they feel held in bonds of amity for at least a time, so it was supposed by these early ancestors of ours that, when they ate with the god, it was a sacrament by which they were bound to obedience and service; and the god was equally bound to friendship and protection. This was the early idea of sacrifice.

But change comes over all these ideas as men themselves change and develop. So by and by, instead of its being simply a common meal, it was a gift to the god; and they came not only to bring him food, but anything else which they supposed he might desire. And then there entered in at last, not simply the offering of a gift, but the sacrificial deed. It was a victim, offered to please or placate the supposed anger of the invisible Being; and, naturally, this underwent a transformation until people came to feel that the finer, the more precious the victim, the more power over the invisible deities. And so there arose not only the offering of food, gifts of one kind and another, not only the slaying of animals, but human sacrifice,—not originating, as you might suppose, in human cruelty, but simply in the desire of the worshipper to bring to his god the most precious victim that he could imagine, supposing thus that he would obtain special favor from the deity.

We find this illustrated in that wonderful poem of Tenny-

son's, which I advise you all to read, "The Victim." There is an effort on the part of the priests to find out which is dearer to the king, the wife or their son; for the dearest must be slain. And at last he shows such devoted love for his wife that the priests make up their mind that she is the more precious offering, and seize upon her and offer her to the gods. So the idea of human sacrifice arose out of this thought that, the more precious the victim, the more power over the god. So in every nation all over the world you will find sacrificed Saviors. Our own Christ is not by any means the only one. In ancient India, Krishna, and Vishnu; in ancient Greece, Prometheus; in Egypt, Osiris; in countries of this world, among the primitive peoples here on this new continent, everywhere out of the same natural ideas have sprung this natural growth.

Not only human sacrifices, but by and by, in the case of Prometheus, Osiris, and Vishnu, divine or semi-divine beings offered, sometimes to appease the wrath of the gods, sometimes a willing victim, testifying to the love of him who was devoted to humanity.

But by and by, as civilization advances, ideas of this sort are more or less outgrown; and we see the great religions of the world develop. Among the people, in the popular religion, all these ideas that I have spoken of still holding the imaginations of the heart, but at the same time philosophical schemes as to the meaning of the universe, the origin, and condition of man, and his needs, growing up. As, for instance, merely to point them out as I pass, in China we find the work of Confucius. Confucius does not claim to know anything about the gods or any other world. He says frankly, "Why, when I do not know the meaning of this, should I try to explain any other?" But he teaches that men are naturally good, and that it is only conditions, environments, that call out and develop evil in them. So he says, If we only have before us fine models, if we keep alive the traditions of the

heroes and noble ones of the past, and imitate them, the ills of the world will be done away.

We find Gautama, the Buddhist, reforming, or attempting to reform the pre-existing conditions in India; and he teaches that these evils are incidental, and necessarily incidental, to any human finite life. We are doomed to be re-born over and over and over again,—committed to this endless circle of births, and, consequently, suffering. And the cause of it is human desire. So the way to escape is to quench desire. So he advises putting people through a discipline of moral goodness and of ascetic development, so that by and by they will outgrow the necessity of being born again, and will enter Nirvana. This is Gautama's salvation.

Mohammed originates his great religion,—which is making conquests to-day in some parts of the earth quite as rapidly as Christianity,—and he teaches that, if we only believe the short creed, "Allah is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet," and go through the routine and services, committing to memory certain parts of the Scriptures regarded as so sacred, that that alone is sometimes enough to constitute salvation; then humanity will outgrow all its sufferings and sorrows.

So we see over the earth men speculating as to what shall be done to overcome the evils of the world. And religions are not done being born yet, if we can judge by the recent cults. In Syria to-day, since he who has assumed the title of the Bab, the Gate, the Opening, the Entrance, some of our Americans have become believers in this new religion, and are trying to propagate it here in the city of New York.

Mormonism, Christian Science, show that out of this seething heart and imagination and hope and fear and love of man may be expected to come still new religions in the future. They all have for their one object to save men from suffering, from disease, from evil of every kind.

Let us turn and consider for a little our own Christian

Saviour,—the evolution and change of the thoughts which have been held concerning him. In order to understand it, we must go back to Hebrew times. The early Hebrews held substantially the same ideas of the gods and of sacrifice, even human sacrifice, that prevailed among other peoples. But, as they came to devote themselves more and more to the worship of their own peculiar God, they entertained the idea that they were the chosen people of this God. They believed this before they became monotheists. And since he was the mightiest God that there was in existence, they, as his chosen people, would ultimately be set on high among the nations of the earth.

You see the inevitable logic: Our god is greater than any other god. He has chosen us, and our prosperity comes from the patronage and care of this invisible being. Therefore, success, conquest, power over all the nations, must be ours. That was the logic.

Out of this idea, as the years went by, sprung their anticipation of a Messiah. 'Their monarchy was short-lived; but David and the glory of his reign came to be the type of all that was grand in the way of earthly rule. So they could not believe that their God was to desert them permanently. Thus, when they were carried off into captivity, it was only as punishment for their sins, and, when they became good enough, when they kept the law carefully enough, then the deliverer, the savior, was to appear. So grew up their anticipation of a Messiah, some one born as a descendant of David, who was to come and rule the world, and set them on high among the peoples.

But this kingdom as it was to be held by them was an earthly kingdom. They did not put it off in the skies. It was to be here, among men. Its capital was to be Jerusalem, which was the centre of the earth.

But he did not come. In the period just preceding the birth of Jesus the air was full of expectation. There were Christs many, "Christ," as you know, being only the

Greek form of the Hebrew "Messiah"; and anticipation was rife, and they were looking on every hand. Then came the gentle Nazarene who did not claim to be the Messiah. He did claim to teach a reform in the national religion. He did claim to speak for the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. He did speak of God's readiness, his willingness, to forgive and fold to his loving heart all the erring children of the world. And he taught that love for God and love for man was the one cure of all the evils of the world; and he is the first great teacher in history who did put forth these ideals as the sufficient means by which the world might be saved. This was the life-work of Jesus.

But the people were not ready for him; and, when he spoke against the temple, when he touched the self-love and pride of the popular party, when he discredited their sacrifices, when he said that the publican who truly repented of his sin and proposed to do right was better than the most exact keeper of the law, he cut across all their prejudices; and they would have none of him. And when they understood that he preached against the temple, and when they saw that the people followed after him, so that there might be danger of complications with the feudatory power of Rome, they cried, "Away with him!" And he was taken out to the little hill beyond the walls of the city, and hung upon a tree, and crucified. This was Jesus.

I do not believe that Jesus claimed ever to be the Messiah that the Jewish people expected. I cannot go into this in detail this morning; but we know,—we do not guess,—we know that the New Testament has been changed in a hundred different ways, as the popular belief concerning the nature and work of Jesus changed, until many a word is put upon his lips which there is no good reason to suppose he ever uttered.

Jesus, then, after he went away or during the latter part of his ministry before he died, came to be looked upon by a

party as the possible Messiah they had been expecting. He did not, indeed, do what they supposed the Messiah was to accomplish; but they thought perhaps it was only postponed, that he was going to do it, and so they clung to the belief that he was the Messiah who was to come. But it was no part of their creed that the Messiah should be put to an ignominious death; and we know from the records that the disciples, after the crucifixion, were disheartened and scattered. The two on the way to Emmaus, say, "We trusted that this had been he who was to have redeemed Israel." But that trust is broken and destroyed.

But the love and reverence for him had entered into the hearts of those who stood closest to him; and, as they thought the matter over, they perhaps quite unconsciously began to reinterpret the Messianic hope. The idea sprung up that he had simply gone into the heavens for a little while and that he was coming back again to establish the Messianic kingdom here on the earth. If you will read the New Testament with that thought in mind, you will find it all on tiptoe with expectation of what is called the Second Coming of Jesus; and the words are put into the lips of Jesus himself, the definite statement that he was to return before that generation had passed away.

And, then, they began to wonder why he was allowed to be put to death; and the old Paganism of their past — the Paganism of the Old World — swept over their thoughts, and the idea took possession of them that he was a sacrificial victim, not merely a natural human martyr, the Son of God and the Son of Man, dying as thousands have died for his great truth, but that he was a victim, a divinely appointed victim, and that he suffered and died — not lived and taught — to save the world.

And what did they suppose he was to save men from, and how was it to be explained? And here is the point I referred to near the beginning, when I said I should indicate the changes which pass over the minds of people concerning

the same one Saviour. For hundreds of years,—to answer the question I have just raised,—it was popularly believed that Jesus was the price that God paid to the Devil, who had become the rightful owner and ruler of men. He paid him to the Devil's vengeance and vindictiveness, that he might redeem those who were in the Devil's own keeping in the lower regions. This was the popular belief.

Then it was believed that he died to appease the anger of God. God was angry with men on account of Adam's sin and fall. That idea, heathenish, pagan, abominable beyond all words to express, has been held by modern theologians. The idea was that, on account of the one transgression of Adam, men became tainted, corrupted sinners the moment they breathe, and that God is angry with them, and that that anger burns with unquenchable flames down into hell and into an eternity of torture. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd who died not long ago has a sermon the title of which carries the whole idea,—“Sin a Nature, and that Nature Guilt.” Thus the new-born babe is a guilty sinner, deserving eternal hell. So Christ died as a victim to appease the wrath of the Father.

Then about the tenth century Anselm wrote a book in which he put forth what is known as the governmental theory. Christ died not as a price paid to the Devil, not to appease God, but to meet a governmental exigency. God wanted to be just, but could not unless somebody suffered. So he was offered as a divine victim to appease the supposed justice of God, and make it possible for the Father to forgive.

Then there was another theory,—that he died and went down into hell so as to suffer the exact amount of agony that all the souls that were to be saved would have had to suffer throughout all eternity. So he became a substitute for human sufferings; and those who believed on him and accepted him as such might possibly be saved and go to heaven. These theories have been followed in the

modern world by what is most popular now among the liberal orthodox,—the belief that Jesus suffered and died to manifest the love of God, and not to change him, but to teach men how much God loved them and how ready he was to forgive.

So you see that the theories held in any one religion concerning the same Savior change as men grow and become more civilized. The old barbaric conceptions die hard, but they have to die when men get so that they can endure them no longer.

Now I wish you to carefully note what Jesus himself said. He says nothing about his death as a price paid to the Devil, nothing about it as appeasing the wrath of God, nothing about any governmental exigency that needed to be met, nothing about any substitutional theory, not even anything about any moral theory such as Dr. Bushnell advocated. He sums up his attitude, officially, once and forever, in that marvellous parable of the Prodigal Son. He does not think there is any gulf between God and his children, no wrath that needs to be appeased, no Devil lurking in the background to be paid his price, no substitution. The father yearns for and loves his boy, no matter how sinful he is, away off in the far country; and, when the boy rises and says, "I will go home to my father," the father does not say: "Well, what offering are you going to bring? How are you going to appease my wrath?" He does not say, "The family government will go all to pieces if I forgive you without somebody suffering." He does not say anything. Only, the moment he sees him a great way off, he runs to him, and falls on his neck, and kisses him, and then makes a feast, in the gladness of his heart, because he is come back again.

That is the official teaching of Jesus as to the attitude of God towards his erring, sinful children.

If Jesus had known anything about these theological schemes, if he had known they were true, then was the

place and then was the time for him to tell us of it; for, if he did not tell us, he was misleading us, misrepresenting God in what was the one most vital thing in human life. This is the theory of Jesus concerning salvation.

Now I wish to turn and say that this evolution of human thought and feeling is perfectly natural, when we consider how man starts in this world, inexperienced, and having to learn the facts about the universe and human nature by centuries of study and discovery. But we have made discoveries in this modern world which account simply, adequately, naturally, justly, for the facts of human life, and for our modern interpretation of those facts in the way of what is needed for human salvation.

What do we know? We know that man has never fallen. We know that this world has never been invaded by any malign spiritual power from outside. We know that the Devil and all his hosts are the creation of the barbaric imagination. We know that there is no gulf between God and his world—his children—that needs to be supernaturally bridged. We know that there is no divine wrath against his children. We know that this world, in the main, is just what God intended it to be in process of development towards something else. All these things we know.

Now what are the facts concerning man's condition,—the evils from which he needs to be delivered? Man is ignorant, of necessity. God could not suddenly create a wise man if he tried, because what we mean by wisdom, by knowledge, is the summed-up results of human experience, to be obtained in no other way. Infinite power has nothing to do with creating an absurdity, with doing that which, in the nature of things, cannot be done. Man is ignorant, then; and he needs to know.

Another thing, man starts in life with all the inheritance of the animal world—the snake, the tiger, the hyena, all the lower animal forces and forms—surging up in his lower nature and aspiring to take command of him. He is dowered

with a divine power that, in the process of ages, sloughs off and leaves behind the animal, and climbs up into heart and brain and soul. Man, then, has this animal nature which he needs to master and control; for there is nothing, mark you, in the animal part of man that is not in its nature and essence right. It simply needs to be dominated and used, and not abused.

Man, then, is selfish, filled with greed and desire to obtain things; and it is perfectly right he should be. All growth comes from the fact that man hungers for things, and seeks to obtain them,— for bread, for love, for truth, for beauty, for all sorts of things,— and reaches out to grasp them; and selfishness, in the evil sense, is only the willingness of a man to get these desirable things at the expense of the welfare of somebody else. There is no evil in selfishness anywhere, except right in there. Man, then, needs to be developed.

He needs also intellectual development, so as to widen his conception of the universe, and give room and range for his powers as a limitless, thinking being. All truth he needs to know. He needs also the conquest of the beautiful, to make life fair. So art is one of the ministers and saviors of man. He needs discovery, the inventions, so that he may obtain control of all the natural forces of the universe. He needs the power to create a limitless supply for his limitless needs. He needs then to be able to create wealth in all its multitudinous forms.

What is a perfect man? What would we regard as a saved man? A man who is a splendid, perfect animal, to start with, in perfect physical condition; a man with a grand brain, so that he may unlock all the doorways to the truth of things; a man loving all lovable things; a man looking up to and aspiring towards all fine things that are beyond him; a man with moral perfection, standing in perfect loving—and so just and helpful—relations to all other things that live; man spiritually adjusted, recognizing himself as a child of God, and seeking to come into more intimate and personal

relations with God. A man like this would be saved. There is nothing you could give him which would add to his perfection or his glory.

Who, then, are the saviors of the world? In some lower and preliminary sense let me note what I have been saying by implication. Those men that teach us the development of the body, that help us to find the secrets of health, are some of the saviors of mankind. Those who have helped us to eliminate pain from the world, those who teach us the secret of outgrowing mental sorrows, those who help us to discover the secrets of nature around us, and so to control the forces by which wealth is created and want is done away. They know little of what they are doing who fight against the accumulation of wealth. Humanity as yet, in spite of what we call the tremendous gains of the last century, is poor, suffering for want of a million things that can never be attained until we can control the forces of production more completely than we have been able to yet.

So the creators of wealth must take their places among the saviors of man. Those who have delved into the secrets of the earth and explored the heavens and fed this infinite hunger of man for truth,—these, if they have done nothing else, if they have forgotten religion, philanthropy, no matter what else they have done, or not done, if they have helped man to grasp and discover truth, so far they are among the world's saviors.

Those who have helped us discover and master the secrets of beauty, the artists, the sculptors, the painters, the creators of beautiful buildings; those who have wrought the earth over, under the form of landscape gardening,—all those who have been ministers of beauty are among the saviors of mankind. Those who have discovered new truths in any direction; those who have helped the world, have helped unfold and develop complete manhood and womanhood,—these in their degree have been saviors.

But, to come back again to that which is the most impor-

tant thing of all, we find ourselves bowing once more in the presence of the gentle Nazarene, *the* Saviour, *our* Saviour, in the supreme, the universal sense; and why? Jesus taught us—what? He said,—and note the significance of it,—“Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.” He put his finger on the one central, essential thing in human life. A man may miss other things,—he may miss extensive knowledge, he may be ignorant, he may be poor, he may have little artistic sense or appreciation of beauty, he may know nothing of music, all the wonderful world in other directions may be closed to him; but, if he loves, if he has learned the secret that God is love and the divine life among men is love, then he has a key to that which is the most important of all in these human lives of ours. The loving soul, the gentle spirit, the one who wishes to help God, to serve, will find this one thing alone guiding him in the midst of his ignorance. He may make mistakes; but will make no vital mistakes. He may miss much else; but, so long as he lives, he is in heaven even here among men, though in the midst of trouble and trial; for God is love, and love is God, and love is heaven.

Jesus, then, is our Saviour here. So far as the authentic teaching of Jesus goes, he does not seem to have cared for what we call intellectual truth. He gave us no philosophy, not a word of science. He seemed to care little for the æsthetic side of things. We have no intimation that he knew anything about music. He recognized the beauty of the flowers by the wayside, and saw in them intimations of the love and kindness of the Father in heaven; but as for philosophy, for science, for art, for literature,—all these things he seemed to care nothing for. At any rate, there is no authentic testimony that he cared for them much; but the one thing he did care for was that men should know that God was their Father, that they were his children, and that the way to get rid of human evils was to love men, love even your enemies, love the unlovely,—that is, love the possi-

bilities in the unlovely; love the invisible soul that might be evolved and developed; love the child of God in the tramp, in the criminal, in the outcast; surround them with this atmosphere of warmth and love, so as to make these beautiful things grow. This was the teaching of Jesus; and this is the secret of that which is most important in human life.

I do, indeed, believe that it is immensely important that we know the truth of things, that we develop wealth, that we be able to eliminate human pain, physical suffering from the world, that we develop art and beauty of every kind, that we make human life rounded and complete. But, if we have got to give up everything else, we must keep that which was the secret and teaching of the Nazarene; for that is more important than all the others combined.

So Jesus remains, in the supreme sense of the word, after all the analysis and scepticism, after all philosophy and science have done their work,—he remains for us the supreme ideal of divine manhood. So in that direction he is our Saviour. And he is the more touching to us, appeals the more directly and strongly to the heart, because he teaches another deep secret of life. He is the suffering Saviour, not simply the loving Saviour. But he is love, willing to suffer even to the death for the objects of his love; and that is the supreme thing in all the universe.

And let me note that the life of Jesus simply illustrates supremely that which is of the very warp and woof of things, that which we can read in the very beginnings of life on earth. Go down as far as you please; and, if we can interpret the life that is there, we find this vicarious, suffering love. Birds will sit upon their nests in the face of danger, and die in the attempt to protect their eggs. Let their young be attacked, and they will face any monster in the attempt to lure the invader away from the place where the young are secreted,—suffering, consecrated love, love even willing to die. Among dogs, horses, the higher animals

everywhere, if you choose to study it, you will find the illustration of this secret and central thing in all life. Life is bound together into one. No individual is anything more than an individual cell in an organism; and, if one member rejoices, all the members rejoice with it,—if one suffers, all suffer alike. We are under that law and necessity; and we cannot escape. If our friends go wrong, our hearts are wrung. If they succeed, we enter into their joy. And the ideal, true life is that which is willing voluntarily to endure this suffering, that the loved one may be benefited by it.

And so, as man has climbed up the ages, read it everywhere. What else is taught by the lives of the martyrs, the confessors, the teachers, the witnesses, those who have stood for truth? Socrates taught it in ancient Greece. The Buddha taught it in far-off India hundreds of years before Christianity was known. All over the world and in all ages, you find, however misinterpreted the fact may be in the lurid light of prevailing barbarism, the vicarious suffering saviors.

In our own country we have just passed the birthday of him who perhaps is the greatest American that ever lived,—Lincoln, the martyr Lincoln, whose power over this nation and over the world and over all the future lies largely in this: that he suffered, that he carried the burdens, the sins, the wrongs, of the American people on his wearied brain and burdened, bleeding heart, and that he died because he was faithful, as was the Nazarene, to the last extreme. Faithful to what? To an intellectual truth, to art, to beauty? No. Faithful to the moral ideal, faithful to God, faithful to man, living and dying to deliver the world from a burden of sorrow and wrong.

It is the same principle; and the supremacy of Jesus lies in this,—that he is not an isolated case, that he is not an interpolated fact thrust into the human order from without, but that he was born in that human order, and sums up in himself that which is finest and sweetest and noblest in it all—the suffering love of a savior, willing to suffer for the

sake of love, and in order to deliver the object of that love from suffering and from evil of every kind.

Father, we thank Thee for Jesus, for the lesson of his life, that we can understand it, that we can love it, that we can be touched by its tenderness and its power, and that we can enter into it and become sharers with him in that suffering love which saves the world. Amen.

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
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" Cloth, " Copy	30 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes; it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

112 1511.2
Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MES^{SE}IAH PULPIT

MAR 1 1901
NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MARCH 1, 1901.

No. 21.

SERIES ON
THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

VIII. WORSHIP

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

372 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

WORSHIP.

THE text you may find in the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the twenty-fourth verse: "God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

We have found, as the result of our studies so far, that religion is an essential and permanent part of human nature and human life; and, since worship has always been regarded as an essential part of religion, we might think it safe to assume that worship also is to be permanent. But "worship" has covered a large variety of things in the evolution of the religious life of the race. And some of these things, which were once regarded as absolutely essential to any true worship, have already passed away. Nor this alone: they are regarded from the point of view of our present civilization as not only unreasonable, but as barbaric or even immoral.

It seems wise, therefore, that we should trace the growth for a little of man's ideas concerning worship, and see, if we may, what parts of worship are to pass away, what are to be permanent, what is the essential thing in worship.

We have already seen that by a necessity of human nature man's early thoughts about God were ignorant, crude, barbaric. We have seen that men, of necessity, worshipped not simply one God, but many gods, near the beginning of human life on earth. And these gods have been very much like their worshippers. We find this to be true in any stage of human development. It is very difficult for us to think of God as anything more than the reflex of the best and highest, the noblest, the sweetest, the truest things in ourselves. And men on the barbaric level, of necessity, have

barbaric thoughts about these invisible Powers that they think of as on every hand. These beings, then, are somewhat like themselves,—having the same dispositions, the same wants, pleased after the same general fashion.

Religion in all ages has, of necessity, been the attempt on the part of men to get into right relations with these unseen Powers, if they have been polytheists, or with the Unseen Power, since we have come to believe that there is only one. The object of all worship has been to get into right, into helpful relations with these invisible Beings. And since men have of necessity thought of the gods as substantially made in their own image, as men, only invisible, larger, mightier, but endowed with substantially the same tastes and feeling, the same wants, it has been natural that, in their worship, they should try to please them, as they tried to please the visible potentates, chiefs, and kings under whose power they lived.

And what are the great needs of early man? the great needs, for that matter, of man in any stage of his career? What are the few chief things that men have cared for? Food, drink, gifts, the gratification of their physical desires, praise, honor. And early worship has always attempted to satisfy these supposed needs and desires of the invisible Powers.

The first forms of worship, then, were bringing to the gods gifts of food, no matter what the particular kind of food may have been that was accessible to the particular tribe engaged in this worship,—grains, fish, flesh, anything that the people were accustomed themselves to feed upon; drink, poured out as a libation or as an offering. You must remember that they supposed that always these invisible spiritual beings partook of the spiritual or invisible parts of the food or the drink. Then there were offerings of all sorts, gifts of whatever the tribe or the tribesmen might value. Articles of clothing, weapons of war, decorations, ornaments, works of crude barbaric art,—all these things were brought, and by the

grateful hearts poured out as gifts to the objects of their worship.

Sacrifice, as we have already seen, came to be an important part of this worship; and, the more valuable the thing sacrificed, the more it was believed that the divine beings were pleased. So there came to be human sacrifices. There came to be believed in the sacrifices of beings who were half-human and half-divine,—Titans, demigods, incarnations of the invisible Powers. So the ages went by, and men climbed ever up to higher and higher levels of civilization, attained the ability to think finer, nobler thoughts of the invisible Ones, came to admire themselves sweeter and nobler things. And so the form of service, the attempts at worship, gradually tend to clarify themselves as the ages go by, and to come nearer and nearer to that ideal of spiritual worship for which Jesus stands, and which he taught as the first great duty of man.

I need, before passing from this part of my theme, however, to note certain other things which in the early world were regarded as important elements of worship. We find in Greece, in Rome,—indeed, in nearly all of the ancient nations,—that such things as now have generally passed out of civilized thought as connected with these matters were considered of even chief importance. The robe that the priest wore; the attitude in which he stood during his service; whether he faced to one quarter of the heaven or another; the implements to be used in the sacrifices; the forms of speech which he uttered; the tones of voice in which the words were spoken;—all these things have in some part of the world and at some stage in the history of humanity been regarded as of the very chiefest importance. There have been whole ages during which it has been believed that men could not acceptably approach God unless they had certain definite intellectual ideas concerning him, unless they held to certain articles of belief as essentials of their creed.

We find, as the Hebrew nation developed, that it gradually outgrew the older and cruder ideas concerning worship. It would be revolting if I should describe to you the actual ceremonies of the service in Solomon's time. The temple on these great occasions was one vast slaughter-house, hundreds of birds and animals being slain, and their blood poured out, and the service requiring great numbers of men in order to carry it on. The day came, however, when the people could no longer believe that the great God sitting up in heaven cared for these things; and the prophets made God say: "Away with all these sacrifices! They are a weariness and an abomination unto me. I care not for your burnt-offerings, for your rivers of oil that you pour out. What I want is a humble and contrite heart."

We come at last to the time when the prophet could say, "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God," was the one great essential on the part of him who would come as a worshipper into his presence. And then, at last, we find Jesus talking with the woman of Samaria by the well, and putting away one after another the old conceptions of worship, saying that sacrifices were not essential; it was not necessary that the worship should be offered on Mount Gerizim, neither in Jerusalem, in the temple; none of these things were important; God was Spirit, and the true worshipper henceforth must be he who could worship God in spirit and in truth. These were the ways by which God was, gradually, by the process of civilization, sifting out the nations all over the world, gathering to himself his band of true worshippers, who cared not for the outward essentials, but only for the inner condition of the heart.

As we look back over these things that have been regarded as essential elements of worship in the past, may we not rightly measure them in the light of our loftiest conception of the infinite and eternal Spirit, who is the life and the heart and the soul of this universe that overwhelms us by its immensity? Can we think of God as caring to have

an animal killed and burned to please him? Can we any longer believe with the writer of Genesis as he describes Noah making a sacrifice after the flood, and the great God up in heaven smelling the savor of the burnt flesh and being gratified and pleased by it? Can we think of God any longer as needing to be fed? Did he not say by the mouth of his old prophets, "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee; the cattle on a thousand hills are mine"? Can we think of him any longer as needing drink?

And yet so enduring are these traditions and customs that they seem to become ingrained as a part of human nature. When we launch a ship here, in free America, even to-day, we must go through the last attenuated, worn-out remnant of that old, once universal custom of giving the gods drink, by breaking a bottle over its prow. So much is left of the once universal office of libation,—pouring out drink to the invisible Beings.

Can we think of God as pleased with a gift? Even Plato had reached the point where he said it was degrading for us to suppose any longer that the gods could be bought, could be pleased with offerings of that sort. And yet men all over the world, if they wish to gain a favor of their king, their chief, their ruler, have come with a gift in their hand, not expecting to be received otherwise. Almost universally they have carried over this conception into their worship, the invisible one from their point of view being like a chieftain who needed to be bought, placated, who cared for an offering, or who needed to have some one, a friend, a bosom companion, a favorite, intercede with him, plead with him on behalf of the petitioner. These ideas have been ingrained as parts of almost all the great religions of the world.

I remember some years ago, when I was in Rome, visiting one of the three or four hundred churches dedicated to the different Marys, and finding a statue of Mary before the altar almost buried under gifts,—rings, bracelets, jewels, rich clothes, valuables of every kind, brought on the suppo-

sition that she would care, and that she would plead, perhaps, with Jesus, and that Jesus would plead with the Father, and so the worshipper might win at last by this roundabout way the favor of Heaven.

Can we believe that the infinite God of this universe cares about our personal adornments, the robes we wear? that he cares about the arrangement of the altar? that he cares whether we occupy an eastward position or look west or north or south? Is there any point of the compass to which we can look, and not be face to face with God? The Jew thought he must pray looking towards Jerusalem; the Mohammedan worshipped looking towards Mecca; and almost throughout Christendom to-day — as a relic of pagan sun-worship — emphasis is still laid upon the eastward position in prayer, looking towards the point from which the sun is to appear in the morning.

Can we believe to-day that the infinite God of this universe — who knows how we in our childhood and ignorance seek gropingly after truth and so many times fail to find it — will reject us and cast us out on account of some intellectual conviction to which, after long struggle, we attain? Does he care so much for the words on our lips or the thoughts in our brains, or does he really care for the attitude and love and tender feeling of the heart?

What is it that the great God in heaven wants of his children? We wish to-day, just as much as did primitive man, to get into right relations with God. It is the one eternal search of the religious effort of the race — to get into right relations with God; and we wish, if we may, to find out what God wants us to do in our worship, in order that we may come into right relations with him. What is it that he chiefly cares for as the essential element of worship? Is it any of these things that we have been dealing with? Can we believe that the real God of the real universe, infinite and eternal, cares for these little, petty, childish affairs?

There are two or three things still held—at least, in some sections of the Church—which are old relics of Paganism, and which are so important that it seems to me worth while for a moment just to point them out. I do not desire to cultivate in your minds—which have rejected these things—a sense of superiority over your brethren. I would not have you look down upon somebody who still holds—for he may be noble in heart—a barbaric idea of worship. For God, I believe, accepts the sincere soul, whatever the form of his service may be,—however irrational, however barbaric,—more readily than he accepts the clearest-headed thinker of the modern world who is not, deep down in his heart, a true and noble worshipper.

One of these ideas is that a thing is sacred merely because it is old. If you should go back and converse with an old-time Greek, when he wished to say that a certain thing was sacred in his estimation, he would use this phrase, "Such a thing is old to me." "Old" and "sacred" were identical. There are thousands of people in the churches of Christendom to-day who, unthinkingly, are inclined to worship and bow down to whatever is old. It may be true and be old: it cannot be true because it is old. It is not necessarily true because it is new; but it is the true and the real, the expression of the Divine in the universe and in life, which we wish to find; neither the old nor the new.

There is another thing already referred to,—the conception that we need somebody to intercede for us with the Father, that we need a favorite in heaven, who can get God by his persuasion to be kind to us. This is barbarism pure and simple. It sprung out of the universal experience of the ancient world with their chieftains. You go to Turkey to-day; and if you can get the ear of the vizier, the prime favorite of the sultan, you may win almost any favor. You can get almost anything of any king in Christendom if you can get the ear of the court favorite. And so people have applied this idea to God, and said, "If we can only

get somebody to plead with him for us, then he will be kind to us."

Jesus teaches another idea. God is the universal Father of us all, and loves us and will help us. God will do right because he is God, and we are his children. There need be no other reason.

Then there remains in one of the greatest churches in Christendom a relic of barbarism that, it seems to me, would be revolting to the worshippers themselves if they should stop to think of its origin and meaning. I refer to the thought that people are to be saved by eating and drinking the body and blood of God. The old barbarians believed that, if they could tear out the heart of a tiger after they killed him and eat it, they would partake of his qualities of ferocity and power. If they could eat the heart of an enemy who was very brave and strong, they believed they would come into possession of the qualities he possessed. And here, intruding itself on the very altars of our worship of the Supreme, is this barbarism, still not outgrown by the civilization of the world,—that we may come to God through the material eating of something and drinking something with these human fleshly bodies. Is that the way to become partakers of the divine nature? This is "materialism" of the grossest sort.

And so there are many elements, if I had time to go over them, that are survivals of the old Paganism still remaining imbedded in the strata that human custom had laid down as the ages have gone by.

There is a certain class of mind that revolts as it makes a study of the old ideas that have prevailed in worship, and comes to wonder as to whether worship itself is an ennobling thing, as to whether it be not humiliating to bend and bow and kneel in the presence of any one. And, then, in this modern world, on the part of those who have studied modern science, and have become overwhelmed with the thought of the magnificence of the material uni-

verse and the unchangeableness of the laws according to which it is governed, there are those who wonder whether there is any place for worship in modern life.

Let us turn now, and consider what is essential in worship and what are the implications of worship as bearing on the nature of the worshipper. Do we degrade ourselves in bending in the presence of the Supreme? As Browning expresses it in that wonderful poem "Saul,"

"With that stoop of the soul which, in bending, upraises it too,"

are we not higher and nobler when we are bent in the presence of the Divine?

We decide the rank of any being by the question as to whether there is in that being the possibility of worship. For what is worship? If we analyze it carefully, we shall find that it is not of necessity in any of these things which I have been dealing with so far, though it may be in any or all of them. It is an attitude of the soul; it is an exercise of mind and heart and spirit. When you analyze worship, you find that the essence of it is in the one word "admiration." The man who admires, the being who admires,—that is, wonders,—looks up with adoration towards something which he thinks of as above him,—that man or being is a worshipper.

Why is it that in our ordinary, every-day life we think of the dog as perhaps in some ways the noblest of animals, the nearest to ourselves? Because there is in the dog this capacity to come into personal relationship with a being above himself, to look up to that being with at least the instinctive movements of reverence, of wonder, of admiration, of love, so that the nature of the dog becomes lifted through this worshipping attitude towards his master.

Some years ago an Indian chief came on to Washington to plead with the Great Father there for something which he desired; and while he was talking with a gentleman, one day, he was asked what it was that he had seen in his visit

to the East which impressed him the most. And he said at once, "The bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis." He had not seen the Brooklyn Bridge. Perhaps he would have chosen that if he had. And the man said, "Are you not surprised at the great buildings at Washington, the Capitol, the Treasury, the monuments?" And he said, "Yes, but my people can pile stones on top of each other; but they cannot make a cobweb of steel hang in the air." Here was a recognition on the part of this Indian of the mystery, the marvel and wonder of a civilization that was above and beyond anything that his people had attained.

But right in that fact, that he could be touched with mystery and wonder and admiration, the student of human progress recognizes the possibility of his doing like deeds by and by. There was in him the ability to be developed into the creator of these great wonders that could touch him thus with admiration.

If you find a being anywhere on the face of the earth, who has no curiosity, no capacity for wonder, who never expresses surprise, who does not admire anything, you will find a being,—I care not whether he is a wealthy, worn-out modern or an undeveloped barbarian—you will find a very low grade of civilization. He will be without the possibility of coming to anything noble or high.

The next quality that I need to notice in this matter of worship, and that makes it so important for us to cultivate, is that the worshipper always tends to become transformed into the likeness of that which he admires. It is said that Alexander the Great carried with him always a copy of Homer's Iliad, and that the one great admiration of his life was the famous old Greek warrior of Troy, Achilles. And this admiration tended perpetually to transform the character of Alexander into the likeness of the old Greek hero. We inevitably absorb the qualities that we love and admire. We inevitably become made over into the likeness of those beings that we chiefly care for.

You have friends that you love and worship. You have memories of the dead that you carry ever enshrined in your hearts. They are the noblest people, perhaps, that you have ever known. They are enthroned in your admiration; and, gradually, you are being transformed into the likeness of these. This power works according to this law, inevitably. You may go through all the outward forms of worship; you may bend your head or your knees in church service ever so many times during the week; you may engage in rituals or services of any kind, no matter what; but you are really being made over by your admirations. If you go through formal services, and you love and admire something else, you are being transformed into the object that you admire. You may have the word of divine worship upon your lips; but the power is in that which you love in your heart.

Another point. Only the worshippers of the world have in them the power of growth. It is the people who are haunted by this unattainable ideal who make advances. When they climb to one level, the ideal still leads them on, and they strive after its attainment. And so it is the worshipper, and the worshipper alone, who has in him the power and potency of unfolding all that is highest and finest and noblest in human nature.

This is the reason why we have hope for those who have chosen as their heroic characters the noblest and greatest men of the world. So long as France, for example, chiefly admires Napoleon, so long there is no hope for the redemption, the uplifting, the deliverance of France. So long as we admire men like Washington, like Lincoln, counting them the chiefest heroes of our national history, so long there is in us the potency and power of developing into the likeness of these heroic, these noble characters.

If you find an artist who thinks he can paint perfectly well, there is no possibility of his becoming a great painter. If he can bend himself, his soul, in reverence before the Sistine Madonna, before the creations of the masters, new

or old, and feel that they transcend all the power of his exertions so far, and be lifted to seek after these qualities that make them supreme, then there is a chance for him to become a great artist. If men admire the truth-seekers, the leaders, the lovers, the servants of the race; if women admire such characters as Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix,—the women who have rendered the greatest services in the past,—this worship has in it the power to lift them up and lead them on to the accomplishment of similar deeds. Admiration is the condition of all that is highest and best in human life.

I want you to consider with me now for a moment the hopeful fact that there are more worshippers, and more worshippers of God, than we are commonly apt to imagine, particularly if we limit our conception of God and our conception of worship to the creeds and customs of our own churches. Let us see, then, who are the real worshippers of the world.

There are those, as we have already said, who admire; and, if they admire anything that is noble, they are of necessity worshippers of God, whether they think it themselves or not; for God is the one and only source of all that is noble and fair and supreme. Take the worshippers of natural beauty, for example,—Wordsworth, or even Byron. We are not accustomed to think of the latter as having a religious nature; but some of the finest bursts of admiration for the beauty of the world to be found in the poetry of England are in his works. Any one who admires natural beauty, who is touched by a flower, whose tears start when he listens to the music of the wind in the trees, who is awed and thrilled by the stars in the night heavens, who is uplifted in the presence of mountains, who is stirred by the music of the waves upon the seashore,—any man who thus loves and admires natural beauty is a worshipper of God; for that, as far as it goes, is an expression of the thought and the life and the beauty of God.

Then, if you are a worshipper of artistic beauty,— pictures, sculpture ; if you are touched and thrilled by music,— you are worshippers to this extent ; for these, again, are, so far as they go, manifestations of that which is divine.

Suppose you are a worshipper of truth. This worship of truth is one of the most modern of all characteristics,— care for truth, truth as such, truth wherever it leads, belief in truth as from God, as supremely from him, and only from him. This is a very modern characteristic. So I love to believe that Huxley, though not a worshipper of God in the popular sense, though he would not say really that he believed in God, counting himself an agnostic, was one of the devoutest of the modern worshippers of God ; for there has never lived a man with a supream care for truth as he, according to his methods, was able to discern and demonstrate it. He cared so much for truth that in the presence of death itself he would not allow himself to be comforted with any consolation for which he could not bring the defence of his reason, as he was accustomed to use it. He said : I may not have comfort,— of course, I am only quoting the idea,— I may walk in darkness, I may go out into the unknown, not knowing whither I go. I may not feel at all certain that God is guiding me or that he cares for me. But I will be true to myself : I will not lie. He was grandly true, then, to what he regarded as the truth. And, since God is truth, and truth is one great manifestation of God, he was nobly faithful to so much as he could see of God. So far as he went, therefore, Huxley was a devout worshipper of God.

Take an illustration in another direction,— Charles Sumner. We all grant that he was one of the noblest men that ever lived. When some one asked him about the two commandments of love to God and love to men, he frankly said, “ I am not sure that I know anything about the first ; but I have tried to keep the second.”

These, then, who are devoted to the service of man, who

care for human welfare, human progress, human advance, who try to lift off human burdens, break human bonds and set the world free,—these men, whatever their theological ideas, are worshippers of God.

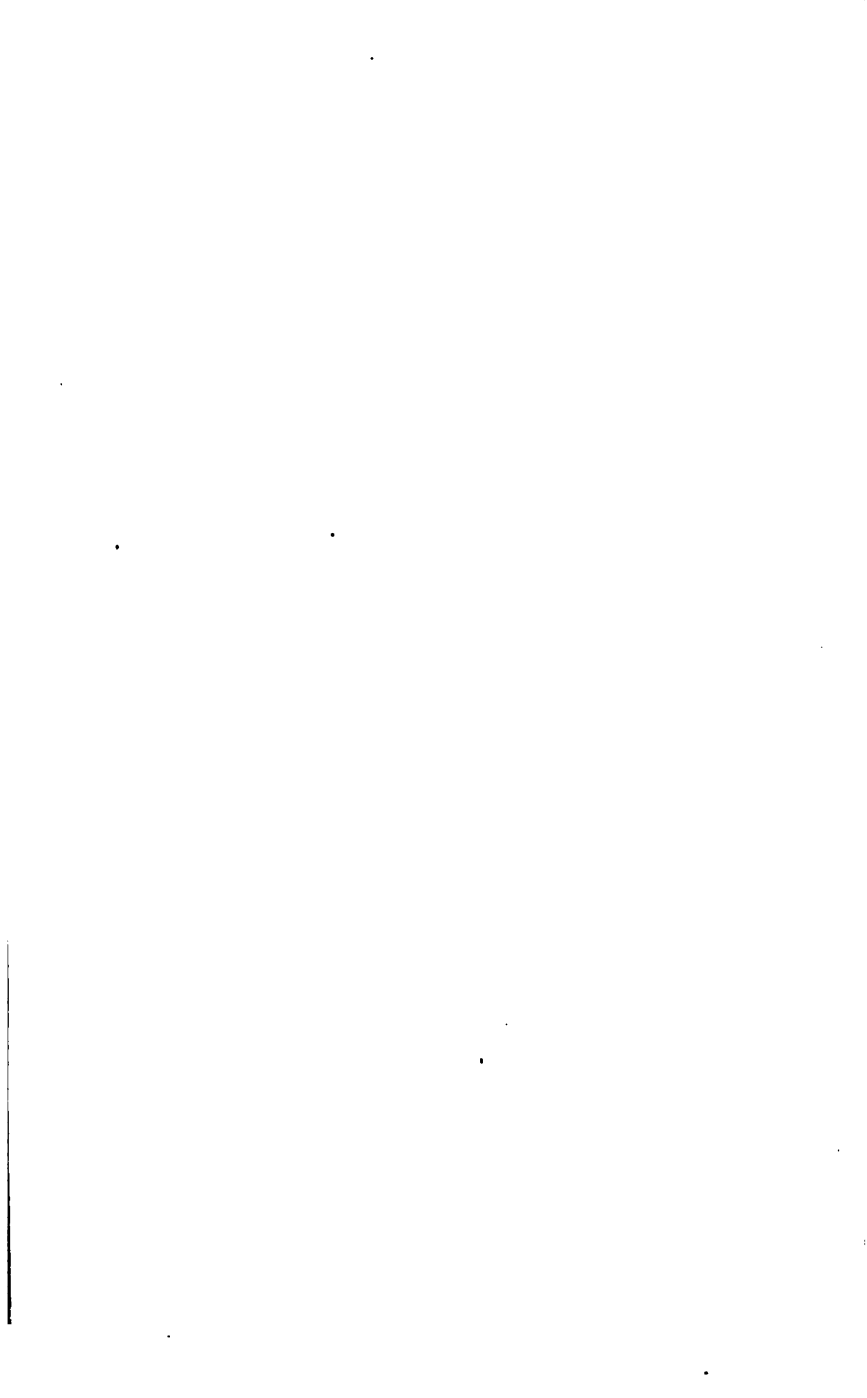
So we may say of those who have had a supreme care for righteousness, that the world should be right at any cost, though the heavens might fall,—these men, whatever their theological ideas, have been worshippers of God. It is said that Wilberforce, who was the master leader in the abolition of slavery in the English colonies, was so absorbed in his work that, when some zealous religionists asked him one day if his soul was saved, he said he had been so interested in carrying on this great life-work, of benefiting the world, he had not often stopped to find out whether he had a soul. Truly, a man like that was a worshipper of God.

And so in every nation, in all ages, under every sky, men who have worshipped beauty or truth or the ideals of human service, of human goodness; those who have loved the high and fine things which are the manifestations of God,—these are worshippers. And whether they are in the woods with Bryant, who says that the woods were God's first temples; whether they are in some pagan temple and have never heard of our religion; whether they are in Rome in St. Peter's; whether they are in a Quaker meeting-house, where the form of worship is so simple that often it consists of sitting and waiting for the moving of the spirit,—wherever they are, if they admire whatever is lovely, true, and noble, and are lifted and moved by a desire to help on and benefit the world,—these are the true worshippers of Him who is Spirit, and who desires to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

But, while they who admire beauty or truth, they who are awed by mystery or lifted by music, they who admire heroic deeds or consecrate themselves to human service,—while these are true worshippers of God, and far above those who are punctilious in ceremonial while lacking the love

which is the great essential, there is one thing which is better yet. These admirers of the external manifestations of the Divine may be only in the outer courts of the temple. There is an inner holy of holies, into which the great spiritual leaders of the race have shown a way. Blessed are they who find the door, and are admitted to the presence chamber of the King,—better yet, who are folded close to the loving heart of the Father.

O God, we would worship Thee in simplicity ; we would bring the gift of love, which is more than all forms and all words. And may our love blossom into such service as may lead others to Thee.



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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MARCH 8, 1901.

No. 22.

SERIES ON

**THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION**

IX. PRAYER

GEO. H. ELLIS
373 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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(M. R. & 1901)

P.RAYER.

THE text you may find in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the seventh verse, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

The changes in thought and theory which are compelled by the moral and intellectual advancement of the world finds one of its best illustrations in the matter of prayer. In the childhood of the race, prayer was the most natural and simple thing in the world. There were in the thought of the people many gods with different dispositions and different degrees of power; but, so far as they were able to accomplish the things which their worshippers desired, prayer to them for these things was common and unquestioned.

They were looked upon — these invisible potentates — very much as were the visible chiefs and kings. They could not do everything, and opposing chiefs and kings might stand in the way of the things they really desired to do; but they could be approached, they could be petitioned. If you brought an acceptable gift in your hand, if you happened to find the tribal god in a favorable mood of mind, if you could approach him through some favorite, some mediator who had always access to him, if you could come in the right way and at the right time, it was the most natural thing in the world that your petitions should be answered, and the gifts you desired bestowed upon you.

And when, in the course of human civilization, the most advanced races came to be believers in only one God, the conditions were not very much changed. God was a being not very far away, sitting on a throne surrounded by a court,

attended by a retinue of angels ready to go on any mission on which he might choose to send them ; and it was very easy to ask him for whatever you might desire.

But here again, as in the case of the old-time polytheists, you could not always be sure of having your petition heard or of having your request granted. You must come to God in the definitely appointed way. You must bring an acceptable gift ; for this idea was not outgrown in the old Hebrew days when the prophets told the people that their prayers were not answered because they had not brought the tithes into the storehouse. There were ways of appealing to him that were more likely to succeed than others. You must approach him in a definite frame of mind. You must have faith. You must be earnest enough. You must continue tireless in your petition. You must come by way of some mediator,— some favorite who was supposed to have the ear of God at all times. If you did this, you might expect an answer to your prayer. And if, as was too frequently the case, the prayers were not answered in the way in which the petitioner desired, it was easy enough to find an excuse for it,— a reason without touching the efficacy of the idea of prayer itself.

There was not a great deal of change in the theories of men in regard to this matter from the old days of polytheism, even after the belief in one God came to be the practically universal one among civilized nations. Among our own ancestors here in this country, within two hundred— may we not say within one hundred— years, practically the same ideas prevailed. God could be petitioned for rain with the expectation that the rain would come. We could ask God to give us prosperous seasons,— that the crops in the fields might grow, that they might come to their harvest. If a friend was going to sea, it was believed that prayer would have some definite effect upon his safety as he went in his ship down into the great waters. If a friend started off on a land journey, prayer in some mysterious way might touch

the question of his safety there. If a friend was sick, prayer was believed to have power to cure disease; or, at any rate, prayer could touch the one power who held in his hand all the issues of life. And if we prayed in the right way, with the right spirit, and persistently enough, it was supposed that almost anything might be accomplished.

And why not? The universe for hundreds of years after Christianity began its career of conquest over the civilized world was a very small affair. Up to within four hundred years ago it was no larger than what we think of our solar system as being to-day. It was only a little way above the blue that the heavenly court was situated. And there was no reason that the people were acquainted with why God, at the request of one of his children, should not make almost anything come to pass that might be desired.

God was outside of the universe, and stood in such a relation to it as a king stands to his kingdom. He could issue an edict, and have his will carried out. There was no popular knowledge of nature and natural law that made this seem difficult or unreasonable. This was the condition of things, practically, till within a hundred years ago.

It is true that the old Ptolemaic system passed away, and the Copernican slowly took its place in the thoughts and imaginations of men; and it is true that the priests of the Catholic Church, and the ministers in the Protestant, began to be troubled by the beginnings of scientific thought. When Kepler discovered the laws of planetary motion, when Newton discovered the law of gravity, there were those that raised the alarm, and said that these scientific men were taking the world out of the hands of God and putting it into the keeping of a law. They had the feeling that, somehow or other, barriers were being raised between them and their heavenly Father, and that henceforth communication and the answer to prayer might be more difficult than it had previously been. But, until within comparatively recent years, any and all difficulties of this sort were very few and troubled not many minds.

But two great things have happened within a hundred years. The world has waked up to such moral and spiritual and humane thoughts about God as have not previously prevailed; and then a new scientific revolution in our thought about the universe has taken place. These two things have raised a host of difficulties in the popular mind concerning the possible efficacy of prayer.

Let us first deal with the moral difficulties for a moment. Perhaps I shall be speaking for others if I speak of experiences I have passed through myself. The first difficulties I ever had with prayer were not scientific ones. I began to raise questions like this. I said, "What is the use of my elaborately telling God a thousand things which he knows better than I do?" That was one difficulty. Then I said: "God is at least as good as the best men that we know. He must be infinitely good if he is God. Why, then, should I plead with him, beg of him to be good, try to persuade him to be kind to me, to give me the things that I need?" This difficulty became almost insurmountable to me.

And then, as I looked over the world and thought of praying for the world's salvation, I was taught, on the one hand, that the number of those who were going to be saved was definitely fixed before the foundation of the world; and I wondered, if that were true, how my prayer was going to affect the matter any. On the other hand, I was told that all men were perfectly free to accept the salvation, if they would. I was told that this freedom of the will was such that a man might defy the Omnipotent, if he chose, forever. So I said to myself, "If he can and if he chooses to, and if God even cannot move him, why should I pray to God to move him?"

Difficulties like these were the ones that pressed upon me first and most heavily. I began to feel that the kind of prayer-meeting in which I had been trained as a young man presented more difficulties to the religious life than it did help. I used to go as a boy to one of these meetings, and

have it proved to me conclusively from Scripture that thousands and millions of souls were going every year to perdition because people in small country towns here in America — on another continent — did not pray to God hard enough to save them. It seemed hard to me that salvation should hang on such a condition.

I used to hear a man in the prayer-meeting, when I was young, say over and over again in his prayer, "It is time for thee, O Lord, to work,"—the impression being made in my youthful mind that, if God could only be roused and got to be interested in it as we were, something might be accomplished. I came to feel that those prayer-meetings bordered closely on irreverence instead of piety, and that this besieging God, begging him to be good, begging him to save the souls of his own children, was not the highest kind of trust and piety. That kind of prayer, that way of looking at prayer, troubled me; and I confess I have never been able to see a solution of that difficulty except the belief that God, the perfect, loving, tender, true Father, will do sometime, somewhen, somewhere, all that is best and noblest for all his children.

Then there sprung up no end of scientific difficulties. We have come to hold a new conception of the universe. We have found that nature is a perfect order, that everything works in accordance with — so far as we can see — unchanging law.

And so the religious world has been perplexed by the difficulties that spring out of this great discovery. There is no question as to the fact, it seems to me, any longer. The greatest scientific minds of the world tell us that they find no tiniest corner of this infinite universe where there is chaos or disorder. Everything is working in accordance with unchanging methods which we call laws.

Now, then, let us face this fact for a moment. Do not be troubled by the negative side. Wait till I get through with it. Let us face this fact for a moment, and see where

we are. Suppose I pray for rain. 'Do I appreciate what it means? To add to or take away from the atmospheric condition overhanging the city of New York to-day by one tiniest particle of moisture would be as much a miracle as though I expected by a prayer to hurl the Catskills into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. A chain of cause and effect runs back to the very beginning of time and on to the very end; and these atmospheric conditions are links in that chain.

Suppose I ask God to guard the safety of a friend who is in mid-Atlantic on an ocean steamer. Is there any conceivable relation—I ask you to think carefully—between a verbal request of that sort and the weather on the Atlantic, or the condition of the ship, the way in which it is built, the competence of the commander, the order of the crew, the conditions on which safety depends? Would my prayer move an iceberg out of its course or change the sailing of the ship? Do we to-day, any of us, conceive a possible causal relation of that sort?

Suppose that I should, being a farmer, wish my potatoes or wheat to grow. Now what is it that makes potatoes and wheat grow? In the first place, good seed; next, good soil, fertilizers, a proper quantity of rain, sunshine,—all these conditions. Is there any conceivable relation between a prayer and a change of these physical conditions of earth and air? Do we not, all of us, feel that we cannot find in these a place to put a petition as a causative force?

So in any department of nature—it makes no difference where we turn—are we not confronted by the same facts? Suppose a friend has started across the continent by railway train; and somewhere there is a bridge which the engineer did not build as he ought to have done. He put in poor material, or some of the timbers have decayed since the bridge was built. It has not been properly inspected. The desire of the corporation to make as much money as possible has kept it from making needed repairs. Now is

there any relation between my prayer and a rotten timber or a cracked bit of steel or iron? So in case of illness. My friend is sick. I stand by his bedside, and see him suffer. Perhaps the last few moments have come; and I watch the lessening breath, and my heart cries out for help. I would give my life if he might live; but are not these physical bodies of ours under the inexorable law of cause and effect, exactly like railway bridges, ocean steamers, and crops of wheat? Is there any relation between the utterance of my wish and the course of the disease?

These will do as hints of the difficulties that confront us on account of our new conception of the scientific order of the world; but so long as God was conceived of as a being outside the nature of things, who had made it as a man makes a machine, it was easy to say a miracle might be wrought. God could increase the speed with which the machine should run, presumably, or he might slow it up, or he could break through and cause these forces that are at work to accomplish results that they would not but for his interference. This is the old theory of miracle, which was believed in and defended for generations.

They said, This is God's universe; and, suppose it is a great mechanism, cannot he interfere with it, and make it do things that otherwise would not have been done? Presumably, he might do it; and yet there always remained the great question of fact. As we studied and observed, was there any reason to suppose that he did do it? Had any one seen cases in which it had been done? And so the human heart, with its wishes and hopes, was thrown back upon itself, and people began to feel that they were shut away from the Father in heaven, could not any longer approach him and receive his help and care.

But now we are gaining a new thought about the universe and about God's relation to it. The best thinkers of the modern world no longer conceive of God as outside the universe, which is a mechanism which he has made and

set going, and with which presumably he might interfere if he chose. We have come rather to regard it as an organism, as alive from centre to circumference, and God as its life. And so this order that we call changeless law is only the method of working of the God who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning"; and we trust him, and we love him, and we are able to live hopefully and successfully because there is no change, no shadow of turning with him.

Suppose, for a moment, that this order were liable to be interfered with. Do you not see, will you not look into it far enough to observe, that it would turn the whole world into a mad-house? We should not be able to count on anything. Suppose water did freeze to-day at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, how could we know it would freeze at the same temperature to-morrow, if God was liable to interfere? The only way by which we can learn anything, and lay out plans for the future, and live our lives in peace and trust and hope, is because we rest forever on the certainty that God does not change.

Now all these movements and methods around us which we call natural forces and natural laws, are only the present life and activity of God, our Father, not alone in heaven, but here upon earth. This is the modern conception of the relation in which God stands to the universe.

But this only intensifies our difficulty in one way. We cannot conceive of God as undoing with one hand what he is all the time doing with the other. For the world-order is God's method, not a machine that he has made and put away from himself. It is God, right here in eternal activity; and it is changeless — why? Because the first time — if we could conceive a first time that God did anything — he would do the right thing; and with precisely the same conditions he could not do a different, that is, a wrong thing. Changelessness is an inevitable inference from the wisdom and goodness of God.

But now let us take a view of the whole matter that goes deeper than we have hitherto been ; and, if you will follow me, I think we may find that all our difficulties in regard to prayer fade away, being due to partial conceptions of God's truth and his methods of working.

Let us take an illustration as a hint of the great truth that I wish to make clear, if I can. Suppose my father had built me a wonderful house, and then he had hidden himself,—you may suppose that he might be in some room of the house inaccessible to me or somewhere else. He has built me a wonderful house, and has so arranged it that, as I make my home in it, I can touch an electric button, and straightway food, whatever I may desire, is furnished to me. I touch another electric button, and I have drink of any kind I may wish. I touch another, and clothing is furnished me. I touch still a fourth, and I have books. I touch another, and music delights my ear. I touch another, and beautiful pictures are unfolded before me. So, whatever I desire, I have by complying with this pre-established and changeless order, this condition of things.

Now, though my Father is not visible, and though I gain all I wish only by means of this pre-established order, is my Father any the less the one who gives them to me? And do I get them in any other way than by asking for them by prayer? Do you not see? We all pray as much as did primitive man. Every man alive prays every day of the year and every hour of every day that he is conscious. He cannot escape praying if he would ; for what is the essence of prayer? If I wish a thing, I am praying. If I aspire towards something higher and better or hope for it ; if I reach out my hand to grasp what I want,—I pray for that thing, no matter how long continued my search, whatever methods I may use. Anything that I strive to attain I pray for, and I pray to God for it ; for God is the one centre and source of all the riches that this universe contains of every kind, and I am his child. So, no matter

through what means or by what methods, it is prayer in essence just the same: only, when I am dealing with this lower order that I call the material, I must comply with the conditions that control that order.

If I wish my potatoes to grow, God has ordained this universe in such a way that I must comply with his conditions for having them grow; and those conditions are not a verbal request,—that is all. But, in raising my crop of potatoes, I am dealing first-hand with God just as really as when I am on my knees and engaged in what is technically called “prayer.” We must redeem our thought of this universe from secularism, and realize that it is sacred all through, from zenith to nadir,—sacred all through.

Suppose I wish to cross the Atlantic by a ship. Oh, how we petty, puny human beings do boast about our power over nature! What power over nature do we possess? We talk about wielding the lightnings, compelling the winds to be our servants. What do we do when we wish to cross the Atlantic? We construct a ship as nearly as we can, after ages of the most careful experience, in conformity with the laws that control the movement of a ship at sea; and, just in so far as we are able to study those laws carefully and comprehend them and obey them, just in so far God’s forces work for us, God’s winds blow us from port to port. We do not control the winds: we obey the winds, which are God’s present power in action.

So, if it is a steamship; we have studied for a century to comprehend in some small degree the laws that control the contraction and expansion of steam, and we have adapted our machinery to this force; and by as much as we have comprehended, and by as much as we humbly and reverently obey, by so much God in the steam propels our engines and drives our ship in the face of wind and tide from port to port. It is God doing it all the time; and our adapting ourselves to the laws of God, humbly and reverently and patiently and persistently asking God to do it,—that is

prayer in the realm where steam rules or where the winds control.

Suppose we wish to build a factory by some mountain stream. Do we compel the water to serve us? What do we do? We study the power of the water; and after years of experience we have learned that the man's mill will be the most successful one that is built most perfectly to accord with the force of the water as it runs from a higher level to a lower. So, if we ask God aright, if we comply with the changeless eternal conditions, he does it. If not, he does not do it.

So in every department of human life; we may call it ever so material, we stand face to face with the eternal God of this universe; and he turns every wheel for us, he does all the things that we boastfully speak of as our accomplishments. We talk of electricity and of illuminating our streets. We illuminate our streets if we obey God absolutely. If there is a flaw in that obedience, suddenly we are plunged in darkness; and the light does not come again until we have found the mistake and remedied it, and obeyed God in that department of his working. So everywhere the one eternal fact of prayer faces us, and rules us in every department of human life, in every department of human activity and achievement.

Every invention is a prayer, every discovery is a prayer, every achievement of every kind is a prayer. We send our trains across the plains, our ships across the sea. Our machinery hums under the influence of water or steam or electric power. Our streets are illuminated. All these things are accomplished in answer to prayer,—prayer to the universal God according to the changeless method of that department of his universe in which we wish our result.

Is prayer, then, something likely to be outgrown? Rather, as we come to appreciate it, do we find that we are unconsciously obeying the apostolic command, "Pray without ceasing"; and by as much as we pray, and pray wisely, do we succeed in every department of human life.

But now to go a step higher. We have found that this is prayer in the material ranges of the universe; but we wish moral and spiritual advantage. How shall we prosper here? If we wish to develop ourselves as moral beings, to transform ourselves until we become made over into the likeness of that which is noble and true and high and holy, we must obey here also the inexorable laws. It will not do simply to ask God to make us good, and make no effort ourselves in that direction. If we wish to become good, we study the great characters of the world; and we must be strenuous in our efforts to overcome temptation, to climb ever from higher heights to higher heights of moral and spiritual achievement. Simply words, asking God, are of no avail.

And here let me say, in general, that, if we could accomplish results we desire, merely by the shaping of breath into words, it would result in the demoralization of the world. It would be a premium on laziness and incapacity.

Suppose a farmer should say, I will not cultivate my crops: I will lean comfortably over the fence, and ask God to do it. Suppose an engineer should not take pains to build his bridge properly, trusting the train would pass over it in safety, because the friends of some of the passengers were praying. Suppose we should not send proper officers to command our ships, or drill properly the men who have charge of them at sea, and trust to prayer to avert the inevitable catastrophe that would result. Do you not see how this idea of prayer is shallow, and does not reach the heart of the difficulty?

When we come up into the higher ranges of thought and life, to our spiritual relationship to God, do we change him there any more than we affect that result in what we call the material ranges of the universe? Is God changeable up here, who is the changeless one in the lower realms of life? I do not believe it. When I pray to God, I do not expect to change him. If I thought I could change him, I would

never dare to open my lips in petition. It is because I know I cannot change him that I pray, and pray with my whole heart and soul,—pray trustingly, lovingly, confidently, that grand things may result; and why?

Let me use another illustration, possibly throwing some light upon this matter. I have a plant that does not grow. The leaves are fading and dropping off. Something is the matter with it. What shall I do? It occurs to me that perhaps, if I take it out doors, give it better air, let it be where the winds can blow upon it, where the rains will refresh it, where the sun will shine upon it, it will take a new lease of life. I do that; and the result is that, as a consequence of my effort, the plant does live and grow.

Have I changed—what? Have I changed the sun any, the rain or the dew? No. I have simply changed the relation between my plant and these forces that have in them the power of life. I have accomplished my result, however, just the same.

So I believe that, when I pray to God, when I come into this spiritual sympathy with him, this personal attitude towards him, I change the relation between my soul and God. I do not change him; but I get a result in answer to my prayer that is just as effective as though I changed him,—more effective. I change my relation to God, and the drooping life in me revives; and I have new power, new joy, a new sense of peace in his presence.

So it seems to me that from the lowest order of nature clear up to the very presence chamber of the invisible One the same law holds. God does not change; but my prayer—prayer of one kind on one level of life, of another kind on another level—complies with the inevitable and eternal conditions of life and peace. And so I gain the answer to my lifelong desire.

Even the prayers that have been most common in the past, defective as they have been, have not been all astray. That which I have been talking about, as you will recognize, has

mostly been one element only of prayer,— begging, asking for things. But the better part of prayer is not begging: it is thanksgiving, it is aspiration, it is trust, it is communion. I come into the presence of a friend. I sit and talk: we exchange ideas, this is sympathy, the touch of the hand, and both of us are refreshed and lifted up; but we have not either of us begged anything from the other, and we have not either of us expected the other to change or to become something different from what he was before.

Here, then, in trust and communion, in gratitude, are the great secret places of prayer. And these remain, as they always have been, sources of strength and consolation beyond the power of words to express. A child wakes up in the night, looks up, perhaps, from some bad dream, and finds mother bending over the cradle. He does not ask for anything: he does not need anything except the consciousness that she is there.

How many times, when a person has been going through some dangerous surgical operation, has he found power simply by clasping the hand of a friend! The pain was not abated, the danger of the operation remained just what it was before; but there came an increment of strength, a feeling of peace, because of the presence of love and sympathy.

It is the sense of the presence of some one you love which you care for. So I believe that right in here is the grandest, noblest part of prayer that no scientific difficulties can ever touch. God is my Father. I do not want him to change. I would not, if I might, ask him to take a stumbling-block out of my road. Perhaps the stumbling-block ought to be there. Suffering, as I have, so keenly, so intensely, so constantly for two years past, I am not sure that I would dare to ask this burden to be removed if I might. I should hesitate. Perhaps it is better that it should not.

Suffering of all sorts faces us in this world,— loss, death, trouble; but if we can believe that this is God's house, and

we are his children living in it, and that we are here for a purpose, that we can touch his hand or feel that we clasp the edge of his robe, even in the dark, and know somehow that it is all right, there is the power and the potency of the noblest thing we can conceive of in prayer. If we can only hear that song of Browning's in "Pippa Passes,"—

"God's in his heaven,
All's well with the world,"—

do we need to pray for anything else?

To my mind there is something superb in the authentic teaching of Jesus on this subject. He discourages public prayer. He tells us to go into our closet and talk with the Father; and, if we follow his example, he did not ask for things much. He shrunk, as we all shrink, from pain. He said: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." He did not ask for a great many things. His prayer was gratitude and trust. So it seems to me that, as we get older, as we think more deeply, as we get closer to God, we leave behind us that old attitude of begging for selfish advantages. We find that the grandest and sweetest things for ourselves do not come along those channels. Science, in its latest word, is in that utterance of Tennyson where he says:—

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears; and Spirit with Spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

We can speak to him; and so I trust myself to speak to him without caring whether my words are always over-wise and carefully selected or not. When my little boy, playing on the floor at my feet, at last tired out, climbs up on my knees and prattles and talks to me, and tells me what he wishes, do I care whether he is wise or not or whether he asks me for things that a philosopher would ask for? I do not want him to be a philosopher. I want him to be my boy.

And so, if God is our Father, I think he would get tired of us if we were always posing as philosophers in his presence. Let us pour out our hearts, and love him and believe he loves us, and learn to trust him, so that we may be patient if the burden does crush us. Only let us get hold of His hand : then we will bear the pain, we will walk, if it is ever so dark. We will not trouble. We will wait until the light breaks. Only let us get hold of His hand and feel His touch, which is life and peace.

Father, we thank Thee that we may thus trust Thee and love Thee ; that we may walk this pathway of life under Thy guidance and Thy care ; and that we need not worry much about the incidents of the way, assured that the end and all good are in Thy keeping. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

MARCH 15, 1901.

No. 23.

The Good Twenty-nine

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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THE GOOD TWENTY-NINE.

“ When the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii-forum and The Three Taverns : whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.” — ACTS xxviii. 15.

I REMEMBER an afternoon, almost three years ago, when I went out from Rome along the Appian Way to visit the Catacombs, where the dust of the martyrs and confessors was laid in the early time, and where the faithful came stealing in the dark from the great sinful city to sing their hymns, pour out their prayers, and speak to each other of their faith and hope as the Holy Spirit moved them.

The Appian Way was well worth my journey, framed, as you know, by the tombs of the noble and the ignoble dead, but ruined now past all hope of restoration or of desire by the living. And, thinking of this journey as I mused over my text, I went along the way once more, in a sort of day-dream, some forty miles or more from the city to this Appii-forum,— a place, Horace tells us, thronged in those times with barge-men from the canal close at hand, and taverns, and the small traders who supplied their needs.

And, as I watched the motley throng as it were in a glass, I saw a Roman centurion with his guard come to the place and halt with a prisoner, who was chained to one of the soldiers of the guard. He was a man weary with the journey, small of stature and bent, but sturdy of frame, and with deep lines of care on his face. But, as he stood there, I could notice a glance of the eyes keen as an eagle's, and a winsome look, touched, I thought, with a great compassion when he saw the crowd which came about him.

So he stood some moments, waiting for the captain's word to resume the march toward Rome, when in a moment there was a change of the scene. A small band of men, humble

to look on and poorly clad, had made their way through the crowd to where the prisoner was standing, and were clasping his hands, kissing him on the cheek, and weeping for joy as they cried: "We have come from Rome to meet you: we are Christ's men also. There is another band waiting for you at The Three Taverns, ten miles up the way; and we will go with you into Rome." And then in that moment the homely face grew luminous, and the good gray eyes were misty with the tears. Here was human sympathy and succor. They had come out to meet him for Christ's sake and his own. He must not go into the imperial city the lone man he had been all the way from the sea. Here was another guard and another captain,—he who had come to him on the way to Damascus all those years ago, and changed the whole tenor and purpose of his life; and then I said in my heart it was no wonder that, "when he saw them, he thanked God, and took courage."

They had not waited until he came to Rome: they had come out bravely and boldly all these miles to meet him. Then the word was given to resume the journey, and I thought the soldier would wonder at the way the old man set down his foot in the lock-step and went marching on the way to the end of the journey. And I saw them no more. But still my heart followed the old man; and I said, This is the thought and the thing I would love to dwell on some moments,—this coming out to meet him. For I suppose that no one in the world that day would be more sure than he was to fall back on the strength of God if the worst should come to the worst. But the worst had come to the best when the little band made their way through the throng so full of a warm human sympathy he could rely on as his own right hand. These were the help of God to him and his angels, more welcome just then than if they had come down through the azure vault.

These were with him; and in his letter to the infant church, written, perhaps, two years before from Corinth, he

mentions others in the city to which he was bound who had moved there, we may presume, from other cities far and wide,—men and women who had made him welcome in their homes, this homeless man, whose names he has made immortal in the lesson read just now by a stroke from the pen of Tertius, his scribe. His beloved he calls them, his fellow-workers in Christ Jesus, and his kinsmen. They are yonder holding up the white banner against the whole might of the great empire. Some of these would be there to clasp his hands and to kiss his cheek, and it may well be some were in the small company we have just seen on the way. And what a joy it would be to find these again,—these men and women on whose loyalty and love he could rest as on the foundations of God! He would be glad for every one of them; for he was very human,—no stoic as no cynic, only a whole man. And it is no matter how much faith and courage a man may have of his own, when things come to this pass, he wants human fellowship, and the clasp of the hands of those who will come out and meet him. So, while he may stand alone as the sentinel stands at his post, still, like the sentinel, he can call the company to his side, and, if need be, the corps. The man had a courage as surely equal to the demand as the deep ocean is equal to the ship, and in the great tempest, not long before we see him on the Appian Way. We can see how he would surely do the truest and bravest thing; but now he feels he is all the more a man when these come out to meet him on the way, laughing and weeping in one breath, and whispering, We are only the messengers from the brotherhood waiting to welcome you within the walls, to stand by you and to die with you, if we must, for his sake who has opened heaven to us, and brought life and immortality to light through his gospel from God.

And again we may realize how this coming out to meet him must have gone home to the old man's heart that day, because he was not only bound to answer for his life when

he came to the great city: he was bound also to be true to his great mission, for he could no more stand free from this gospel than he could stand free from the law of gravitation. Where he went, the gospel went; and, if he failed here, the undone duty would haunt him like a ghost, and have it out with him, like the cruel bite of a sin.

I think George Fox could as easily have refused to follow the inward light, or John Wesley have proven false to his gospel of free grace, or Channing and Parker to their gospel of the fatherhood and brotherhood, or Garrison grown deaf to the moans of the slave, as he could have failed to proclaim this gospel new born from the heart of Christ; and so this is what he will do at any peril of the block and the fire. But here and yonder are the good twenty-nine who will be coworkers with him in Rome, and will help nobly to send his gospel flaming forth where his own voice cannot be heard, or when the great silence has touched him from on high,—the good, true band, Christ's men, Christ's women, who will rejoice with him, sorrow with him, and help him in so many ways which will open to the master-key of their faith and love. So he will proclaim his gospel, though all Rome rise at him to hiss and howl; and they will be with him, and God and his Christ will be with him, to the end. Therefore, when he saw them, he thanked God, and took courage.

This is a picture I have loved to linger over once more, because it blends so truly with what is most noble and true in our own life first, and then with this which has flowered out from the human into the divine, and touches this truth: that, while the friendship we all count on for our choice and good treasure may be always worth its face in weight and fineness, there may be another finer still, and be as the gem which gathers all the prisms into one white glory of light; and that is the friendship and fellowship which becomes only the fairer and more whole-souled when the need is sorest in any crisis like this to which the grand

old man had come on his way to Rome, and, finally, to his martyrdom.

So in this incident we have glanced at there is the flashing forth of a truth which is just as good in its degree through our whole life as it is in this of the great apostle. And as in our Holy Book the sentence, "Every man shall bear his own burden," is only half the truth, of which the other half is this, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," so the other half of life, and the greatest after what we can do for ourselves, is what we can do for each other in some sore stress. I think it is sure to come true to us also, as our life wears on from youth to age, and recollection outgrows anticipation on our earthward pilgrimage, what we have been able to do for others in this spirit which goes forth, or what they have done for us, will come to be the best treasure we have been able to lay up, as the Master says, in heaven. Some one says, "Benefits are writ in water." There could not well be a baser word. They are written, then, with a pen of iron and graven on the rock forever. The sands of time may cover them, but the record remains. We know this, if we are worth our salt; and we count them whether in give or take among our choicest memories. It is no matter on which side the scale may turn, you still come to the story of this handful on the way that came forth to meet the man, held out their hands to him, and then held him in their hearts as he held them, marking the day with a white stone, more to him as he was to them, the good twenty-nine, than the whole two millions besides within and about the walls of Rome that day.

We have to note, also, that, apart, it may be, from our personal experience, this is the way in which a good deal of the best work in the world is done,—how the things we have to do of the most moment can go along just about so far, and then we need human hearts to beat with ours in sympathy, human hands to take hold with us, the other man or manhood to cube our own, the friends and fellow-workers

for which we are waiting at our Appii-forum, and but for which the best we can do will be lamed.

So I love to note in my reading how many there have been resolute to get an education or fit themselves for some noble art or craft, striving to find their way through the heavy frustration, and then how some generous and great-hearted man or woman finds the youth out, and, when the need has grown to be sorest, comes out and takes hold with him, says cheerful words to him, helps him, it may be, with money; but this is not the great matter. He goes out to meet him at the Appii-forum, takes him by the hand, and says, I will stand by you. So the young man, hard beset, thanks God and takes courage. So James Watt must have Black and Boulton to help him perfect his steam-engine. Until they come out and clasp his hand, he is cast down, but not destroyed; but then he goes right on, and his work gets done. And George Stephenson needs the good Quaker Pease, of Darlington, and others like-hearted of the good twenty-nine, to help him get his locomotive on the rails; and Fulton needs David Baxter to help him with his steamboat on the Hudson. So you may trace the good twenty-nine again in the great picture galleries, the museums, the courts of law, in the pulpits, and thence down to the lower lines of our common life. "The race of man would perish," Sir Walter Scott says, "did we once cease to help each other and stand by each other in our need"; for, from our first breath to the day when some tender hand wipes the death-damp from our brow, we cannot exist bare of this human succor and sympathy.

I knew an eminent and good man, whose name many here hold in reverence still, who was sent to China in his youth to be a clerk in a great house, and make his way upward, if he could. He was one of this fine quality I have in my thought, who would have got on in time and won his prize; but a great native merchant, who was taking note of his character and quality, came to see him one day, and said,

"You must go into business on your own account, and I will find the money and stand by you." The youth, as I was told, was greatly surprised, and began to tell this heathen man he could give no security, and should not be able to pay the interest on the money he would need. But the merchant said, "You are yourself the security, and there will be no interest to pay." He had not thought of this at all. He wanted the young man to be a merchant, also; and so the thing was done. He became a man of great wealth and the highest standing; while the good name has caught a new radiance in his son, one of the foremost and most honored men in our own city to-day.

So it is always with the good twenty-nine. We have not to cry out to them to lend a hand. With a heart beating through it, they come to us at the Appii-forum. We have not to seek them: they seek us. It is the good human sympathy and succor, saying, "In God's name, before you cry I will hear, and before you ask I will answer."

Once more this is the truth in the heart of the Gospels, and of our faith in God and his Christ, and at one with the apostle's words: "If there be any fellowship of the spirit, if there be any tender mercies and compassions, fulfil ye my joy, having the same love and being of one accord and of one mind."

This word "religion," they tell me, down at the root means a blending and binding together, but never, as I take it, by some string of doctrine or dogma, any more than the words are we say in the most sacred moments of our life, when the twain are made one. Religion in its intimate essence, to my own heart's insight, is very greatly a tender concern for those who need to be met and helped along the rugged and painful way. So we may say, This is our faith, and these are our works, and try to keep each apart from the other, while we might as well try to keep the waters of the Hudson apart from the Atlantic, or we may say, I will grow to my noblest and best alone, but we still need the good

twenty-nine, who are of one heart with us, to hail from, and to come out to us for succor and good cheer, though we may be as far apart as Corinth was from Rome when the apostle dictated the chapter; and the great woman's words are true: "On solitary souls the universe looks down inhospitable, and the human heart finds nowhere shelter but in human kind."

We may think of the dear Son of God as of one who was in no need of such help in the sore stress of life. When we say so, we are entirely mistaken. He needed James and Peter and John as surely as they needed him, and the good women,—yes, and the little children,—for, of all men most divine, he was also most human; and to me there is no more pathetic cry than that he makes when the great shadows of the cross and passion are falling about him there in the garden, "Cannot ye watch one hour?" and no more touching picture in the Gospels than that of the small band about him in the upper room, when he lays his tired head on the breast of the strong and stalwart apostle and dear friend, the son of thunder, who lived past his century. This binding and blending together is the mutual insurance of which the records are kept in heaven. There must always be this true fellowship, this good readiness, this warm and eager heart which goes out to the Appii-forum in the good company, few or many, but still one in heart and purpose. Show me such a man, and I will show you a holy man standing in his shoes. Show me the good twenty-nine here in our two millions and more on this river, bound together by this heart, then I will not ask them to show me their creeds or standards before I show you a church of the living God.

There was a minister in this city—who is now at rest in the blessed heavens—I was shy of meeting for some years, because my friends said he was so narrow in his sympathy toward those who could not accept his dogmas. But it fell out at last that I heard him speak at the funeral of a dear

friend who was not of his church nor creed, but of a generous and hospitable heart for all that is good and true in any church or no church. His discourse, as he stood by the dust, was the touchstone of the man's true soul; and my own soul clave to him as I listened to his words, so sweet, so generous, and so true. And when I met him, not long after, I said to him what lay so warm in my heart. Then a light came in his face and eyes, like the spring sunshine sweeping swiftly across a meadow. Friendship and good fellowship came to see what we were about; and, from that time, we were of one heart who could never be quite of one mind.

One day when we met, he told me he had been reading something I had written, and it had done him good. Then we struck the question of our diverse opinions and convictions, to find that we could no more think alike than we could look alike. Each man could only be true to his own soul. But, when this was settled, so far as it ever can be, what should we do as we sat together in his study but stray over the line of each man's limitations into the great and wide reaches of a common Christian fellowship and the love that never faileth! And, then, what should this son of Calvin do but surpass the Unitarian when he said he should preach a sermon of mine to his own people one of these days; and, when I had read a volume he gave me, I said I would do the same. But, before we could make the promise good, he was stricken down, and died.

Shall I say once more that this law of our truest life touches us who are called to this ministry, and must say with this man, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel"? And as his glory and joy, as he says, lay in those who came out to meet him and were waiting for him at the end of the long march, who were close about him, also, in Corinth and all over the lands he had traversed in the twenty-two years of his ministry when he stood there that day, so this must be our help also, who have the same work to do in this new time,—the good twenty-nine who will be our glory and our joy.

There are still churches in which the priest commands the people, and they have no option but to obey; and churches in which the iron-clad dogma still binds the minister, and, writing down its "thus saith the Lord" in letters of fire against the dark, is final for those who can accept it. But we are God's free men, and will only accept in pulpit and pew the truth which commends itself to this free mind with the promise, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It is the only bond we know of, as it is the best, the heart-whole fellowship of the good twenty-nine and of all men. This is what we need, I say, who are called to this ministry to give us courage and strength and joy for the work we have to do, and sow sweetness and light like May mornings on our way.

The minister's word may be as the ringing word of the captain at the head of his host; but, if there is no answer, only the listening,—that, and no more,—what shall we say of the host? Or his word may be burdened with his gospel of the truth, the tenderness, and the pity of God and his eternal love. But, if the word finds no answer from the good twenty-nine the man looks and longs for to cube his endeavors, no question of "What shall we do to make good the claim you have made on us?" but only the whisper, "What a noble sermon that was, to be sure!" then he might as well speak to us about the truth and all the rest of the east wind. Or such an one may come into his appointed place with the very truth of God fresh from the fountains of heaven, and pour out his soul in his words. But, if those who hear him do not bring the choicest of all gifts, this of the good twenty-nine, his word shall be like dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing up. I know of no exception to this truth of the choice little band. Leave these out of any church, and it will be as if you should sow wheat away up toward the north pole, and look for a harvest. But no noble enterprise, well worth the name, can ever fail when you can count in and count on the good twenty-nine.

711 151

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MARCH 22, 1901.

No. 24.

SERIES ON
THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

X. THE CHURCH

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

THE CHURCH.

You may find my text in the First Epistle to Timothy, the third chapter, one clause of the fifteenth verse,—“The church of the living God.”

There is a certain section of the Episcopal Church in this country that is accustomed to make the claim that that Church is the only religious organization in America that has a right to that name. This claim to be *the* Church is a very common one on the part of the Anglican Church in England; and it seems a more simple and natural claim there for the reason that it is the one religious organization recognized by the government, and established and supported by public taxation. But, if we trace the matter a little further down the years towards the far-off beginning, we find that there is another branch of the Christian Church which looks upon the Episcopal Church in this country, and even the Anglican Church across the sea, as being an upstart, a parvenu, heretical both in its order and its doctrine, as having no claim to speak for God with authority.

The Roman Church, of course, as you are aware, is the one I refer to, which holds to this position in regard to the Anglican Church and its claim. Looking further still, we find that the Greek Church looks down with a pitying sort of contempt upon even the Roman Church and its pretences and claims. Not a great while ago the pope issued an invitation to the other Churches in Christendom to help in the matter of uniting all religious bodies in one, meaning by that invitation, of course, that all other religious bodies should come to Rome. This the Greek Church treated with contempt, and made the claim that it antedated, not only

in time, but in authority, the pretensions of the power that is located on the banks of the Tiber. The impartial historical student, who has no brief to make out, no theory to support, who is simply trying to find the truth, looks into and dismisses, either gladly or sorrowfully, as the case may be, the pretensions of all three.

One claim, for example, is that the priesthood has some peculiar efficacy and power on account of what is called the Apostolic Succession. That is, each priest in his ordination has had the hands of some older priest—some one ordained before him—placed upon his head; and this one has felt the touch of a preceding priest, and so on, they claim, clear back to the apostles. And this is supposed to confer upon the priests of to-day a divinely appointed authority and power to administer the sacraments, to conduct the worship, to stand as the representatives of the divine power here on earth.

Now, as a matter of fact, two things must be said about this claim. In the first place there is not one single particle of proof on the face of the earth that is worth any honest and earnest man's attention that any such thing has ever happened, that there is any such thing as Apostolic Succession, to start with. And in the second place there is no proof that, if there were, it would carry any validity or spiritual power or divine authority with it. For there is certainly no record of the divine appointment of any such order.

There is another claim,—I think you will find this made by each one of these three great branches of the Church equally,—that the Church has been made by divine appointment the depositary of the divine truth, so much of the divine revelation as it is necessary for man to know in order to be saved. The Church has this special, specific, divine deposit of truth in its keeping,—that is the claim. Again it must be said by the calm and careful unbiassed historical student that there is absolutely no basis for any such claim.

Note, for example, the deposit which the Anglican Church holds is different from that which the Roman Church holds. The deposit which the Greek Church holds is different from both the others. Which of them is the original divine deposit? Nobody can tell: there is no record of any such deposit ever having been made at all. And, then, we know — that is too large a subject for me to go into at present — that there have been definite, distinct, important changes made in the beliefs which have been held by all three of these branches of the great Universal Church; and we know, beyond all question, that each one of them has made the most serious and lamentable mistakes as to matters of fact and truth. So there is no basis for this claim that either one of them has God's everlasting truth in its keeping; and yet it is assumed by the supposed authoritative utterances of all three of them, and assumed continually.

There is another tremendous claim that is made, this specially by the Roman Church, that it has the power of the keys,—the power to open and shut heaven, the power to admit or exclude whomsoever it will; that it stands as the divinely appointed successor and representative of Christ here on earth. Again, as in regard to these other claims, truth compels the careful and unbiassed historic student to say that there is absolutely not the slightest basis for any such claim.

They tell us, for example, that Peter was selected among the twelve apostles to be the successor of Christ, and that Peter went to Rome and became the first bishop there, the first in the long line of popes which has reached from that day to this. I challenge scholarly denial of the statement which I am about to make. Anybody can make prejudiced and bigoted denial of anything. The best scholars in the world suppose, what seems to me beyond reasonable question, that this whole passage in the New Testament about the keys and Peter was an after-thought and an interpolation after the claim on the part of the Roman power had been put

forth. Be that as it may, the one point I wish to emphasize is this: there is no historical reason in the wide world for supposing that Peter ever went to Rome at all, much less that he was bishop of the Church there and the first of the line of popes.

After the book of the Acts of the Apostles closes, there is absolutely no historical trace whatever of the apostle. The hundreds of legends that have grown up and flourished in the Church are of no more historical authority than the story of William Tell or of Hercules. So much for these stupendous claims put forth on the part of the different great branches of the Church.

When we come to Protestantism, to the ordinary run of our churches here in this country, what of them? Each one here has some peculiar and extraordinary claim to make on its behalf. I was born and trained in the Congregational Church. I have been familiar from my childhood with the supposed fact that Congregationalism was certainly the order of the New Testament, the democratic, popular method of organizing churches. That has been the special claim of the Congregationalists.

On the other hand, the Presbyterians tell us that, because "presbyters" are mentioned in the New Testament, the Church shall be so ruled. Then the word "episcopos," meaning "bishop," that is, overseer, also occurring in the New Testament, the Episcopalians claim that the Church shall be organized and governed after their fashion. Then some Churches are based on the peculiar method of what is claimed to be a sacrament, like baptism. Most of the Churches, at any rate, claim that they have some advantage over all others in either quality or order or method of one kind or another; and each of them claims that it has the divine truth as to the terms of salvation for men.

Now, when we go back and carefully study the authentic records of the life and the teaching, the sayings, of Jesus in the New Testament, what do we find? We find that

Jesus never organized or established any church at all ; and there is not a single authentic word of his ever uttered concerning the founding or the organizing or arranging of any church whatever.

In the second place Jesus never set up any standards of doctrine for the guidance or government of his disciples, whether organized or unorganized ; and he never made any particular intellectual beliefs the condition of entering any society, even the divine kingdom of heaven.

In the third place Jesus never established any sacrament, whether two, as the Protestants claim, or seven, as the Romanists insist. He never said a word about any sacrament whatever. And then in the fourth place, it was the farthest possible from fact, not only, but from the spirit and letter and temper of all his teaching, that he should have appointed an authoritative successor to lord it over his disciples. Does he not say, and insist on it with all the power of his burning words, It is the way of the peoples, the nations, the Gentiles, that their great ones exercise lordship, have authority over the people ; but it shall not be so among you ? And yet it has been more so among those who have claimed definitely and emphatically to be his followers than it has been concerning any other despotism that has been established since the earth was made. "It shall not be so among you." Whoever shall be great among you, let him be your servant, your minister. He who is greatest is the servant of all.

If Jesus were present to-day, he would wither with the burning words he would utter, the lightning flash of his speech, all the pretentious "princes of the church." I marvel, as I look at his words, however a petty priest on earth dares to arrogate to himself the title of "Father," "Father So and So," and the pope, the great father of them all, when Jesus says, Let no one among you be called Rabbi, let no man be called Father : one is your Master, one is your Father, even in heaven ; and all ye are brethren. That

is the teaching, and the most emphatic teaching, of Jesus concerning this matter of power and authority among his disciples.

How did all this come about? In the most natural way, when we consider what kind of people men and women are, the historic background of things, the experiences of the past,—particularly when we remember how easily they forgot and disregarded the first commands of the Master in so many different directions. Rome was the seat of the empire. When there came to be a church in Rome, a church in Antioch, churches in Galatia, all over the world, the church in Rome would naturally be looked upon as the great central church, because it was the church of the metropolis; and the man at the head of that church would naturally exert more power and influence than the one who was at the head of some small provincial church. We do the same thing in the nineteenth century as in the first. The minister of a great popular church in New York, if you come to a convention of ministers to discuss any matter of order or doctrine, is sure to have more influence, other things being equal, than the minister of a small church in the country, who is more likely to keep in the background. So the bishop of Rome came to claim and exercise an immense power, simply because of his position.

By and by the seat of the empire moved to Constantinople, and the bishop of Constantinople began to think that he should have the greatest power in the empire. So East and West were pitted against each other; and out of that rivalry and struggle, as real as any political fight that has been known since the world began, coupled with certain differences of doctrine which are so slight that it is almost impossible for a Western mind to comprehend what they were about, came the split, and we have the Greek Church and the Roman Church, chiefly on account of the rivalries and struggles and strife of the bishops. Rome controlled and prevailed at last, so far as the principal part of the

West was concerned, and became one of the most tremendous and most pitiless despotisms that the world has ever seen.

By and by comes the Protestant rebellion, revolution in the interests of liberty; and Luther goes to the Bible and resurrects that, and brings it into the life of the common people, and makes that his final court of appeal,—not because the Bible had ever made any claim to be such a court, but as an expedient against the pope, against Rome. So we have our hundreds of Protestant churches, each one claiming that it is based on the Bible, and only illustrating the fact that the Bible is capable of being interpreted in a hundred different ways; and all these ways may be the result of honest intention, though not of very clear-headed judgment.

So here we come to find ourselves where we are in the modern world, with these three great Churches putting forth their claims, contradicting each other, and a hundred smaller Churches that have sprung up and divided Protestantism among themselves. What is to be the outcome? Is the Church to pass away? Is it to have no more authority, no more power to play its great part in the life of the people?

There are those who tell us that science is to supersede it, literature is taking its place. People stay away from church and read instead of going to service, and say they get quite as much spiritual benefit as they could by going through what they call a "lifeless service" and listening to a sermon not over-inspiring. They go out in the woods, and say they worship God through the glories and beauties of the natural world.

So there are springing up these claims for religious life and power over the lives of men. What is to become of the Church? Let us glance back a moment, and study a few first principles and their world-wide human application. Religion — this we may plant ourselves upon as a changeless foundation — is the great central, universal, most important

element in the life of the world. It has proved itself so in every century that can be historically studied. And from the beginning we have had religion organized in some sort of fashion. There has, at any rate, been a state religion, a tribal religion, a communal religion on the part of the people, some religion in which they united because they belonged to the same tribe or were of the same kinship, or related as citizens of the same city or country,—always has there been some great national religion in this sense. And besides this there has been a family religion. Among the Romans, for example, we have the religion of the Lares and Penates, the gods of the hearthstone and the gods of the larder,—the hearth and the food. These were not missionary religions, but those which belonged to the family. The family, the city, or the state took part in these worships; but such have always existed; there has always been as much organization as this.

And, turning to the Hebrew people, we find the same ideas illustrated here. There was the national temple worship. As the law came to be written and the people came to regard it more and more highly, there sprang up the synagogue as an institution. Wherever there were ten or a dozen people, a synagogue might be organized; and in every little place, all over Palestine, it was found; and in larger places sometimes hundreds of them, as you will find a number of churches in a great modern city. This synagogue worship was for the study of the law, offering of prayers, teaching the people what was believed to be the religious and personal duties towards the divine Father of all. The synagogue, in the providential ordering of things, undoubtedly became the progenitor of the church. If there had been no synagogue, there probably would not have been the church: one succeeded the other.

So, when we study the life of Jesus, we find facts like these. I said Jesus organized no church, said nothing about the importance of doctrine, established no sacra-

ments. Why should he? It is almost impossible for us to put ourselves back in the atmosphere of that century. If Jesus be correctly reported, he himself expressly told those with whom he spoke that the world was to come to an end before the generation to which he was speaking had passed away, that he was to reappear in the clouds of heaven, to establish miraculously the coming of the imminent kingdom of God. All the disciples believed this and taught it. The New Testament is saturated with the theme, on tiptoe with expectation. Paul writes about it; it is referred to in the speeches of the Acts of the Apostles; the Book of Revelation is full of it; it is everywhere in the New Testament. People believed that Jesus was coming immediately. If coming immediately, why establish a church to set forth doctrines or beliefs? Why appoint anybody lord and governor over a church which did not need to be organized?

But years went by; and the expected change did not come. Then what? Naturally, those who believed gathered themselves together in little groups. Naturally, some one was appointed to manage the meetings, which must follow some particular order. Some one became chairman of the meeting. The elders, the presbyters, were elected to act, as having the most experience. So the "episcopos," which simply means overseer, and all the organizations we know of, came into being.

The churches grew, the more prominent churches claimed and got more power, their leaders came to be leaders in the religious life of the time; and so, springing out of these common, ordinary, universal phases of human life there unfolded—through the last eighteen hundred years—the evolution of the life of the church such as we know it—springing out of these same qualities of human nature with which we are familiar in other departments of life. So came the Church.

Is it to abide? I have said that religion is integral, central, universal, eternal. The most important fact about

a man is that he is a religious being, vitally related to God, to the unseen Power, and bound by this fact as a child of God to all the other children of God, his brethren and his sisters. This is the most vital fact about him: this is the most central, most human fact in all our human life.

Now, then, it seems to me that the Church's unassailable, indisputable claim for life and power, and for the loyalty, the hearty, loving, continuous allegiance of the people who appreciate and understand, is in the fact that man is a religious being, and that the most important thing about him is the fact that he is a spiritual child of God, and that the Church is the only organization on the face of the earth that makes this its one end and aim,—to cultivate and develop man as a spiritual being, as a child of God, to unfold his religious nature, to help develop his religious life.

Man, then, if he is a child of God, if he is a religious being, needs more than he needs anything else to have his religious nature cultivated and developed. And how is that done? In the first place there must be time, some special time given to it. If a man is going to be an artist, and there is no particular time that he devotes to learning his art, do you have much hope of him? Will he trust that it will come in some indefinite, indefinable way, whether he sets any particular time to devote to it or not? Suppose he is a lover of beauty: is it enough that he goes out and walks through the woods, and lets the beauty of the world play about him? Suppose he is a lover of music: is it enough that he listens to bird-songs and the waves on the seashore and the tinkling of the brooks as they run down the hills to the sea?

Is this enough? You know perfectly well that, if a man is to become an artist, it can be only by strenuous, patient work, day after day, week after week, year after year, endeavor, devotion. Even if a man be crowned with genius, it cannot take the place of hard work, although sometimes it has been said that hard work may take the place of genius. But,

certainly, without either one or the other of them a musician or an artist is not likely to make much progress.

Do you think, then, that men are going to cultivate their religious natures by going out, as they say, under the stars, to be lifted by the general influences of nature; by going into the woods, because Bryant has said they were God's first temples; by playing golf in the midst of some beautiful scenery? I have no objection to playing golf, and playing it on certain parts of Sunday. I am not talking now about keeping Sunday. It is simply this: that the religious nature of man, if it is to be cultivated, must have some time, some specific, definite time devoted to it, and some specific, definite, patient, earnest effort.

Is it not worth while to have some particular place? We say, "God is everywhere: he is anywhere." Of course he is. Why do you not say, I can love and remember my mother anywhere, or my dead wife, or my dead child? Why is it that you find yourself a thousand times more thrilled, touched, moved, in certain definite places associated with them, in a room where they used to live, in the presence of objects which they used to treasure? Why does a knife, or some little trinket that belonged to a dead friend, touch you and thrill you? Why not some other thing just as well?

Can you do it? Is it a law of human nature that certain places, consecrated, associated with certain definite ideas and purposes and aims are helps, and such important helps that they cannot be dispensed with? May not the same thing be true of religion?

Then some method, some order. If the artist or the student in any direction is to attain proficiency in the work which he has undertaken, he must have some order, some method, some way to go about it. Is it not just as natural and simple that we should have some order, some method, some way in our worship, in the attempt to cultivate ourselves as spiritual beings, in the attempt to lift ourselves into the light of the higher life?

It seems to me, then, that the church as an organization, having its place, its time, its methods, or ways, simply follows the precedent which has been established as good in every other department of human life. Association, for example. Can you not be just as good alone? What is the use of going to church? What is the use of joining a church, an alliance, a Sunday-school? What is the use of joining anything? Can you not be just as powerful, just as consecrated, alone? No, you cannot; and you know you cannot in every other department of human life except religion. Why should you there? Let a man have an audience of ten thousand people, and each person shut in a cell by himself with an open place in front through which he can see the speaker, cut off from his fellows, not able to exchange a touch or feel the thrill of any human companionship. Could you enthuse and fire and lift up that audience? You might as well talk to one man alone, and him sitting on an iceberg.

It is this touch of the common life, this idea that it is one people, thrilled through by feelings and emotions, that makes us able when we are together to be stirred, moved, lifted, more than when we are alone. Generals, military officers, have discovered this true in regard to an army. Organize an army. Let soldiers keep step with each other, be thrilled by common music, see those ahead marching. You can move a column as you could not possibly move an individual.

Organization in business. They are doing a great deal of work at the present time in regard to criticising trusts. The criticisms will wear out quicker than the trusts will, in my judgment; for it seems to me that they are nothing but a perfectly natural and inevitable example of those principles of organization which are greater and more far-reaching as we grow more civilized. Organization, then, is the mightiest power on the face of the earth; and a man becomes not simply one more. Each individual is multiplied

by ten when they are organized and touched and thrilled by a common life. Even a cipher becomes mighty when rightly related to other figures.

Then there is another consideration which seems to me immensely important in favor of the Church. We are engaged here at the present time in a specific, definite effort at a particular kind of reform. These waves of reform pass over us every little while: sometimes they attack one particular evil, sometimes another. Do they do permanent good? I do not think that the methods that are used do a great deal of good. They help educate the people, they help lift up the level of the moral consciousness of the time. In that way they do good. But this is the point I wish to call your attention to. There never yet has been a legal device by which people could be forced to be any better than they wanted to be,—never in any department of life.

The one thing that is necessary in order to carry on reforms, and keep people reformed, is to make the individual men and women better men and women; and there is no other way. The world, in spite of all that is said in regard to drink, is unspeakably more temperate to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Have the laws done much about it? I do not believe it. It is a matter of civilization, a matter of public opinion, a matter of social ideals. A hundred years ago it was no disgrace for a man to fall under the table after dinner. To-day it would be a burning shame, from which he would never recover. Did the law do it? The law never touched it. The law, through changing the ideals of the people in regard to what is fitting, what is sweet, what is lovely, may have something to do with it, but not directly.

So the way to reform this world,—I have no objection to your trying every other way you please,—but the only way permanently to reform the world is to make the men and women better men and women, so that you will not have to fence them out of this place or that by law, but so you can

trust them around the corner and in the dark. And the Church is the only organization on the face of the earth the one distinct and definite aim of which is to make individual men and women better.

So in the industrial departments of life. Every little while they are talking about social reorganization. The socialists think, if they could only organize society after this particular method or that, all the inequalities and evils of the world would be done away; and I find there are half a dozen different kinds of socialists, and each one believes that the other five are as wrong as the people who are not socialists at all. I believe they are all wrong. I believe that no reorganization of society can make the people who are reorganized any better than they were before.

What you need for justice in the industrial departments of the world is to have the men and women individually, personally just. Then, any method, and no method at all, will be well.

So, politically, we have had a fancy that there was some magic in a republican form of government. If you could only get all the world republics, all the world would be free. Study some of the republics in Central and South America. Study some of the ancient forms of government that were called republican, and you will find there is just as much liberty, just as much justice, in any form of government as the individuals that make up that government want, and no more. There is no magic in the organization.

Here, again, the only way to establish liberty and order politically over the world is to make the men and women of the world just and true, liberty-loving and orderly, and then — call it a despotism, if you will. If you have an angel for a despot, who cares? Call it a republic, if you will.

I speak of these extremes only that you may see that the one important thing is what men and women are. And again let me emphasize, and over and over, that the Church is the only institution on the face of the earth the one definite

aim and object of which is to make men and women better, better, better,—always better. By all this I do not mean that giving people better homes, better conditions, laws more nearly equal—that these are of no importance. I only mean that back of and below all there is the man, and that permanent good rests on his personal improvement.

The Church remain, then? The Church will remain, in my judgment, just as long as man remains a religious being. And the great object of the Church will be to create in the lives of people the spirit and temper of the Christ. That is the object of the Christian Church.

What was that? What was the spirit and temper and purpose of the Christ? I have said that it was not doctrinal; I have said it was not sacramental; it was not after the methods of authority practised by human organization. It was love to God and love to man,—that love which serves, which believes in people and lifts people, and makes them worthy of believing in and loving. That is the method, the central idea and purpose of the Christ, the one great thing he lived for.

So, then, as this Church goes on in the future, is it very important what kind of government it has, what kind of organization? I think that of very little importance. I have always been in favor myself of a democratic form of government in the Church, because I am a democrat in my political ideas. It seems to me that the Church in America, that which has a right to claim itself to be *the* Church, ought to be in accordance with American methods and ideas,—that is, democratic,—a church governed by the people, as we claim that the city, the state, the country, is governed by the people.

That is the Church, as far as the order goes; but it is all a secondary matter. Organize in any way you please, so you use the power of that organization to reproduce the Christ life in the world.

What about doctrines,—are they important? I believe

they are very important, because they are either true or false ; and, if they are false, they mislead you if you follow them. But, fortunately, there are thousands of people who think they believe things that they never put in practice. It is very fortunate for the world that they do not. They put in practice a great deal better things than are in their creeds.

So the important thing here is not what you put away off somewhere as a statement of what you think you ought to believe, whether you do or not, but what you really do believe and carry out in your life. Believe what you please, but never do what Jesus never did, and never authorized anybody to do,— never put a belief at the front door of the Church as a fence to keep any wandering soul out. Open wide your fellowship, and do not welcome in the saints only, — they can get along outside,— welcome in the sinners, those that need, the lost, those who ought to be helped.

The creed important, then? Yes, but not as important as your feeling and your life. How about rituals and sacraments? I said there are no sacraments in the sense in which the Church uses that word. But the Lord's Supper, baptism, rituals, printed prayers, ceremonies, processions, particular kinds of music, any of these things,— what are they? Why, use any of them! Use them all freely, if you like them, if they help you ; but never dare to set them up as standards for other people ; never dare put them in the place of things that are more important ; never dare substitute them for life and service.

The Church, however organized, whatever it believes, whatever its order, its ritual,— the Church exists to create the life, the Christ life, in the world ; and, when the Christ life is created, there will be no more need of reformation of vice or crime, there will be no more talk of industrial disputes and oppressions. There will be no more political corruption when the Christ life is dominant in the life of all the men and women in the world. Then we shall be one family, brothers and sisters, children of the same Father, each of

us anxious not to get, but to give, not to hurt, but to help, not to pull down, but to set up. We shall have established on earth the commonwealth of God.

Father, let this Church be in our hearts. To it let us consecrate our lives. Let us give it our service ; for, serving it, we serve Thee, and, establishing it, we establish Thy kingdom. Amen.

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

III 1511.2

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MARCH 29, 1901.

No. 25.

SERIES ON

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

XI. HELLS

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1901

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

HELLS.

My theme is Pagan and Christian — ancient and modern — ideas of hell. I take as a text from the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Churches in Galatia the seventh verse,—
“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

This is not an agreeable theme. It is one from the treatment of which I should prefer to be excused. Perhaps you would like not to hear it; and yet it seems to me that, as we are dealing with the great religious problems of the world, this, which has played a part, perhaps as great as any, cannot possibly be put one side.

I hardly dare read to you some of the quotations which I have brought here this morning, of things that have been said by modern men. You would be shocked. You would perhaps question my right to trouble you with them. You would, at any rate, be disgusted with either the author of them, or with me or with both. And, possibly with slight reference to them, I may push them, as we do other obscenities and horrors, into an appendix, where people need not read them unless they desire.

When we go back and study the conditions of early human life, necessarily barbaric, we have no trouble in tracing the origin of the idea of hell. Revenge is one of the brutal instincts of the human race. It cannot always have its way in this world; and so it is natural that it should, if possible, carry its execution over into the next. In the early conditions of human life, not so much was made of what we call wrongs between men and men. The moral ideals of the time were not very high, the distinctions not very fine.

The principal offences in those old days were supposed to

be against the chiefs in this world, and the chiefs, deified and invisible, in the other. So that in the old-time hells — the hells of the barbaric conditions of the race — the severest punishments were for cases that we should call to-day *lèse majesté*, insults against the ruling power. An evil wrought to a fellow-man might not count as very serious. It might even be passed over altogether if it were supposed to be in the interest of the tribe or to redound to the honor of the god of the tribe. It might even become a cause for reward instead of punishment.

But, in all the specimens that we have that have come down to us from those old times, the most horrible penalties have been paid for wronging or insulting or not appreciating the gods, or the priests, the human representatives of the gods. For example, to give you an illustration,— I will not read the extract,— a woman is punished through countless ages in the most horrible fashion, because, purely through carelessness and by accident, when she was combing her head, she lets one of her hairs fall into the sacred butter, which was set apart to be burned as a part of the religious service. This is a specimen of the ideas of justice which were maintained in those far-off barbaric days. A student of Louis XI. and his dungeons of Loches or of the Bastile, ought hardly to wonder at what such people would make of another world.

If you turn to ancient Greece and Rome,— which is not so very far away from our civilization,— you all remember Ixion and Tantalus and Sisyphus, typical cases of those who have been punished by the gods. You remember Prometheus, bound to his rock in Caucasus, while the eagle tears out and devours his heart. What were their offences? Not human immoralities, as we regard them, at all. They were being punished for slighting or insulting the heavenly powers. And these punishments that the ancient world devised were for how long?

I cannot stop to give you cases from China, from India,

from Persia, from all over the world. Substantially the same type prevailed throughout the ancient pagan world. The same barbaric ideas were manifest. But how long were their hells to last? I give you one illustration. One of the writers says, suppose a small yoke were thrown into the sea, and were to drift about for countless ages in the ocean; and suppose that some time in that ocean, somewhere, there was a blind tortoise who was to live on age after age, and once in a hundred thousand years was to be permitted to come to the service. What would the chances be as to his coming up at just the right time and place, so that his neck would be thrust through that yoke? When that happened, possibly punishments would end. You see the pagans had a little hope. Their ideas of time are inconceivably long; and all the Oriental luxuriance of their imagination is lavished in an attempt to picture the horrors and tortures of this invisible world. But in every pagan nation on earth there was left one tiny ray of hope,—never an endless hell, until you came to Christianity,—never in all the world. This is the gift to the race of the Semite people.

Christianity and Mohammedanism, which sprung out of substantially the same racial characteristics, and which borrowed much from Christianity,—these two have given us the endless hells. I shall come to touch upon that matter a little later.

Let us now turn, and consider the doctrine of the Old Testament. I said this gift of endless hells had come to us from Semitic peoples. And yet, strangely enough, throughout the Mosaic dispensation in the Old Testament there is no teaching of anything of the kind. There is not a place in the Old Testament where "hell" has any reference whatever to a place of torment in the spirit world. The original for it is the Hebrew "Sheol," and in the early Hebrew history they did not even have any Sheol. The worst punishment in the Old Testament that is ever threatened against evil is death. That means physical death here in this world. All

that they cared for,—the blessings of life, the delights, the joys of seeing the sun in the heavens and the trees and the green fields, and hearing the rippling of the waters, looking into the faces of friends, of wife and children, of being recognized by your fellow-townsmen, holding honorable positions, winning wealth and fame,—these were the things that the Hebrew desired; and death meant the loss of them all. But it meant nothing after you had passed the line into the shadow. No future punishment in the Old Testament.

When we come to the new one, Paul is a distinct and definite Universalist. He teaches it with perfect clearness. After a certain time, after the trials and temporary punishments, and wanderings of the people, they are all,—those who reject Christ now and those who accept him,—they are to be brought to his acceptance and to share the glories of his kingdom. Then by and by that kingdom is to be given up to God, the Father; and he is to be all in all. That is the culmination of things, as Paul teaches it; and he, as you will remember, is the first of the New Testament writers, and that is why I speak of him first.

The Gospels were compilations of material, slowly gathered, in the course of a good many years, and at last brought into the shape in which they now exist by utterly unknown hands. Nobody knows who wrote either one of them. We cannot be absolutely certain, then, of a single text in the New Testament—that it is in the precise shape in which it fell from the lips of Jesus. We can only be sure in the main, surer than anything else, of the words that the apostle Paul himself wrote; for, presumably, they have been transmitted to us accurately, except now and then, where there was a mistake made by a copyist. Probably very few dogmatic changes were made in his teachings.

What, then, was the attitude of Jesus? Jesus uses language which is very strong. He speaks of what we have translated as eternal life and eternal death. There is opportunity, I think, for divided opinion as to the real teach-

ing of Jesus on the subject of the duration of future punishment. There is a chance for an honest man to have a doubt. Yet I incline strongly to the belief that he did not teach it; for these words that are translated "everlasting" and "eternal" are used in no end of places where they cannot mean literally "endless." The mountains are called *aionian*; and every one knows that they will come to an end. And many other things which are limited as to time have this one adjective applied to them.

I believe, then, that Jesus does not teach eternal or absolutely endless punishment, but that he speaks of it in this indefinite way as belonging to the *aionian* time. The New Testament speaks about this present "*æon*" and the next "*æon*." In all these cases the words cannot mean endless. I am inclined to believe, then, that Jesus uses these words indeterminately, as was the custom of the time, and that, being an Oriental, he indulged in figures of speech, as he taught in parables, which is the Oriental custom.

Mozoomdar, the famous leader of the Brahmo-Somaj in India, speaking about Jesus, said these remarkable and significant words: "You Westerners do not understand him. He was an Oriental. We Orientals do understand him. You make an Englishman of him."

We take these poetical, legendary statements, figures of speech; and harden them down into actual matters of fact. This is my belief in regard to the teaching of Jesus. It seems to me to receive confirmation from the fact that Paul was a Universalist. Paul would hardly have taught such doctrine if he had known that Jesus taught the opposite.

Then, when we come to Origen, one of the most famous of the early Greek Fathers of the Church, he was distinctly and definitely an out-and-out Universalist. Would he have been, could he have been, if Jesus had given any plain teaching the other way, so long as we know that Origen believed that Jesus was a supernatural and divine being, an infallible teacher?

But soon we are plunged into another era. We come to the days of Tertullian. Tertullian was one of the Latin Fathers, living in the north of Africa. He had been persecuted; and he was one of those men who are capable of bitter resentment. I wish to read you what is typically his way of looking at the question of everlasting punishment, which he expected to be meted out to his enemies. I quote:—

“At that greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment, how shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates liquefying in fiercer flames than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot fires, with their deluded pupils; so many tragedians more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers tripping more nimbly from anguish than ever before from applause!”

This is old Tertullian, one of the most famous of the Church Fathers; and you can see how little pity there was in his heart. He shared undoubtedly the feeling that Bishop Burnet has preserved for us in a quotation from the words of Queen Mary of England:—

“As the souls of heretics are hereafter to be eternally burning in hell, there can be nothing more proper than for me to imitate the divine vengeance by burning them on earth.”

An ample justification of persecution! This came rapidly to be the general tone of utterance. On this basis of eternal wrath, that the Church held the keys and ability to open or shut heaven to whomsoever it pleased,—and it generally pleased to open heaven only to those who were submissive to its own dictates of authority,—you can imagine what power the Church wielded throughout the Middle Ages.

The man who was forbidden the sacrament knew that

he was shut forever out of heaven, and imprisoned forever in hell. What power, then, did the pope wield, when a king of England, or no matter where he might be, showed any signs of revolting against his authority? He could issue a bull, forbidding the Church to administer the sacraments to the common people; and the people in their fright would rise and overturn the throne if the king did not submit to the papal dictation. This was the power that for hundreds of years was wielded by the pope.

In the old classic days, suppose Jupiter had come down from Olympus, chosen some man, and given him the thunderbolt to hurl at any one he pleased, how the whole earth would have cowered at his feet! This was the power possessed by the pope.

You are familiar with the Middle Age picture of hell as Dante has given it to us by his supreme genius. On the gate is written, "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here." And then inside are the unbaptized babies, virtuous heathen, — because they had never heard of Christ, never had a chance, too,— and all those who had not submitted to the Church, enduring every kind of horror that the imagination of the poet could devise or depict. Similar is the picture of hell that Milton has given. And, when the time came for the Protestant rebellion against the pope, there was no rebellion against the doctrine of hell. The Protestants were all to be sent to hell by the pope for rebelling against the Church; and they were to send everybody to hell who did not accept their authority, the pope and his followers included.

It was simply not a reformation of hell, a reformation of the ideas of God's justice, but a change of venue, the transfer of power from one set of hands to another. For some of the very worst conceptions of hell that have ever been penned have come from Protestant preachers, and not very ancient ones, either.

Jeremy Taylor, the author of the famous "Holy Living"

and "Holy Dying," two books of exquisite devotion, and who is called the "Shakespeare of divines,"—because of his wonderful mastery of English,—has written one of the worst descriptions of hell with which I am acquainted.

Jonathan Edwards—you know his reputation in that direction—I will not quote. Words have no power to say anything worse about God than Edwards has said. The poets have found in this subject an inspiration for their dismal, horrible songs.

But is this all ancient? When I speak of these matters, sometimes people say to me: "But this was a good while ago. Nobody believes it now. Nobody says these things to-day." Friends, you never were more mistaken in your life than in holding that opinion. These doctrines are still in the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church. In the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, even to the damnation of infants, they are all there. I am perfectly well aware that the ministers here in New York do not preach them very often. But I am also aware—and so you may be—that, if a young man applies to enter the ministry, and is found to be shaky in regard to this doctrine, he does not get in.

A lady here in New York this winter heard a Baptist minister threatening his young people in a revival sermon. He told them that, if they did not repent, they were likely to *be struck dead*; or that God might open the gates of hell, and let them *hear the shrieks and groans of the damned*. This in New York City this very winter!

It was only a little while ago that the American Board, representative of the Congregational Church, the most liberal of liberal orthodox churches in this country, refused to send a man as missionary to Japan,—not because he taught universal and eternal salvation, for he did not do that—they would not send him—Why? Because he wondered—he did not assert it even—as to whether there might be a chance in the next world for a man who had no chance in this. And the Congregationalists would not let him go as a missionary because he had that doubt in his mind.

Professor Park, one of the most famous theological professors that this country has produced in two hundred years, when this discussion was raging, said, We must hold to the belief in everlasting punishment, because, if you take that away, you "cut the nerve of missions." When I was a boy, I used to go to a missionary concert once a month, and be taught that the heathen were pouring, like a Niagara torrent, day and night, year by year, into the abyss of hell, and that we must rouse ourselves, and give more money, and send more people to save them. This is the doctrine still believed to-day.

I have been on a tour during this last week trying to hunt up certain of these things. You go to the headquarters of the Presbyterian publishers in this city, or the Methodist Book Concern, or the Baptist publishers, or go to Funk & Wagnalls, where they keep the books that are called for by these different denominations all over the country, and you will find them saturated by this doctrine of hell everywhere.

The worst thing Jonathan Edwards ever said is still published by one of the branches of the Baptist Publishing House as a tract for distribution at five cents a copy. These things only ancient? only in some far-off place? While I am on this matter, I must read you just a brief extract. It was written by —; it is from the sermons of the man who during his lifetime preached to more people than any other man on the face of the earth. He quietly remarked to a friend: "I am not proud of it; but, if I were inclined to pride, I might point to the fact that I have never yet found on the face of the earth a hall or church large enough to hold the people who want to come and hear me whenever I speak." And he was a preacher in the city which is the centre of the world's civilization. I refer to Spurgeon, of London, of course. Now let me read you a few words. I will not read them all. It is too bad.

"Thou wilt sleep in the dust a little while. When thou diest, thy soul will be tormented alone,—that will be a

hell for it,—but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul; and then thou wilt have twin hells. Body and soul shall be together, each brimful of pain, thy soul sweating in its inmost pore drops of blood, and thy body from head to foot suffused with agony; conscience, judgment, memory, all tortured; but more, thy head tormented with racking pains, thine eyes starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe, thine ears tormented with

‘Sullen moans and hollow groans,
And shrieks of tortured ghosts’;

thine heart beating high with fever, thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate in agony, thy limbs cracking like the martyrs on the fire and yet unburnt; thyself put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet coming out undestroyed; all thy veins becoming a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; every nerve a string on which the devil shall ever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Unutterable Lament; thy soul forever and ever aching, and thy body palpitating in unison with thy soul."

Those things are being preached and circulated as tracts, in order to scare people into a certain way of religious belief all over the world to-day. I bought this copy at Funk & Wagnalls just this last week on purpose for this extract.

The New School Presbyterian Church recognizes the fact, and expresses wonder that God does not save more, but supposes he is saving just as many as he cares to. Dr. Gardiner Spring, who used to be the minister of the Brick Church here on Fifth Avenue, was asked one day why God did not save more. And he said, "Because he saves just as many as he chooses, I suppose."

And then Hopkins, one of the famous old Puritan preachers, goes on to describe how the sight of this pain will add to the happiness of heaven. And Jonathan Edwards declares that a part of the glory and happiness of the saints in heaven would be taken away if hell were destroyed.

Dr. Momerie, a preacher in London, still living,—a famous preacher of the Church of England,—tells us he heard a man preach during his lifetime, only a few years ago, a sermon in which he said that the sight of all these things would only increase the joy of those who were saved.

And so I might go on giving you these extracts, until you were wearied of hearing them and your souls filled with horror. I want to touch for one moment more on the question of infant damnation. The Bishop of Toronto said, not long ago, that every child of humanity, except the Virgin Mary, is from the first moment of conception, months before it is born, a child of wrath, hated by the blessed Trinity, belonging to Satan, and doomed to hell. That is the Catholic Bishop of Toronto.

Some of you, at any rate, are familiar with the famous poem called the "Day of Doom," published in Massachusetts in old Puritan days, very popular, having an enormous circulation. In it the non-elect infants are represented at the judgment day as arguing with God over what seems to them the hardship of their fate. They pleaded, very naturally, that they had committed no sins, they had not done anything wrong. The only thing that they were responsible for—the only thing that they were going to be punished for, certainly they were not responsible for it—was because they were born descendants of Adam. This was frankly acknowledged; and yet God is represented as saying to them (I quote one verse, and part of another):—

"You sinners are, and such a share
As sinner may expect,
Such you shall have; for I do save
None but my own elect.
Yet, to compare your sin with their
Who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
Though every sin's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
 You may not hope to dwell;
 But unto you I shall allow
 The easiest room in hell."

That was all that could be found for an infant who it was confessed had never done anything wrong.

The Roman Catholic Church has taught such doctrine. I will print it as an appendix. I will not offend your ears by reading it. It is too horrible,—doctrines describing the punishment of children in hell.

And here a little while ago,—you say this is ancient, far away, nobody believes it now,—within six years, a branch of the High Church in England published a catechism for children, describing the horrible tortures that children suffer in hell because they did not come to the minister for confession, and nothing else. That is the kind of doctrine that is preached and taught by some High Church ministers in England to-day. This only proves what I have said a great many times, that the world only gets civilized very slowly, and only in some few places at that.

Once in a while you hear a note, at least, of pity. I love to remember Dr. Albert Barnes, the famous old Presbyterian minister of Philadelphia. His "Notes" I used in studying my Sunday-school lessons when I was a boy. I thought then that he was a wise man. I believe still that he was. He has left it on record, not that he doubted this eternal punishment, but the heartbreak with which he felt himself compelled to teach it. He said: Other people may find something to relieve the intensity of their grief over it. But, when I look over the world and see so many people going to hell, and see that God does not save any more of them, I am amazed and dumb; and it is all dark—dark—dark to my soul. I love the old man for going even so far as that.

Now I had to give you this lurid background. Let us turn to something a little more reasonable, a little more

hopeful. Why shall we accept any such doctrine as this? Why shall we not revolt and fight, with every fibre of our intellectual and moral being aflame with indignation, against the barbarism of men and the horrors that they have piled up, with which to blacken, if possible, the face of the Almighty? Let me say, if anything of this sort is true, ought not God, at any rate, to have told the world of it so plainly that there could have been no possible mistake? But there has been confusion on the question and dispute about it from the very first, so that there is no clear revelation on the subject. If we are in such a condition as this, ought he not to have told us some reasonable explanation of that fact?

What explanation have we? We have an old Persian fable, which the Jews did not even originate, and did not know anything about for hundreds of years, and which tells us an utterly childish and incredible story of the whole human race being damned because Eve influenced Adam to eat the apple of a particular tree. The Almighty condescends to give us only that,—coming round about through Persia, after this world had been in existence thousands and thousands of years, and millions and millions of souls had been going down to hell, because they had not even heard that much!

If we are in this kind of condition, ought we not to be told plainly how to get out of it? Are we? Has there been any revelation to explain? The Greek Church will tell you one way; the Catholic, another. Forty Protestant Churches will tell you forty other ways. Paul tells you one thing: Jesus tells you another thing. Nobody tells you anything with authority, so that the most honest, reverent, tender-hearted, and loving man in the world can find which way he ought to go, to secure salvation for himself or power to lead his brother or friend into a way that is safe. Here is the actual condition of things.

Then another consideration. Ultimately, if God be Almighty, and if he be all wise,—let me say it with all the

reverence with which I can utter myself,— he, and he alone, in the last analysis, is responsible for this universe. Did he create creatures that he could control and would not? Then is he God? Did he create creatures that he could not control? What right had he? At common law, you here in New York, I here in New York, any man in England or America, is held to be legally and morally responsible for causes that he sets in motion. And he has no right to set a cause in motion that he cannot control, so that it shall result in no end of evil to others. Shall not the God of all the earth do as right as the common law expects us to do?

What would be capable of proving it? Such a doctrine of hell as has been preached for nearly two thousand years? What would be capable of proving it? On what authority could I conceive myself as accepting it? If it were printed in letters of fire on every page of that Bible,—the clear declaration printed as Jonathan Edwards or old Dr. Hopkins or Spurgeon might have written it,—would I believe it? No! I would not believe any statement or any Bible or any million Bibles that turns my God into an incarnate devil. I cannot conceive of any being so utterly foul and horrible, so utterly to be detested, so utterly to be scorned and spurned by every decent man,— every half-decent worm on the face of the earth,— as the God capable of creating hell as these men have pictured it. All the criminals of earth rolled into one would be a character white when placed beside him by contrast. For he, almighty, all-wise, can do as he will—and did this? As Tennyson sings:—

“The god of love and of hell together—he cannot be thought;
If there be *such* a god may the *great* God curse him and bring him to naught.”

I am aware that there are men at this present time in the old churches who are repudiating these ideas. Dr. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church in Boston, is frankly an out-and-out Universalist, and scorns these things

as I do. Dr. Lyman Abbott holds a curious, and to me utterly inexplicable, position by saying that he believes God will save every human soul that he *can*; but he wonders whether he has not made them so free that they can do as they please in spite of God. If he has, I wonder why he prays to God to save them. It seems to me that the position is utterly illogical, irreconcilable, utterly immoral, confounding that which is true with that which is fable. Here are these doctrines, indorsed and proclaimed in the effort to get up revivals all over this country, all over Europe. They are the mainspring, motive force, of those who are engaged in these operations.

Is there anything to prove this doctrine to me? If it were written in letters of stars across the face of the heavens, I would believe rather that the universe was one infinite mad-house, that we were misreading the facts, or that there were no facts, that all was one horrible mockery, than to believe that God, almighty, all-wise, all-loving, could do such things as they have said he has done.

If I am mistaken, and if by and by, when I pass through the gate and into the shadow, I am haled before the judgment throne, and charged with misrepresenting the truth as God has revealed it to men, even then I will take my cue from the author of Job, and say, "Let me plead my cause at his feet." O Father, I believe Thee better than they said; and, if I must be damned forever for believing Thee good, then let me go with this conviction into the outer darkness. I believe in Thee; and, though Thou hast slain me, still I do believe in Thee.

One other point I must deal with. Is there no punishment for sin? Certain people have made such horrible representations of this arbitrary, unnatural punishment that people react from that to unlimited and unbridled license. Punishment? Is there no punishment for sin in this world? Is there no punishment for wrong-doing here? Is there no punishment in the nature of things? The writer of that

text, Paul, knew what he was saying, when he uttered, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Here is the principle in the light of which the rational hell must be conceived and described, and by every wise man must be averted. Punishment in the sense of outside arbitrary infliction, never, anywhere. There is no such thing in the universe. Reward, as an outside, arbitrary gift? Again, no trace of it anywhere in the universe. The old Jews thought that God paid people for being good by giving them a long life, a lot of wives and children, a lot of good cattle, and honor and prosperity. They found that it was not true. They believed, at first, that, if a man did wrong, he was punished by being made sick, or his property being taken from him, or his children, or by being disgraced in the public eye, or some such thing. But years went by; and they found that that was not true. They came at last face to face with the fact that bad men get rich and bad men seem to have a nice time in certain directions, and that good men were poor and that good men could be diseased in body and suffer. And they had to revise their whole conceptions. They found after a time what we are beginning to find out,—for it is very modern, indeed,—that there is no such thing in the world as God giving a man something because he is good or taking something away from him because he is bad, in the common, arbitrary use of those terms. What takes the place of that? Laws unchanging and results inevitable! That is what we have got to face in this universe in which we find ourselves.

Take this body of mine. I break a law of health. What does that mean? I break one of the conditions: every part of my body is hemmed in with forces and facts and conditions which I call the laws of my body. If I keep inside of them, I am well. And, if I am well, the action, the performance, of every function of my body, is a joy. It is a pleasure to breathe, if my lungs are in good order. If they are diseased, it is distress and anguish. It is pleasant to

see, if my eyes are as they ought to be. Otherwise, it is a pain to open them, and let the light strike them. So, if I keep within the laws of my body in every direction, am I rewarded? Not in the sense of having an arbitrary gift bestowed upon me, but a certain result inevitably follows; and it is a good result, health, and all the pleasure and power that come from being well.

Suppose I break one of the laws, no matter whether on purpose or by accident. Suppose I take arsenic, not knowing it is arsenic. Suppose I step on a place in the sidewalk, thinking it is solid; and it gives way, and I break my leg. I am not morally to blame; but the law of my body has been broken, and pain results. And it is the inevitable result.

Now just take that illustration, and carry it all the way up through your intellectual nature, your moral nature, your spiritual nature, the relation in which you stand or ought to stand to your fellow-men, the relation in which you ought to stand to God. We can imagine an ideal state of society. We can imagine a man so circumstanced that the air about him, the earth, the plants, the grasses, everything should minister to his delight and power; that his house should be so built that every need and want and pleasure should be met; that he should be so surrounded by friends, so related to his fellow-men in business, that everything should minister to that which is good. He would be perfectly happy. He is in heaven, we say. That shows, of course, that heaven is not essentially a particular place.

You take a man who is diseased, who is disordered in every sort of way, and put him into a beautiful garden. Does the beautiful garden make him happy? You never can get any more of heaven in this world than you first get in yourselves. You must stay in the hells you make for yourselves just as long as you choose to keep busy making them. In other words, never in this world or any other world will you be able to escape yourselves. Never in this world or any other world

will you be able to escape the terrible shadow of your own actions.

You remember that Oriental apologue — I think I must have told it here — of the soul newly arrived in the other life, who is flitting on through dim and shadowy spaces, and hears footsteps pursuing, turns, and sees a shape that is full of dread and horror to him. He stops, and says, "What art thou?" And the answer comes: "I am thine own actions. Day and night I follow thee." There is the real hell of the real universe, ordained by the real God, absolutely inevitable; and there is no getting out of it in this world or any other world, whether you stay in it one year or a million years, except by getting yourselves right. For right means heaven, and wrong means hell.

Omar Kháyyám says, as translated by Edward Fitzgerald,

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

And Milton dives deeper into reality than the popular meaning of his poem, when he makes Satan say, "Myself am hell." He cannot flee from himself. So the only way for us to escape the only real hell, of which these others are horrible, blasphemous caricatures, is for us to escape everything selfish, everything wrong, every transgression of every condition of high, honorable, and true living; and, escaping these, we become wrought over at last into the perfect image of the Divine.

Father, let us see that obedience is the one way into light and peace, and that disobedience is the mother of all discord and all pain; and so may we hear Thy word and lovingly obey it. Amen.

APPENDIX.

A Hindu poet says, "The ungrateful shall remain in hell as long as the sun hangs in heaven."

Hindu and Persian sacred books : —

"Here worlds of nauseating disgusts, of loathsome agonies, of intolerable terrors, pass before us. Some are hung up by their tongues or by their eyes, and slowly devoured by fiery vermin; some scourged with whips of serpents whose poisonous fangs lacerate their flesh at every blow; some forced to swallow bowls of gore, hair, and corruption, freshly filled as fast as drained; some packed immovably in red-hot iron chests, and laid in raging furnaces for unutterable millions of ages."

The Parsee priest describes a woman in hell "beaten with stone clubs by two demons twelve miles in size, and compelled to continue eating a basin of putridity because once some of her hair, as she combed it, fell into the sacred fire."

"The Brahmanic priest tells of a man who, for 'neglecting to meditate on the mystic monosyllable "Om" before praying, was thrown down in hell on an iron floor and cleaved with an axe, then stirred in a cauldron of molten lead till covered all over with the sweated foam of torture, like a grain of rice in an oven, and then fastened, with head downwards and feet upwards, to a chariot of fire, and urged onward with a red-hot goad.'"

A Talmudic writer says : —

"There are in hell seven abodes, in each abode seven thousand caverns, in each cavern seven thousand clefts, in each cleft seven thousand scorpions. Each scorpion has

seven limbs, and on each limb are seven thousand barrels of gall. There are also in hell seven rivers of rankest poison, so deadly that, if one touches it, he bursts."

Tertullian : —

"At that greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment," he says, "how shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates liquefying in fiercer flames than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot fires, with their deluded pupils; so many tragedians more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers tripping more nimbly from anguish than ever before from applause!"

Burnet has preserved the plea of bloody Mary : —

"As the souls of heretics are hereafter to be eternally burning in hell, there can be nothing more proper than for me to imitate the divine vengeance by burning them on earth."

Jeremy Taylor says : —

"We are amazed at the inhumanity of Phalaris, who roasted men in his brazen bull: this was joy in respect of that fire of hell which penetrates the very entrails without consuming them." "Husbands shall see their wives, parents shall see their children, tormented before their eyes." "The bodies of the damned shall be crowded together in hell like grapes in a wine-press, which press one another till they burst." "Every distinct sense and organ shall be assailed with its own appropriate and most exquisite sufferings."

Jonathan Edwards : —

"The world will probably be converted into a great lake or liquid globe of fire,—a vast ocean of fire, in which the

wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night, vast waves or billows of fire continually rolling over their heads, of which they shall forever be full of a quick sense within and without. Their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their hands, their feet, their loins, and their vitals shall forever be full of a glowing, melting fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements; and also they shall eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torments, not for one minute, nor for one day, nor for one age, nor for two ages, nor for a hundred years, nor for ten thousands of millions of ages, one after another, but forever and ever, without any end at all, and never, never be delivered."

Joseph Trapp, an English clergyman : —

"Doomed to live death, and never to expire,
In floods and whirlwinds of temptuous fire
The damn'd shall groan,— fire of all kinds and forms,
In rain and hail, in hurricanes and storms,
Liquid and solid, livid, red and pale,
A flaming mountain here, and there a flaming vale.
The liquid fire makes seas; the solid, shores.
Arch'd o'er with flames, the horrid concave roars.
In bubbling eddies rolls the fiery tide,
And sulphurous surges on each other ride.
The hollow winding vaults, and dens, and caves
Bellow like furnaces with flaming waves.
Pillars of flame in spiral volumes rise,
Like fiery snakes, and lick the infernal skies.
Sulphur, the eternal fuel, unconsumed,
Vomits redounding smoke, thick, unillumed."

The Bishop of Toronto : —

"Every child of humanity, except the Virgin Mary, is from the moment of conception a child of wrath, hated by the blessed Trinity, belonging to Satan, and doomed to hell."

In Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" are these verses:—

"You sinners are, and such a share
 As sinner may expect,
 Such you shall have; for I do save
 None but my own elect.
 Yet, to compare your sin with their
 Who lived a longer time,
 I do confess yours is much less,
 Though every sin's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
 You may not hope to dwell;
 But unto you I shall allow
 The easiest room in hell.
 The glorious King thus answering,
 They cease, and plead no longer.
 Their conscience must needs confess
 His reasons are the stronger."

The New School Presbyterians, in the so-called Auburn Declaration, adopted the following article:—

"While repentance for sin and faith in Christ are indispensable to salvation, all who are saved are indebted, from first to last, to the grace and Spirit of God. And the reason that God does not save all is not that he wants the *power* to do it, but that in his wisdom he does not see *fit* to exert that power further than he actually does."

Hopkins:—

"The smoke of their torment shall ascend up in the sight of the blessed forever and ever, and serve as a most clear glass always before their eyes, to give them a bright and most affecting view. This display of the divine character will be most entertaining to all who love God, will give them the highest and most ineffable pleasure. Should the fire of this eternal punishment cease, it would in a great measure obscure the light of heaven, and put an end to a great part of the happiness and glory of the blessed."

Dr. Duryee : —

“When the Christian finds out at last who are in the regions of despair and what they are there meeting, *we are very sure he will neither be affected by the number nor by the duration of their punishment.*”

Jonathan Edwards : —

“When they shall see you turned away and beginning to enter into the great furnace, and shall see how you shrink at it, and hear how you shriek and cry out, yet they will not be at all grieved for you ; but, at the same time, you will hear from them renewed praises and hallelujahs for the true and righteous judgments of God in so dealing with you.”

Testimony of Dr. Momerie, London *Inquirer* (said he heard a clergyman deliver himself from his pulpit) : —

“My brethren, you may imagine that, when you look down from heaven and see your acquaintances and friends and relatives in hell, your happiness will be somewhat marred. But no ! You will then be so purified and perfected that, as you gaze on that sea of suffering, it will only increase your joy.” A friend of mine heard a Baptist preacher in a great New England city this very winter teach the probability of *God's shutting up some souls in hell and solitary confinement forever*. Some Bible text was twisted into this meaning.

Rev. Gardiner Spring, New York, 1834 : —

“His bosom is torn and distracted with anguish. His lips quiver with agony, and he draws his last gasp of despair. And oh that it were one solitary pagan only ! But think of *twenty-five millions* of your fellow-men every year sinking in such a death ; and then look into that deep abyss where millions after millions of years roll on, and the miserable sufferers encounter new dangers, new fears, new scenes of anguish without any prospect of termination, and

what emotions of grief, abasement, and horror may smite our bosoms! 'We are verily guilty concerning our brother.'"

An American missionary, after his return from China, said:—

"Fifty thousand a day go down to the fire that is not quenched. Six hundred millions more are going the same road. Should you not think, at least once a day, of the fifty thousand who that day sink to the doom of the lost?"

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions says:—

"To send the gospel to the heathen is a work of great exigency. Within the last thirty years a whole generation of five hundred millions have gone down to eternal death."

Again, the same Board say, in their tract, "The Grand Motive to Missionary Effort":—

"The heathen are involved in the ruins of apostasy, and are expressly doomed to perdition. Six hundred millions of deathless souls on the brink of hell! What a spectacle?"

Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, New Haven, 1863:—

"Glorious things have been achieved, it is true. But, after all, there are six hundred millions still groping in the shadow of death, and *perishing, twenty millions a year!*"

Rev. William Davidson, Xenia:—

"And this shall last forever. It shall never, never end. (Matt. xxv.) The wicked go away into everlasting torments. This is a bitter ingredient in their cup of wormwood,—a more terrible thing in their terrible doom. If, after enduring it all for twice ten thousand times ten thousand years, they might have a deliverance,—or, at least, some abatement,—it were less terrible. But this may never, never be. Their estate is remediless. There is a great gulf fixed, and

they cannot pass from thence. Or if, after suffering all this for as many years as there are aqueous particles in air and ocean, they might then be delivered; or if, after repeating that amazing period as many times as there are sand-grains in the globe, they might then be delivered,—there would be *some* hope. Or, if you multiply this latter sum—too infinite to be expressed by figures and too limitless to be comprehended by angels—by the number of atoms that compose the universe, and there might be deliverance when they had passed those amazing, abysmal gulfs of duration, then there would be *some* hope. But no! When all is suffered and all is past, still all beyond is eternity.”

From a Roman Catholic book, “for children” published, Rev. J. Furniss:—

“The fourth dungeon is ‘the boiling kettle.’ Listen: there is a sound like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle which is boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear what it is. The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy; the brain is boiling and bubbling in his head; the marrow is boiling in his bones. The fifth dungeon is the ‘red-hot oven,’ in which is *a little child*. Hear how it screams to come out; see how it turns and twists itself about in the fire; it beats its head against the roof of the oven. It stamps its little feet on the floor of the oven. To this child God was very good. Very likely God saw that this child would get worse and worse, and would never repent; and so it would have to be punished *much more* in hell. *So God in his mercy called it out of the world in its early childhood.*”

Spurgeon says:—

“First notice, they are to be *cast out*. They are not said to *go*; but, when they come to heaven’s gates, they are said to be *cast out*. As soon as hypocrites arrive at the gates of

heaven, justice will say: 'There he comes! there he comes!' He spurned a father's prayers and mocked a mother's tears. He has forced his way downward against all the advantages mercy has supplied. And now there he comes. Gabriel, take the man.' The angel, binding you hand and foot, holds you one single moment over the mouth of the chasm. He bids you look down—down—down. There is no bottom; and you hear coming up from the abyss sullen moans and hollow groans and screams of tortured ghosts. You quiver, your bones melt like wax, and your marrow quakes within you. Where is now thy might, and where thy boasting and bragging? Ye shriek and cry, ye beg for mercy; but the angel, with one tremendous grasp, seizes you fast, and then hurls you down, with the cry, 'Away, away!' And down you go to the pit that is bottomless, and roll forever downward—downward—downward—ne'er to find a resting-place for the soles of your feet. Ye shall be cast out.

"And where are you to be cast to?" Ye are to be cast 'into outer darkness'; ye are to be put in the place where there will be no hope. For, by the 'light,' in Scripture, we understand 'hope'; and you are to be put 'into outer darkness,' where there is no light, no hope. Is there a man who has no hope? I cannot suppose such a person. One of you, perhaps, says, 'I am thirty pounds in debt, and shall be sold up by and by; but I have a hope that I may get a loan, and so escape my difficulty.' Says another, 'My business is ruined, but things may take a turn yet,—I have a hope.' Says another, 'I am in great distress, but I hope that God will provide for me.' Another says, 'I am fifty pounds in debt: I am sorry for it; but I will set these strong hands to work, and do my best to get out of it.' One of you thinks a friend is dying; but you have a hope that, perhaps, the fever may take a turn, that he may yet live. But in hell there is no hope. They have not even the hope of dying,—the hope of being annihilated. They are

forever, forever, forever lost! On every chain in hell there is written 'forever.' In the fires there blazes out the word 'forever.' Up above their heads, they read 'forever.' Their eyes are galled, and their hearts are pained with the thought that it is 'forever.' Oh, if I could tell you to-night that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be a jubilee in hell at the very thought of it. But it cannot be: it is '*forever*' they are 'cast into utter darkness.'

"But I want to get over this as quickly as I can; for who can bear to talk thus to his fellow-creatures? What is it that the lost are doing? They are 'weeping and gnashing their teeth.' Do you gnash your teeth now? You would not do it except you were in pain and agony. Well, in hell there is always gnashing of teeth. And do you know why? There is one gnashing his teeth at his companion, and mutters; 'I was led into hell by you. You led me astray. You taught me to drink the first time.' And the other gnashes his teeth, and says: 'What if I did? You made me worse than I should have been in after times.' There is a child who looks at her mother, and says, 'Mother, you trained me up in vice.' And the mother gnashes her teeth again at the child, and says, 'I have no pity for you; for you excelled me in it, and led me into deeper sin.' Fathers gnash their teeth at their sons, and sons at their fathers. And, methinks, if there are any who will have to gnash their teeth more than others, it will be seducers, when they see those whom they have led from the paths of virtue, and hear them saying, 'Ah! we are glad you are in hell with us: you deserve it, for you led us here.'

"Have any of you to-night upon your consciences the fact that you have led others to the pit? Oh, may sovereign grace forgive you. 'We have gone astray like lost sheep,' said David. Now a lost sheep never goes astray alone, if it is one of a flock. I lately read of a sheep that leaped over the parapet of a bridge, and was followed by every one

of the flock. So, if one man goes astray, he leads others with him. Some of you will have to account for others' sins, when you get to hell, as well as your own. Oh, what 'weeping and gnashing of teeth' there will be in that pit ! "

" There is a real fire in hell, as truly as you have now a real body,— a fire exactly like that which we have on earth in everything except this, that it will not consume, though it will torture you. You have seen the asbestos lying in the fire red-hot ; but, when you take it out, it is unconsumed. So your body will be prepared by God in such a way that it will burn forever without being consumed. It will lie, not as you consider, in metaphorical fire, but in actual flame. Did our Saviour mean fictions when he said that he would cast body and soul into hell ? What should there be a pit for if there were no bodies ? Why fire, why chains, if there were to be no bodies ? Can fire touch the soul ? Can pits shut in spirits ? Can chains fetter souls ? No : pits and fire and chains are for bodies ; and bodies shall be there. Thou wilt sleep in the dust for a little while. When thou diest, thy soul will be tormented alone,— that will be a hell for it,— but at the judgment day thy body will join thy soul ; and then thou wilt have twin hells. Body and soul shall be together, each brimful of pain, thy soul sweating in its inmost pore drops of blood, and thy body from head to foot suffused with agony ; conscience, judgment, memory, all tortured ; but more, thy head tormented with racking pains, thine eyes starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe, thine ears tormented with

' Sullen moans and hollow groans,
And shrieks of tortured ghosts ' ;

thine heart beating high with fever, thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate in agony, thy limbs cracking like the martyrs in the fire, and yet unburnt ; thyself put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet coming out undestroyed ; all thy

veins becoming a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on ; every nerve a string on which the devil shall ever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Unutterable Lament ; thy soul forever and ever aching, and thy body palpitating in unison with thy soul. Fictions, sir ? Again, I say, they are no fictions, and, as God liveth, but solid, stern truth. If God be true, what I have said is the truth ; and you will find it one day to be so."

Albert Barnes writes : —

"In the distress and anguish of my own spirit, I confess I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why man should suffer to all eternity. I have never seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind. It is all dark — dark — dark to my soul ; and I cannot disguise it.

"I trust other men — as they profess to do — understand this better than I do, and that they have not the anguish of spirit which I have ; but I confess, when I look on a world of sinners and sufferers, upon death-beds and graveyards, upon the world of woe, filled with hosts to suffer forever ; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow-citizens ; when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger ; and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned ; and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, — I am struck dumb. It is all *dark, dark, dark*, to my soul ; and I cannot disguise it."

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
" " " Doz.	\$1.50
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

APR 5 1901

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

APRIL 5, 1901.

No. 26.

SERIES ON
THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT
IN RELIGION

XII. HEAVENS

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

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GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher,*

372 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

HEAVENS.

THE text you will find in the First Epistle of Paul to the church in Corinth, the second chapter and the ninth verse, — “But as it is written, things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that loved him.”

As I said last Sunday concerning human beliefs as to sufferings in a future condition, so I may say to-day that our beliefs in coming joys spring naturally out of human thinking and feeling. People have always been conscious of the fact that life did not meet their ideals; they have felt that they had not attained the things which they desired; and, while sometimes they have been obliged to confess that this failure was their own fault, perhaps more frequently they have been ready to bring some charge against the nature of things, and say that without any fault of their own they had suffered and failed.

And whether this has been true concerning themselves or not, as they have looked abroad over the face of society, they have seen here a man apparently rewarded who did not deserve it, and here some one suffering, passing through a life of deprivation and trial, who, so far as any one could find out, was God's saint. The suffering has seemed to be entirely undeserved.

And so there has sprung up in the heart of man, as naturally as the grasses and flowers grow in spring, the belief that some time and some where these inequalities were to be equalized: the people who deserved to suffer would suffer, the people who deserved to be happy would be happy. If the universe were just, so they have reasoned, it is inevitable that this must be. And as they have not always seen these

equalities brought about during the brief span of our human life, and as they have generally believed in a continued life beyond the grave, they have felt that these rectifications were only being postponed, that over yonder, somewhere, wherever the place of good or evil might be located, things would be made to come right.

By a process of reasoning like this — natural, I say, as the opening of a flower in May — the beliefs have come to pass. But, as to the nature of these heavens, we shall see that another principle has been at work, which has determined whether they shall seem to us to-day high or low, worthy or unworthy. They have been governed — these imaginings, these picturings — by the intellectual, the imaginative, the pictorial capacity of the people. Heaven has been made up of the things that the majority of the people has desired, has chiefly valued.

Take our North American Indian, and the kind of heaven that most of us would be anxious for would not seem to be the one that he longs for and dreams about. Perhaps Pope, in that well-worn passage of his, has given us a satisfactory picture of what this type of man would think of and desire. Pope is looked upon sometimes as worn out as a poet; and yet in the dictionaries of quotations you will find there are more passages taken from him to-day than from any other English poet except Shakspeare. He had a marvellous mastery of expression. Let me read you ten or a dozen lines, which will seem trite, perhaps; but the passage, as a whole, is one of the finest: —

“Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold :
 To be contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company."

There is the natural heaven of the man who is on that intellectual and imaginative plane.

We turn for another type, and we find the Norseman. The Norseman during his life, if he were physically strong enough, was, above all things, a warrior. And they, like most, I think, of their descendants — I speak of them as they naturally are found — were capable drinkers. The Norseman's desire was to fight, and to have plenty of stimulating mead to drink. So his heaven was the halls of Walhalla, where he could drink and fight all day long, be hewed into I do not know how many pieces, and yet be in condition to go through the same thing another day. This was his idea of heaven.

The Oriental, such as the Mohammedan appeals to, makes his heaven out of a harem embowered in flowers that never fade and fragrance that never palls. And so you will find, as I said, different grades and types of humanity dreaming of finding in the other world the things which they desire.

In classic Greece and Rome nobody went to heaven, in the modern sense of that word. That is, nobody went to live where the gods were, except now and then a famous hero, chosen as a favorite by some one of the celestial powers. Where did they go? To the Islands of the Blest, far away, towards the sunset: they went to the Elysian Fields in the underworld. And what did they do? They remembered the world they had lost. They lived over in shadowy fashion their old pleasures and aims: philosophers discussed, poets read their verses. But, on the whole, there was nothing they looked forward to, nothing bright or cheery or hopeful to them; for Homer makes Achilles describe this under-

world as a place anything but desirable. He says he would rather be a keeper of swine on earth than to be the king of all the underworld.

So this underworld life has never been specially desirable; and it certainly to-day does not satisfy the dreams of the thinker who dares to believe that there is a heaven somewhere to be found for those who have lived and wrought nobly for their fellows here below the stars.

When we come to consider the attitude of the Old Testament towards it,—as we must, in tracing up from the beginning the heaven of to-day,—we find (as I have had occasion to tell you before and more than once in other connections), that the early Hebrew writers had no belief in continued existence after death. But the punishments in the Old Testament, and the rewards,—this is substantially true,—take account simply of this life. “Hell,” as you know, never means a place of torture, but only a shadowy, underground abode. It comes from the same root from which is also derived our word “hole,” or “hollow,” a scooped-out place, a cavern. So heaven is always a place above the stars.

But, in the Old Testament, death is the punishment for extreme wrong-doing; and life, life prolonged, life honored, life enriched, life made happy by many children, life filled with all the things that men care for,—this is the greatest reward that is ever offered for goodness. And the deprivation of these is the worst thing that is ever threatened in the way of punishment.

And yet there came about—and note how natural the steps—a radical change of belief. The Hebrews came by and by to believe in the coming of a Messiah, some one who was to give their people dominance and power all over the world, when they were faithful enough to their God; and there were people who held this faith, cherished it, and looked forward to the coming of this Messiah, who were dying one after another, age after age. And this did not

seem just. They said, The people who have believed in and anticipated the coming of the Messiah ought to share in his glory when he does come. They have sacrificed for him, suffered for him, believed in him. May we not believe that they will share in his triumph? So they came to believe that the good people who had believed in and labored for the Messiah would be raised from the underground world, and be a part of his victory when he came.

Out of this idea sprang the belief in the resurrection of the just among the ancient Hebrews; and by and by they came to hold the idea that these people were not quite dead, not really dead. They were in a shadowy, underground world which they called Sheol. And after a time they came to believe that the bad people were not dead, either. They, also, were in this underground Sheol; and they also were to be raised up and see the triumph of the just, and so be punished for their wickedness and unbelief, and then sent back to the shadows again.

This came to be the popular faith; and so, when Jesus came, there existed in the minds of the Jewish people this land of Sheol underneath the surface of the earth, divided into two parts,—Paradise, where the good souls were, and Gehenna, where the bad were. Hades is a Greek translation of Sheol, covering the whole underground world. Paradise and Gehenna were close together, the dividing line not wider than a hair. This was the belief at the time of John the Baptist; and when Jesus said to the penitent thief on the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," he did not mean heaven: he meant the paradise side of Sheol, or Hades, in this underground world. For that is where Jesus went down to hell; and the old doctrine of the early Church was not that he went there as to a place of punishment, but to the underground regions, as did any other human soul.

And you must note that up to this time in the history of the Hebrew people only two men had gone to heaven,

Enoch and Elijah. It is very curious that the Bible, when speaking of them, says in neither case that they went to heaven, where God is; but the popular tradition was that they did. They were the only two.

Jesus went down to this underground world, and preached to the people in Hades,—preached to the wicked, preached to the good, and pronounced to them the coming of the kingdom of God and their resurrection; and the tradition is that, when he left this underground world, he led, the old Hebrew phrase is, “captivity captive,”—that is, he led a multitude of these captives who had been there since they had died, some of them since the beginning of the world, and took them up with him on high to the presence of God and the angels. It was only after that that anybody ever began to go to heaven, in the modern sense of that term.

I need not go into these matters in any detail. I want, simply, that you should understand the growth of the doctrine; for you cannot comprehend the significance and meaning of the different phases of belief that are held to-day unless you know how they have come into existence.

After the time of Jesus, after the time had passed by when they looked for his resurrection, they still held that there was a multitude of these souls waiting, for an indefinite time, in the underworld for the second coming of Jesus, on which occasion they were to be raised from the dead; and this suggests a point that you need very carefully to note,—the resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of any soul, in early discussions of religious questions, did not necessarily or primarily have any reference to the coming out of the grave of the body. It was the coming out of this underworld of the soul,—the real person coming up out of this place and ascending on high and being with God and his angels.

You are familiar, in a general way, with the descriptions of the early Christian times of this perfect condition. Saint John, as tradition has it, was imprisoned on Patmos. As

a matter of fact, nobody knows who wrote this book of Revelation. It is held by many of the best scholars to be an old Hebrew production which was wrought over by Christian hands. Whether John was the author of it, a person named John, or whether this John was our apostle John, nobody knows; and, of course, it does not matter. But the vision represents the ideally perfect condition of the people who have come up from the lower world, and who have shared in the expected resurrection, have met the Lord in the air, and have been transformed into his beauty. This perfect city, a perfect cube. They lavished on it description, everything that they could think of in the way of beauty and glory. It had streets of gold, a river running through the midst of it, beautiful trees bearing fruit every month, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations,—everything that the poetic power of the time could fancy was used in setting forth the beauty and glory of this city.

And yet you will note one limitation about it,—a limitation I shall have to speak of again in a moment. I think, if I must confine myself to that description, I should get tired of the city after a little. I cannot imagine myself wanting to walk on and look at streets of gold, a lake that looked like glass, the same kind of trees everywhere you turn. The only art that is referred to is music,—no ordinary human occupations are assigned to anybody. I should long sometimes to get through the gates and into the country, if there was a country, to get a change of scene.

I speak of this simply to show the limitations of the faculty of anybody who attempts to describe a thing like perfect bliss.

And here note, before I go any farther, it is a good deal easier to describe suffering and make it interesting than it is to describe happiness and make it interesting. You can describe a whole round of tortures; and each one will be utterly distinct from the rest, and you feel every pang. But can I describe to you, do you think, twelve kinds of en-

joyment, so as to make them distinct and perfectly clear to you, so you will not get a little tired of it before I am through?

Now I do not know what sort of humiliating confession I may be making; but I am going to tell you that I have read Dante, or tried to read him, several times. I have always been intensely interested in his *Inferno*: it seems human in spite of its horror; it seems real. I was less interested in the *Purgatory*: it seemed less real to me, somehow, less human; and I have always found it intensely difficult to stay in his heaven long enough to get through with it. It may be all my fault; but I have found it too tenuous, too intangible to touch me as a human being, to come within range of human thoughts and human occupations.

And very much of the same is true in regard to Milton. Milton's hell is intensely interesting; and Satan is, in interest and power, so much beyond any of the other characters that some of his critics have said he was evidently his hero; and that Milton himself, being something of a rebel, sympathized with this arch, gigantic rebel of the universe, at least on the rebel side of him. He makes him terribly human. But Adam, the angels,—there never seemed to me any human projections about them that I could hang any interest on.

And so I have concluded that it is intensely difficult to describe happiness in such a way as to make it very real. You know there is a saying that "the happy woman has no history." The stream of happiness flows on so smoothly there are no breaks, no ripples, no cataracts to record, nothing to write about. Suppose you describe her happiness yesterday, all the experiences she went through and that she enjoyed intensely: the very breathing of the air was joy, the fragrance of the flowers joy, the gleam of the eastern sky as the sun was coming up was joy; but can you describe it, can you make it real, tangible, to people? And particularly if the next ten or fifteen days are very much the same, can you describe them, so as to make them different

from the rest, so as to give a detailed picture of happiness, and make it mean much to you?

So I have hunted the descriptions of heaven that I have been able to find through from beginning to end; and I find that up to the present time the writers have not succeeded in making them interesting to me. Take the writer of the old hymn — I thought I should be able to recall his name, but I have not been able to put my finger on it — who sings: —

“ When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise
Than when we first begun.”

Now can you imagine yourself happy, singing God’s praise every day for ten thousand years? Can you imagine God willing to put up with it? Of course, it is all figurative. I am simply using these illustrations to show how difficult it is, except in general terms, to describe the heaven that even we desire.

I remember very well, painfully well, when I was a little boy, hearing the choir sing sometimes — perhaps for the last hymn, when I had been so tired for twenty minutes that it seemed almost impossible for me to keep still any longer — the old hymn that closed with

“ Where congregations ne’er break up
And Sabbaths have no end.”

Now I suppose that must have been expressive of a state of mind into which somebody worked himself when he wrote that hymn, to make it mean something to him; but is it anything that makes us want to go to heaven?

It seems to me that there must be a reform in our thoughts about heaven in the direction of making it sweet and real and human. There ought to be, for example, what? A perfect memory. Have any of you ever done or said a thing

that you would like to forget? I have not. In saying that, I make no claim to goodness. I have said things, I have done things, that I have cried my heart out over; but they are a part of me, and I do not want to forget them. I want them, so that I can know that it is I. I want them as a background for other things. I want no heaven, in other words, that does not carry with it a memory that constitutes a personal consciousness. I want to be myself.

People write to me, and say that they try to be content with the thought that they are going, somehow or other, to enter into the general good of the future, but do not expect a continuance of their personal consciousness. I am perfectly willing that what is left of me shall go into the general good, if that is the way of it; but, if I am not consciously to be there, why, of course, it will mean absolutely nothing to me. I have no personal interest in it.

I believe the heaven, then, that will satisfy us must have this personal consciousness of identity. I want to remember everything from the dawn of my being up to the present time, and carry it with me, so that it can be I who am doing, seeing, feeling, am a part of, always.

Then, of course, that carries with it what has been discussed no end of times,—the question of recognition of friends in heaven. Heaven would be no place for me if I could not look forward to that. I would not turn my hand over to have it if it did not carry that as its most precious hope. If I am not going to see the brothers, father and mother, all those I have loved so tenderly and who have made up the dearest and sweetest part of my existence,—if I am not going to see them there, then it would be exile, and not home, and where, if I could have my choice, I would not care to go.

Then there is another thing. I said a moment ago it must be made more human. I have studied Swedenborg's heavens. I have studied Dante's, Milton's, the heavens of all the old writers, the heavens of the modern preachers, so

far as they have gone into descriptions of them; and they simply have not appealed to me. Why? Because they have not been human. They have not furnished scope and room for what we are, and are when at our best.

And it is curious, and it is strange, and more curious and more strange that the people who stand in the way of a little more light do not see it, and do not see that they are doing what has been done ten thousand times before,—it is curious, I say, to see how people will stand in the way of a little more sensible human thought in some of these directions.

Now, when Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote her "Gates Ajar," what did she do it for, what was the main point of the book? I care not whether her particular ideas were true or not; but what did she plead for? A typical illustration will show you. A little girl learns to play the piano. She has never had one, she longs for one as the great, crowning achievement and glory of her life; and she asks Miss Phelps whether she believes that she will have a piano in heaven. What did Miss Phelps say to her? She tells her frankly that she thinks she will; and all over this country, and all over Europe there rose a howl. What for? Because up to that time the only instruments that had been introduced into heaven, apparently, were harps.

Now a harp, for anything I can see, is just as material, if that was the trouble, as a piano. But this little girl did not want a harp, she did not understand a harp, she did not know how to play on a harp: it would have been no heaven to her to give her a harp. And Miss Phelps keenly and sensibly saw, whether she was telling her the literal truth or not, that she was telling her the divinest and deepest truth of all when she told her that the supremest longing of her soul would be met and satisfied.

But every step of religious progress has had to meet this sort of stupid, thoughtless, pure prejudice. As I said, a piano is not a bit more material than a harp; but it was all right to talk about harps, and heresy to say anything about a

piano! Now this is what we must get over. Most of the heavens of the past are furnished for occupation with only the things that a very few people desire. You see in the pictures of them harps always, people with golden crowns standing before the throne, taking them off their heads and flinging them at the feet of Jesus or of God, and singing and chanting his glory. And you think from these statements and pictures, and the art that has been lavished on these things in every direction, that this is about all that there is to heaven.

Now, while everybody, I suppose, has some small capacity for learning something about music, there are a thousand other things that they care for a great deal more. Is there going to be nothing for anybody but the musicians to do in heaven? What would George Stephenson do in heaven? What would Michel Angelo do in heaven? What will the great mathematicians do in heaven? What will the great discoverers do in heaven? What will the great philanthropists do in heaven? for, according to the popular idea of heaven, all field for philanthropy is done away with. You are going to be glad when you see people in trouble instead of being sorry for them. Consequently there is going to be no field for effort to get them out of their trouble. That is the teaching of most of the theologies.

So most of the pictures of the old-time heavens do not satisfy the demand for the broadening, deepening, heightening life and dream and hope of the human race. I believe that heaven will find free room and scope for all that is best and noblest in us, and that not a man, not a woman, who has contributed to the sweetness, the happiness, the beauty, the glory, the health, the uplifting of human life in this world, but will find ample scope and room for a thousand times grander contribution to the growth and development of the universe over there.

For, finally, the idea that death puts an end to all growth, the one in which I was trained, that you are a moment after

death either a devil or pure angel,— that that is the end of it,— lives no more. So there stretches out before us an illimitable career, in which there is field for all that one can dream or think or accomplish.

I feel as though I were but on the threshold of the theme I wished to discuss, and under another form and name shall continue it as our Easter subject next Sunday morning.

Father, we thank Thee for the sweeter, softer light of these later days and for the gentler and grander hopes that have come into our hearts ; and we ask Thee that we may do what we can to drive away the darkness from the eyes of those that are troubled and bring light and guidance for those that stumble or are already falling. Amen.

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

APRIL 12, 1901.

No. 27.

THE RESURRECTION LIFE

An Easter Sermon

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1901

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

372 Congress St., Boston, Mass
104 East 20th St., New York.

THE RESURRECTION LIFE.

An Easter Sermon.

THE text you may find in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the church in Corinth, the thirty-fifth verse, or a part of it,—“But some will say, How are the dead raised, and with what manner of body do they come?”

As an indication of the changed tone of the modern world in dealing with these great themes of future good and future ill, I wish to tell a brief story of our loved poet Whittier, and read to you one of the poems which makes that story so significant.

Whittier was born an orthodox Quaker: he died a Quaker, but not an orthodox one. He was full at the last of the freedom of thought and life which has made this age so different from the preceding. He wrote a poem after he had begun to be less orthodox,—that is,—in the olden time, and it is that poem which I propose to read to you, illustrating the change which was coming over the world. The title of it — and I hope you are all familiar with it — is “The Two Angels”: —

“God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

“‘Arise,’ He said, ‘my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

“‘My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels.

“‘Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!’

- "Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.
- "The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.
- "There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for
fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.
- "And, lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!
- "Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!
- "And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:
- "'Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!'"

The result of that poem was an acrimonious and critical attack upon Whittier by his orthodox Quaker friends. They said he was losing the faith. And here is the point I wish you to note: Whittier's reply was, I think, the grandest religious lyric that has ever been written since this world began,— "The Eternal Goodness." Read it, remembering that it is a reply to a criticism on the words I have just read to you.

I have started with this reference to Whittier's poem as a general introduction to the change of conception that is passing over the modern world in our way of looking at the possibility and prospect of another life, whether that life is to be good for us or whether there is to be a great deal of evil connected with it.

I have said that I am to speak of the Resurrection Life. I naturally need to begin by asking what we mean by the resurrection, for we to-day mean something very different from what was at first meant in the early Church. As I have had occasion to tell you before, the people at the time

of Jesus believed that all souls went down to a cavernous, underground world. They came to believe that it was divided into two parts, good and evil; but nobody went to heaven in the ordinary meaning of those words to-day. All went down to this underground world.

And the question of the resurrection was the question of their coming back from that underworld, rising again after going down: that was the significance of the problem of the resurrection. So that those who believed in the resurrection of Christ were not necessarily those that believed that his body had come out of the tomb of Joseph. They were those who believed that the Christ was still alive, and that he was no longer a prisoner in the underworld, but had come out of that underworld, conquered it, and become the first-fruits of them that had slept. This is what the resurrection meant. The question as to whether the body was coming up was another matter.

What was it that was to be raised? If they were coming up out of this underworld, what was coming? It is a very curious thing to me that people have been fighting for the resurrection of the body for hundreds of years, and have made it a cardinal doctrine in the Church. I was written to by a clergyman not long ago, who told me that no man had a right to be a minister in his church unless he believed in this doctrine. I am astonished that these people forget that Saint Paul himself denies it. He says it is not the body, not that body which was buried, but the soul that is going to rise. Flatly, in so many words, he says it.

What is it that is going to come out of this underworld? What is it that is going to rise again? I am speaking as if I held the doctrine of the early time, of going down to an underworld; but our conception of the other life has undergone a tremendous change. We no longer believe that any one goes down into any underworld. We believe that the resurrection, so far as there is anything that deserves that name, is immediately after the fact of death. After a little

unconsciousness or sleep, prolonged five minutes in some cases,—an hour, a week, a few months, possibly, in other cases,—there is immediate return to consciousness. That is what we believe in to-day.

And that raises another old-time question as to whether there is anything in the nature of things or any evidence anywhere that should lead us to believe in another doctrine which has played so large a part in the history of the Church ; —that is, the doctrine of the intermediate state, the intermediate place. I used to hear the doctrine talked over as a vital question. Edward H. Bickersteth, the famous poet, who wrote an epic, and a great one, the title of it being “Yesterday, To-day and Forever,” taught that there was not only an intermediate state, but an intermediate place, lasting from the time of individual death until the general resurrection.

I remember hearing it discussed, when I was a boy, as to whether people went right straight to hell or to heaven — their souls — while their bodies were in the grave, or whether they slept in the grave and did not wake up until the resurrection, when they either went to hell or heaven, whichever place they deserved. It was a vital question then : it is a vital question in many parts of the world to-day. Mr. Spurgeon teaches very definitely his opinion that the soul goes to heaven or to hell, whichever it has deserved, while the body stays in the grave until the resurrection ; but that the soul is not as happy in heaven as it is going to be or as bad off in hell as it is going to be until after it is united with the body. He says the body shared the sinful pleasures of those who lived an evil life or the sufferings and persecutions of the good, and so it is fair that the body should share with the soul its reward or punishment.

Perhaps I need hardly tell you that I believe we wake into consciousness : it is not going down and coming up, it is simply going on ; and we go on what we are. Let me say here, lest you should think me too dogmatic if I appear very earnest, that I am not speaking as if I had authority.

I am only giving you the results of the study of a good many years in the way of opinion : you must take it for what it is worth, having added to it the amount of evidence I may have been able to bring.

I believe, then, that we go on just what we make ourselves by our lives here. That which finds itself in the resurrection life, as it is popularly called, will be the real, the essential man,—not, necessarily, what hundreds thought of him; not, necessarily, what he is estimated to be on Wall Street; not, thank God, what his bitter enemies thought of him; not what his wife and children thought of him, necessarily. He will be what he became while here. He will be himself who will wake up in the clearer light of that other life. If you ask liberals sometimes whether they hold any severe doctrine, I ask you to question with yourselves a quiet five minutes as to whether there can be anything worse—except perpetual pain—when you are bad, than that you be stripped and be seen as you are. This is the kind of life, I suppose, that we go into.

But there are one or two subtle questions more. As I rouse myself in that other life, am I in a place or a state? There is a great deal of metaphysical thought at the present time about spiritual states being everything. Of course, essentially, that of which heaven consists is a state; but it is not a bit truer there than it is here. That which makes you happy now is a state of consciousness, not the particular place you are in. Rich men know well enough that being in a finely furnished house does not insure happiness, that being able to buy anything they lay their eyes on is not quite all that they care for in this world. And poor people have found out very frequently that living in narrow quarters, ill furnished, with no great amount of light and air, has not been able to keep out heaven, because they carried it with them; and, wherever they were, that was.

Of course, the essential thing over there will be a state, and not a place. But does that mean you are to be

nowhere or anywhere in particular? A word about this matter of time and space. I have tried, but, I confess to you in some humiliation, I have tried in vain to find out what a great many philosophers are talking about in this connection. Even Mr. Swedenborg himself will tell us that there are no such things as time or space in the spirit-world. That may mean something to somebody; but it means nothing to me.

For example, suppose I have two thoughts. Unless you are more brilliant than I am, as I get those two thoughts clearly outlined and distinct from another, one of them must precede the other. I do not have them at the identical instant. And if I met a friend over there, if there are two of us, I do not know any laws of physics — or metaphysics, either — by which the two of them can occupy identically the same space. So it seems to me a waste of words — I give you my opinion for what it is worth — to be thus about time and space.

But have we bodies? We leave these bodies behind us: have we bodies over there? I am showing you my limitations; but I cannot think of an individual entity of being or consciousness of personality unembodied, without form, that occupies no space. A thing that is unembodied, a thing that has no shape and that occupies no space, to the best of my thinking is nothing. So I believe that in the resurrection life all are embodied as really as they are now. I do not always know what people are talking about when they say, Are we “really” to have bodies over there? If they mean as substantially, as intensely, they are more real. What we mean by the ether, what we mean by electricity, by no end of invisible and intangible forces, is something much more intensely real than my hand or the clothes I wear.

I am inclined to the view that we are what we may call a psychical body, imitating Paul in that: within us now there is another body that grows with our growth, that is our invisible self, and leaves this body when it gets through

with it, and that that is what we call death; and that this psychical body goes out a thousand times more real than the one it has got through with, and that that is the kind of body with which we appear in the resurrection life.

I think we are to have some sort of clothing, some kind of houses, some sort of environment, physical environment. There might be, fifteen miles away from us, right here in space, a most magnificent world in existence, ten thousand times more real than this, and peopled with the happiest creatures that live in all the universe, and we know nothing whatever of its existence through the agency of our present senses.

I do not know but we may be put into a world where what we mean now by clothing and houses and ordinary space surroundings may be uncalled for; but at present I do not understand what it means, and I must think according to the correspondence that seems real to me. I believe there is at least something as good as these things, and, if we cannot know just what they are, that we have a right to comfort ourselves by thinking of them under these terms.

Now is there a world like this one of mountains, trees, and rivers? I incline to think so: I do not know. That seems as reasonable to me, and more natural than anything else I can conceive; but I believe that, whatever shall be true in that direction, when we wake up, it will be with a cry of joy,—not that we are disappointed, but that it is something better even than we were able to anticipate.

Now is that life stationary or progressive? Here we come to some deeper questions. Is that life stationary or progressive? Dante — and this is a tradition in the Church, not only the Catholic, but the Anglican as well, and in some of the Protestant,—teaches us that the Beatific Vision is the acme of all conceivable bliss, to which nothing can be added, and, when we have reached that, we are through,—or, rather, in the contemplation of this beatific vision we shall never get through or get enough of it to be satisfied. But

he tells us that he cannot describe it, which is evident, because nobody has ever been able to tell what he meant by it.

This idea does not satisfy me. I am inclined to think that, instead of reaching at once a beatific vision which is to satisfy the soul through all eternity, we enter upon a life of infinite progression. And here comes a question which I can only touch upon. If we are to progress in the other world, is it necessary that we should be reincarnated over and over again, and come back here and go through these experiences? There are a great many wise people telling us at the present time that it is necessary for us to live every conceivable kind of life here, and go through every conceivable experience, from the prince to the pauper, from the saint to the wildest and worst sinner. I will stop simply long enough to say that I do not see why. When somebody gives me a reason for that opinion, I will try to understand it.

There is another thing that the believers in reincarnation are accustomed to say to us,—that we must have it to explain the injustice of the world. To me it does not explain the injustice of the world one single particle: it only pushes it back out of sight. If it was sin in the life before this one which led to the suffering I am going through in this, what led to the suffering I went through in the last? Why the sin in the one that preceded that, and so on back: you simply keep on pushing it back through countless millions of years, and never get anywhere. They say all the evils are to be explained by what happened in the life preceding; but, if you live over again, you have got to get to the end of it some time, and then you have the same problem facing you as you have now. Either we were always just alike, if we have been living forever, or else we were always different, or else we were made alike in the first place, and given different environments which caused the differences in us. In either case, God is ultimately responsible for all the diversi-

ties and differences of character, so that this does not explain things any more than if you take a puzzle which I do not understand and hide it behind a curtain. When I go behind the curtain, it is still there; and I do not understand it, and a million curtains would make no difference. It would be the same thing when you came to the last one: it would be the same old puzzle.

If it were proved to me to be true, my objection would be worth nothing; but still it would not be desirable to me. Suppose the person that I love best in all the world should die, and I live on for twenty-five years. By the time I got there that person might be reincarnated. Instead of looking forward to meet her, I would have to be waiting for her. By the time she got back I might be reincarnated. From anything I can see we might be missing each other in this way for several millions of years. It seems to me a hopeless kind of doctrine any way you take it; and the curious fact is — and this, I confess, does puzzle me beyond expression — all the Hindus, all the Buddhists, twice over as many Christians as there are on the face of the earth, are engaged with their utmost power — all their philosophies, all their religions exist — to the one end of getting rid of being reincarnated, while here we are picking it up as though it were a new find, and something very delightful. The one object of all their religions is to escape it. Before we take it up too readily, I think it would be worth while to find why they are working so hard to get rid of it.

So this does not give me any hope as I look forward to the other life.

But now comes another question that people are perpetually putting to me. They say, after I express my belief that there is not going to be any permanent hell, Well, how are the good and evil to be mixed up together, and there be any heaven that way? Might you not ask just as well how can there be any happiness in New York with the good and evil mixed up in it? We do not associate with evil here in

New York unless we wish to: we are not compelled to associate with bad people. People go their own way according to their own wishes and desires, and so it seems to me they would if they were not fenced apart by themselves in the resurrection life.

And there is another point, one of the most important of all. If we were to be shut off in heavens by ourselves, never to come in contact with suffering or evil of any kind, or if, according to the teaching of Edwards and Hopkins and many of the modern authorities in England and America, we are to be so changed that, looking down over the battlements of heaven and seeing the damned in hell would only add to our joy, why, then, there is going to be quite a serious change in our natures take place. Pity and love and sympathy and the impulse to help, the very motive force that made Christ what he was, that which, we are told, is the divinest in the very heart of God,—all that is going to be blotted out. We are going to be different kinds of creatures from what has been supposed.

If there is to be progress and a full life led on the part of those who go into the other condition of existence, then there must be opportunity for us to come into contact with each other. There must be room for pity, for sympathy and help; and that means that there must be hope, however far away, for the lowest and the poorest and the meanest of all. Unless there is hope in that other world, then the finest and grandest things in us are to atrophy and die out after a while, and we are to become the very concentration of selfishness and self-indulgence, though it be in nectar and the sweetest things the poets have taught us. I believe there must be field there for all that makes us men; and it is these things that have more to do in making us men than anything else that we can conceive.

There is one other problem, you will notice, among the many that are thrust upon me by people who come wishing to know how is this or that or another thing regarded

rationally in connection with the resurrection life. I take up now the question of the possible disentanglement of human relationships here in this world. Everybody knows that there are men without any fault of theirs, so tied by law and custom and honor to the places and associations where they are that they never have a sense of rest and peace and joy day or night their whole lives long. We know perfectly well that there are women of whom a similar thing is true. There are children who never have a chance, as they say. There are people bound together here by all sorts of external and conventional bonds.

Now I do not know whether I shall shock any of you or not by what I am going to say. Unfortunately, perhaps, for me, I have never asked the question before saying a thing as to whether anybody is going to be troubled by it or not, if it is true and needing to be said. Do we not know that there are in this city of New York and in any place in the country no end of cases of people who are bound together in this life by bonds purely and only superficial, that are matters of convention, that are matters of law only on the statute books, who, if they were freed, would fly apart to the world's ends? I once knew two people, once friends. One of them lived here in the United States, and the other lived on the Eastern Continent for a great many years; and some one who did not know them asked the question why, and the answer was that the world was not big enough so that they could get any further apart.

This is the instinct that thousands of people would follow if they were free; and in no end of times the desire to be free is no crime and no wrong. It is simply a desire to repair a blunder that somebody has made, perhaps not themselves. There are daughters married by their fathers and mothers for the sake of extending the power of the family. There are husbands induced to marry this one or that for the sake of binding together two estates or reaching a certain social position. Do bonds like these last in the other world? I hope not.

I believe that things will readjust themselves there until the things that bind people together are of the soul, and are real, and are not shams; because I believe it is a world of justice and of reality.

Will there be perfect happiness, perfect bliss, in that other world? Perhaps I shall shock you again when I say I do not expect it at all in my own case. This old idea that the minute you died you were either going to hell, and be as miserable as possible and continue to exist, or going to heaven, and be as happy as you could be and continue to exist, both seem to me utterly absurd. I expect to go into the other world what I am now. Suppose I should die now, in five minutes. I do not believe there is anything in the fact of dying that would make me a different man from what I am. I carry over into that world the accumulations and experiences of my lifetime.

There are thousands of you, friends, who need to take sound and careful heed to the fact that you are training yourselves in a thousand things that will be of no avail when you get there, and you are neglecting the culture and training of those things that may be most important when you get there; and those things alone will mean misery or happiness without any regard to an outside inflicter or jailer who is glad to have it so. It is in the nature of things.

I do not expect to be perfectly happy. If I find a friend over there who has not outgrown his meanness and selfishness and a thousand bad traits which he cultivated here, and is in the dark, struggling to get rid of himself, I would be a brute to be perfectly happy to find a friend in that condition, and not turn to him in sympathy and help him out of it if I could. I would not worry over the question whether I am perfectly happy when I can find people of that kind all around. It seems to me this expecting that we are going to have perfect bliss over there is the concentrated essence of selfishness. I do not know how it is

any worse to want to be happy here than to want to be happy and nothing else in heaven.

I want to be free from pain just this minute. I do not know that there is any evil in it. I do not want to suffer any unnecessary pain in heaven. I do not think there is any evil in that, either. But if there is some one I can help, and if seeing his struggles and difficulties makes me sad for the time, I will count that sadness a fairer and whiter crown than any that has been painted in the Revelation of Saint John the Divine.

I expect we shall be growing over there. I hope there will be the sense of struggle for us. I do not know what you can imagine; but I cannot imagine that life is going to mean anything where there is no effort and where there is no sense of conquering, of victory after the effort. And, if there is effort, there must be a little question as to success, or the effort would be a sham.

Oh, think these things through, friends; and let your thoughts be natural and human, and do not think you have got to make heaven something utterly unnatural in order to make it good and divine!

I believe there may be a good many sources of disquiet and discomfort for a while over there; but if life is something grand, and there is hope for everybody, and you know that, no matter how low a man may be, there is an angel in him, and you can help get him out; if there is something grand to study,—then there may be happiness unspeakably finer and nobler than that senseless and insipid thing that has been painted to us of sitting on a cloud and doing nothing except play a harp or hear some one else play.

I believe there is to be over there field for the operation and development of all that we are. The astronomer shall still have heavens to study. He who is overwhelmed, as I have always been, by the infinitely little, shall have an opportunity to look into the secrets of the universe. Why may not the poet write grander epics and dramas and lyrics

than he ever wrote here; why may not the historian have grander themes to engage his pen; why may not the orator have audiences still to listen and applaud; why may not the painter and the sculptor be able to outline and shape the images of beauty that they see in the outside world or that they dream in the innermost of their brains?

These, it seems to me, are some of the things that open to us. I believe that the occupations over there shall be just as natural and human as they are here; and we shall have gotten over the absurdity of supposing that studying God's truth in the universe is secular, and studying what the same God has done in some other department that we are accustomed to fence off and call "church life" is sacred. All study of God is sacred. We shall learn that by and by, and rejoice in that truth.

I received a letter this last week from which I want to read you just a few lines. It is the dream of a friend as to what he hopes to find in the other country:—

"I hope to find a quiet place in the rural districts of the Hereafter one of these days. I want a river, not too big, a brook, some wood, grand hills, a garden where I can raise the stuff to make ambrosia, and fruits from which to distil nectar, and—several other things. I want to have father and mother and Wilbur and Wes. and John and all the rest within easy calling distance; and some plain, useful work to do."

I believe that is one of the most rational dreams and hopes of a future life that I have ever had the pleasure to read; for it hints the divinest thing after all, that what we want is what we waked up in when we came into this world. We want home: no matter what we study, we want home; no matter how far we travel, we want home; no matter how many we go out to help, to teach, to inspire, to lift up, we want a home to go back to.

When we think of heaven, is not it home that we are thinking of more than anything else? My friend here with me

this morning (indicating Mr. Collyer) is thinking of the wife that came to this country with him, and fought it out with him,—a helpmate to the last. And I dare believe that no other thousand beautiful women could make any heaven for him if she were not there. And he wants the daughter whose early beauty went out of his life, and left it so desolate: he wants the old father and mother; and he would think out no end of neighbors.

I want, if I could have my way, instead of that which my friend has written and I have read to you, a great city. I love the country for a while. I like to go to it, and look at it. But the city has my heart. I would rather live in the city the whole year round than to live in the country the whole year round, if I could only have my choice. I want the crowds, the rush, the thrill of life, the sidewalks, streets, the windows,—all that makes up its rush and its roar. I would like a city somewhere in the other country. I would want the country near enough, so I could go and see my friends. I would want the heart-home, the one I love most close by. I want that, and rest.

I emphasize "rest" perhaps a little this morning because I am tired. But I have heard people talk of heaven as though they were going to rest forever. I think that would get to be the most tiresome thing of all after a while. Why should not we think of it as natural enough, so that there might be turning off from one particular thing to another, as meeting the demands of the heart? Why should we not think of this, finally, as human, active life, and a life that can go on forever? For—did you never think of it?—it is because God is infinite, and because there are these ten thousands of questions we cannot answer about it—it is because of this mystery that enshrouds everything, that we can have a rational dream of an eternal life.

The people who are not disposed to trust in God because they cannot see the meaning of everything each minute want to read their own death warrants. It is because of the eternal

mystery that we can still advance and have something eternally before us to seek and strive after. It is this eternal activity, with home in the background, that makes the essence of our dream of the resurrection life.

Father, we bless Thee for these deep and dear hopes of ours, and ask that we may live to make them true. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

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"Some great ~~men~~ ^{men} see ~~the~~ ^{the} new Messiah"

MESSENGER PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

APRIL 19, 1901.

No. 28.

We Would See Jesus

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

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WE WOULD SEE JESUS.*

I REMEMBER a face I saw in the cathedral in Cologne, done on a panel, the verger said in the fifth century of our era. It was a face of Jesus, dim now with age, woe-worn and shorn of strength or beauty, so that the thing touched me with dismay; and I said in my heart, This may have been the ideal of his face in the closing scenes of the great tragedy, but I would like to find another portrait of him in the earlier years, as he appears in our Gospels before the shadows of the cross and passion began to touch his soul, — the man so radiant, so strong, and, when the need came, so masterful, yet so tender withal and sweet. This seems to be only the man the prophet saw in his vision, and said, "He shall grow up as a root out of a dry ground, with no form nor comeliness in him; and, when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." I cannot be content with this likeness alone of one who seems to be dying of a wasting sickness, or those eyes looking out on a world he has done with forever; for, of all the sons of God, he stands first to my own vision as the perfect man and the instance of whatever is noblest and finest in our human form and presence.

Indeed, I have heard since then of a fresco found in an old chapel underground, not far from Rome, which holds another likeness, as the devout heart saw him in the mirror of, it may be, an earlier tradition,—a man of a strong presence and a noble stature, a born king of men, a face on which there was no blemish and with a ruddy bloom on a ground color, like ripe wheat. This must be the youth and the man, I said, of the earlier years, and in the home

* "We would see Jesus." — JOHN xii. 21.

where, as the Third Gospel tells us, "the child waxed strong in spirit and stature and in favor both with God and man." A child there in the home, running free in the spring-time and the summer, drinking in the delight of the brave, new world, while laughter breaks forth from the wells in his heart; gathering the lilies in the meadows, and listening to the birds, or playing with his mates in the market-place,—a memory he touches in one of his monologues years after with so fine a felicity; blooming forth from childhood to youth, while the neighbors cannot remember he ever went to school, even to learn his letters. And this may be true; but it must be also true that he learned his lessons from the great mother, Nature, and the simple human life in which he was born and reared to his manhood, that he was to hide in the parables; watching the house-mother, in the home, making the bread and mending the garments, and the poor woman — no doubt a neighbor — seeking the mite of silver, sweeping the earthen floor so carefully that she may find it; watching the careful old father store his wine in the autumn, the shepherd bring home the one lost sheep, the ploughman draw the clean, fair furrow,—not looking backward, but only forward,—and the hen gather her chickens under her wings, with her cry of alarm while the hawk was but a speck in the blue above.

These things, and more besides than I have time to name, must have been stored among the lessons he learned as the boy and the youth bloomed forth from the child, waxing strong in spirit and stature, and in favor both with God and man, with the mother to watch over him and the father in due time to teach him his own craft of carpenter and builder; and so, if it is true that he never learned his letters, this is also true, as our own good poet sings, that

"The spirit that from God is made
The noblest of its kind
Asks not the help of rules that serve
To guide the feebler mind.

It soars, however far its flight,
 Right onward, safe and free,
 And all that schools and books can teach
 In its own soul can see."

Nor can I feel quite content again with Holman Hunt's noble picture, in which the young carpenter stands in the workshop when his day's work is done, stretching out those tired arms that in the sunset make the shadow of a cross on the floor, if the artist would have us imagine the shadow had already touched him as the penumbra of his doom. The shadow must lie far away when he stands there ready to go forth on his holy mission at the call from on high. It is the son of man who, so far as we can touch the secret of the thirty years, had known no sickness or wasting in the spring of his life; the son of man and of God who loved the Father's world, and saw His hand in the cup of the lily, growing by His grace at its own sweet will, and in the bird on the wing up there among the green arches or fallen dead on the ground. There is no woe or wasting then and there like that I saw on the old panel. His human nature and life is attuned to a perfect harmony, as I think of him and see him. Nor can I think of a time apart from what will befall when the glory and beauty of the world will pale for him, and his love for it will sink down to some meaner level,—this young man who of all men was one with the sunshine and the shadow as alike from God, with nature and life, with wholesome men and women and little children,—or a time when the sun will shine no more for him with the old splendor or the lilies be as lovely as they are in his Sermon on the Mount, when the happy noises of life will jar on his ears and heart, and all the good things of God become subject to the discount which comes to so many with their life at ebb-tide. This is the Jesus I love to look on as he stands ready to answer *Here!* at the call of the Most High.

And when he went forth from his home to find within this

perfect manhood the divine gift of help and healing, which was as great a wonder to him as it was to those for whose help and healing he poured out his life, and turned the tides from the marsh of wasting to the springs of health and strength, what a joy this must have been to him, as it was to those who cried to him to be made whole,—a joy that he could come to the death grip with disease and dissolution, and win in the fight. When the poor grew rich in the heart of them through the words given him from the Father, and the sorrowful began to sing as they went on their way, saying to each other, “No man ever spake to us like this man”; while the lowly in heart, with but a few roods of land for life and a living, found that they could inherit the earth; or when he sat at the wedding in the earlier time of his ministry, — I care not how we interpret the wonder,—and made sure the good man of the feast should not be shamed about the wine; and with the outcast tax gatherer where he invited himself to break bread, and with the good sisters in the home in Bethany. How grandly again he goes on his way through those years, making good his claim that he was a teacher sent from God, winning the people to hear and heed him,—the reformer whose word was to shake the great empire, and in the fulness of time to win the world, the son of the living God, who did not care in the least for the laws laid down in the tradition of the elders or the mould in which you should be cast before you could fill the sacred office, and so make good your claim to be a true teacher! He must be of the sacred caste, and go through a careful training. He was a workingman, right from the carpenter’s bench. He must wear the sacred robes as the insignia of his order. There is not the slightest evidence that he did not still wear, and to the end of his life, the dress of his craft and calling. He must only touch the common life all about him as a priest set apart for the service. He walked right into the common life, and was at one with it as a man sent from God,—the man Jesus,—to preach the gospel to the poor, to set at

liberty them that were bound and bruised,— the teacher, the healer, and the helper, who was so tender because he was so strong in God's own strength. He must be most careful in his eating and drinking,— as one who keeps perpetual Lent, —and wash his hands before he touches his food ; and no doubt he would do this, but he cared no more for such rules and regulations than for the motes in the sunbeam, if they did not commend themselves to his honest and holy insight. He would walk at large free from all their bonds, and ask no man or caste what he must eat or drink or where-withal he should be clothed, no matter what they should say or do.

So how could such a man be a teacher sent from God ? the priests and rulers cried, as they would watch him with dislike first and then with anger,— this grand free man, so natural and so human to the core of his heart and life. Or what wonder they should brand him with the evil names of glutton, wine-bibber, and one possessed of a devil, the enemy of God and the Church, who would undermine the whole system of law and ordinance if he was permitted to live and teach his blasphemies. He would not say their shibboleth, he would not be bound by their traditions. He would be as free as the truth. He would call no man master. He was God's free son. They went back forever to the law and the prophets, and so far he went with them ; but they said, We must stop there ; and then he said, No, the law and the prophets are only on the line of advance. They said the divine truth is all here, the truth from God ; but he answered, Only as the oak is in the acorn at the best : the grand, towering, wide-rooted, and wide-branching tree waits to be revealed in the kingdom of God to come. They made their Sabbath Day a yoke of bondage. He would make it a grand force for freedom, and said the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

They claimed to be the sole wardens of the divine truth and life. He answered, You are no more that than you

are the sole wardens of the sunshine, the rain, and the free blowing winds of heaven. So ran his free gospel, when we find our way to the heart of it; and so the question burned to a lurid flame in the hearts of priests and rulers, What shall be done to this man? Was he not the friend also of the ruck and refuse of their holy city and the common-wealth,—the publicans, the sinners, the harlots, and, worse than all, the heretics over there in Samaria, the objects of their deepest scorn and contempt? Had he not told that story to all who would hear him of the publican, a low-down fellow, and the man of their own order who stood true to all the laws and ordinances of the temple,—yes, and poured out money like water for holy things? Yet had he not said the publican went forth, not from the temple,—for he must not come there,—but from where he stood afar off,—went forth nearer to God than the saint of high degree? Had he not branded them also over and over again as hypocrites in the hearing of the rank and file, as men who would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and then would make him twofold more a child of the devil than he was before or than they were themselves; told them they devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made those long prayers; that they would strain out a gnat and swallow a camel, and were like the whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones?

The Gospels are strewn with these flashes of indignation and revolt from his strong, manful heart,—a revolt so divine because it was so human, while here, as in his most tender ministries and intimacies, I find not the worn and woful face on the panel, but the strong and radiant son of the living God; the white Christ humanity in its divinest, and, as a fine thinker says, “the well-spring of all that is noblest and best in our human life, Jesus of Nazareth, the most exalted, religious genius God ever sent upon the earth.”

And now shall I touch with my heart's reverence and love the great tragedy crowned while the world stands by the great victory? It is clear from what he says to his dear

friends and followers when he touches the bread and wine and asks them to bear him in remembrance when he is no more with them as he has been through those years, and comes to the city, he shall only pass through her gates to his doom. He had struck at the roots of the bigotry, the hypocrisy, the sins and shames of the classes who were misleading and devouring the masses, not as with a feather brush, but as your backwoodsman strikes with a Collins axe, while the hatred and fear of the priests and rulers had grown deeper with every stroke, and was now a fierce, burning fire, so that they say with perfect frankness he must die ; for to let him live will be to set the seal on the ruin of all they deem most precious. It is then we see him setting his face toward the city, the citadel of their power, not the strong man he was, but worn and weary, yet bound to be there and to face the doom. Yonder before him they are waiting with the thorns for his crown and the cross as he climbs the rugged steep ; and there behind him is the home of the good sisters where he has rested, always so welcome, and yonder to the northward lies dear old Galilee where he lived as a boy and worked as a man in such a sweet and pure content until the whisper came to him that he must be about his Father's business.

So we may imagine, in all reverence, how the human heart in him would plead that he should turn the yearling back on which he rode, return to his home and his mother, — a widow now, — throw up his hands, give up the fight, recant before Israel and the sun, and go, if he might, in peace to his home and his workshop. He could not turn back because two words held him, *love* and *loyalty* for God and man. He could not turn back, because the most momentous day in the world's whole life would be a dead blank if he had turned the head of the yearling and sought safety at such a price. Only death now could set the seal on his mission from God, — this he knew ; and so the sun shining overhead as he rides up the steep could have

sooner seemed to turn back in the heavens than he could return, if he might, to the safety and quiet of the old home nest. And his word could never have come true, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." The last grand proof would be missing, which lay in giving his life for the world,—this last and uttermost gift of himself. We should have had no Christ at once so human and so godlike, because he was made in fashion as a man. Only the seer would have lived with this wonderful glance into the heart of the truth, only the teacher of heaven-born wisdom, only a life of the noblest purity. Nay, I think even the Gospels themselves could never have been written; for they are all sealed with the seal of the cross, and written by the light which lies on the Easter morning. There is the keystone to the arch bent from earth to heaven, and the essence of the divine truth. He taught, not in his life alone, but most truly in his death, "He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that giveth his life shall save it unto life eternal." Yes, and if his cry in the great agony, "Father, save me from this hour!" could have been answered by exemption, he answered himself: "Nay, but for this came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name," then is this not true that untold myriads, from the first martyr who was stoned to those we cannot number over there in China who have found strength to die, and died, some of them, so nobly,—

"When looking upward, full of grace,
They prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote them on the face"?

The heroes, the saints, the dear sons and daughters of God, the faithful unto death and unto slaying, these must have stood bare of the power and grace to die as they had lived, faithful to the two brief words, "loyalty" and "love" for God and His Christ. Suffering for these primal and most divine passions would have been shorn of the sacredness sealed by the cross; and then not faithful unto slaying, but

exemption, not the fire, but the soft sunshine, and not victory, but compromise on such terms as I have glanced at, would have been his parting gift to the world.

Once more, when this truth comes home to my heart in its divine reality, I am not content to say he was, indeed, my divine teacher sent to reveal the Father's love to me,— this is true,— but I must hear the pathetic cry, "Father, save me from this hour," and then the cry, "Nay, but for this cause came I unto this hour," and then lay to my heart that word of the apostle, "It pleased him in whom all fulness dwells to make the captain of our salvation perfect through suffering." Nor, seeing so much of life as I have seen through all these years, can I be content with a faith in God, our Father, which will make your life and mine as pleasant as a parlor concert if we choose to stand clear from the shadow of the cross when it falls on our own life and lot? You know how I love to dwell on His perfect love as it falls into sweet harmonies; yet it is still true that His very love for us, as for His Christ, may be as stern as the doom in the great tragedies, and may challenge us to bear a burden like this which was borne by him, and to confront a darkness in some moment as deep as that which fell on him when he cried, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Moments when it shall seem to us there is no God or Father and the heavens of our hope and love are silent as the grave to our cry, then we need him, the divine ensample, whose life was one with ours, that we may be true as he was, who still held on to the watchwords, and never thought for a moment that he could forsake God or his great and sacred trust. And another truth touches me, and must be told: that, while I cannot for a moment believe in what so many have called the vicarious sacrifice, made that the wrath of God might be slaked in the blood of His dear Son, this I cannot but believe, that so far in our human story for all that is most precious we have had to pay the price of our most precious blood, vicarious suffering and sacrifice, the just for the

unjust, the innocent for the sinful, the noble for the base, who cry, Release unto us Barabbas, but nail this man to the cross. Dear friends, I think in some moments there is no other way but this, when you touch the secret of the divinest worth in what the sons of God have done in all the ages for the world's salvation, that

“The best through pangs must still be born,
And the kingliest kings be crowned with thorn.”

How many we have known, the noblest and best, who must make the great sacrifice,—the beautiful strong manhood on which there was no shadow of death until the hour came when they must choose whether they would be true to God and the two words “love” and “loyalty,” for the good against the evil, the truth against the lie! And never did the truth I would tell come home to me so grandly as when I would talk with our men who were dying after the great battles, who would tell me about the home they would see no more, the mother and children they must leave for love and loyalty,—the unspeakable sacrifice,—and then say in some homely way, “For this cause came I unto this hour.” And in our homes, when we held the beloved so close in our hearts who lay within the shadow of the cross, we cried for them, “Father, save them from this hour,” while we would have died in their stead if this might be, but they grew quiet and strong, and forgot their own suffering so eager they would be to comfort us, as when he hung on the cross, and said to the dearest friend as he saw the mother weeping: “Son, behold thy mother! Mother, behold thy son!” and he took her to his own home, and comforted her.

And again may I say that, while we may have to face no such agony in any guise as this over which the world has been bending all these ages, is not this the loftiest reach the soul can attain, when a great sorrow smites us, and we cry in our hearts, “Father, save me from this hour,” to say: “Nay, but for this I came unto this hour. Father, Thy will

be done"? It is so sweet and good, this dream of the way our life will be laid out for us if we also are His dear sons, His dear daughters, and so hard our waking to the stern reality of the cross; while the first question is this,—Can you and will you make the true answer for loyalty and love? I wonder if I can, and then I watch him, the dear Son, human as I am, on his way to the doom; and he whispers to me, "I found I must say them: I have gone through it all. I will hold on to you if you will take up your cross and follow me to your Father and mine." Then, if these years have told me the divinest truth, it is as if I must go through the deep waters, while, between the strong hand under my breast and such poor strokes as I can make, I do win through; and there beyond is the shining shore where there is no more sorrow or crying, neither is there any more pain. I also go to the Father.

Or am I sorely beset by this, that the world is so full of treason, as I may believe it is also full of loyalty, thank God? But the treason gets the grip on me I cannot master. There are so many Iscariots to kiss me on the cheek, and then betray me for the thirty pieces of silver; so many Peters standing by the fire, to deny me; so many pitfalls and snares not seldom twisted out of the holiest things; so many masks and so few true faces; so many "Te Deums" for the strongest battalions and dooms for the weakest; and so many suggestions that the survival of the fittest may be only the survival of the worst,—so I must narrow down or give up my watchwords of loyalty and love, and take things as they are. Then my divine Friend and Master whispers again: "I had to face the treason; the kiss of the traitor was on my cheek, and burnt, as it burns yours. Take heart, my poor human brother! Take heart, and believe that, as I overcame, so shall you. Defeat lies in giving up loyalty and love to God and man, with all these stand for; and better all defeat than such a victory at such a price."

Finally, do I see no good in all my striving, as he must

have seen none for the moment, when they all forsook him and fled,—saw none save by faith in the eternal truth and right? No good in my striving, in the truth-telling, in the helping and healing? He whispers to me, “I could have had the world at my feet for renouncing the watchwords.” So this is the question I must answer: Do I shrink back from the price through which whatever is most God-like and Christ-like will be won? While the world stands, there is no other way to the highest and the best. What costs most is worth most by the standards of the Most High. Do I want this jewel? Then I must pay for it. So say the great ones in all times and all lands, the saints, the seers, and the heroes, who have made the choicest investments in the kingdom of God. And, when I have taken this open secret of the two words to my heart, I have seen Jesus, who, though he was rich, for my sake became poor, that I, through his poverty, might be made rich.

“Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

“Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

“We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see:
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.”

HYMNS.

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UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
" " " Doz.	\$1.50
" Cloth, " Copy	30 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

111 1511.2

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

APRIL 26, 1901.

No. 29.

THEOPHILUS LINDSEY

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS
372 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

NOTE.

For four years, in the seventies, Rev. William Rounseville Alger, D.D., preached in the Church of the Messiah. Passing through the city, he filled the pulpit last Sunday, the 21st inst. As he did not wish his sermon published, it was decided that this was a good time to let the readers of Messiah Pulpit have Mr. Collyer's sermon on the first man who organized a Unitarian church, under that name, in England.

Dr. Savage resumes his work again, as usual, next Sunday.

THEOPHILUS LINDSEY.

"Most excellent Theophilus."—LUKE i. 1.

THERE is a small place called Catterick, in my native county of York in England, where the Romans built a fortress, and held it almost to the close of their stay in the kingdom, and where Paulinus came to preach and baptize in the year 627, the first missionary sent from Rome to the rude tribes in the Yorkshire dales. He won the queen of Edwin, our king, to the faith; and she won Edwin after some trouble and delay, and then he ordered his subjects to follow him, and be baptized in the small, bright river close at hand. The people and the high priest of the old religion hurled down the great idol at a place not far away, because, as he said, the old gods had left him poor after many years of good service, and he was quite ready to try the new.

Edwin built a church, also, within the old Roman station, as we guess; and a man was made vicar of this church 1,136 years after the advent of Paulinus and the conversion of the tribe, such as it was, the story of whose life I want to touch. This was Theophilus Lindsey, a fast friend of Franklin and of our republic, new born then and passing through her darkest days.

His mother was a cousin to these Marlboroughs we know of here in New York. She lived in the family of the Huntingdons, earls of degree, of whom Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon, was the fast friend of Wesley and Whitefield, and a woman of such sterling worth that it is reported, when Chesterfield heard some persons of quality sneering at her for her piety, he said he should like to take his chance at getting into heaven holding on her gown. Mr. Lindsey's father was a Scotchman, and married his wife for pure love

of her, I trust ; but it was a great alliance for the canny Scot, into the bargain, and it is clear he knew as well what he was about, in this respect, as any man of his nation who ever crossed the border. And so little Master Lindsey was named Theophilus in honor of a lord of that name among the Huntingdons, and perhaps for the further reason which prompts you to name your son Theophilus when you have a relative of that name who has oceans of money and power. Because, if you can get those noble people to stand sponsor to your son over there in England, if you design him for the Church, and they have rich livings in their gift,—as these Huntingdons had,—you may go to sleep with the restful feeling of a man who, so far, has done his whole duty. Then there were the Hastings, also, with whom the newly wedded wife was intimate,—two maiden ladies with plenty of money and very warm hearts ; and they took charge of the boy's education, sent him to a good grammar school, thence to St. John's College in Cambridge, and kept their eye on him to such good purpose that, when a great bishop wanted a tutor for his son, they got him the place, and added another string to his bow, so that, if the Huntingdons had no living ready when the young man was ready to take orders, the bishop would be sure to have one. And then he would be provided for beyond all question for the rest of his life. So, when he was ordained, there was a living ready for him in London, by the grace of Lady Anne Hastings, one of the good maiden sisters.

Then the Huntingdons took hold, and gave him a lift, also. The Duke of Somerset wanted a chaplain, and needed one. They got Lindsey the post, and then in no long time the duke died in his chaplain's arms. His grandson was the Duke of Northumberland, a boy of nine, in very delicate health. He went abroad with this lad, and travelled with him a couple of years ; and, when they came home, he was presented to a living of very great value. For you must understand that these livings are just as

much the property of those who have the good fortune to own them as a horse is, or a ten-acre lot. They can give them to whom they will, or sell them to the highest bidder, subject to the life of the incumbent in possession. So that within my memory you could read scores of advertisements like this: "To be sold, a living worth so many hundred pounds a year, in a pleasant neighborhood, age of the present incumbent, say, 85." You buy such a living, enter on it at the old man's death, turn his old wife and daughters out on the world, and that is the State Church of England.

Well, Lindsey was just warming his new nest, when the Huntingdons took hold again, and presented him with a much richer living in the west of England. So he went there, and began again. Then my Lord Duke of Northumberland took a turn at him once more. He was to go to Ireland as viceroy of that hapless kingdom, wanted young Lindsey to go with him, and it was on the cards that he should be presently made a bishop; but here the man made a stand against this perpetual downpour of good fortune.

He would not go to Ireland: he was well content to be vicar of a rich parish in Dorset. He would have no more promotion: he had got enough.

And well you may be content to be vicar of a good parish in a pleasant English county.

First of all, your parsonage is apt to be a perfect wonder of comfort and convenience. It fronts south, as a rule, and is backed by an orchard and a garden. The old walls of the garden are covered with cherries, plums, and apricots; and in the south they even try to grow peaches, getting with infinite pains about the sort of peach we see here in early June, and avoid as we avoid the plague. But with this very slight drawback touching the peach, and the grape, let us say, I know of no spot under the sun more exquisite than your old English vicarage and its garden. In the garden you are sure to find all the old fruits and flowers, and the fruit is as safe as if it was in Eden,—for I never

heard of the boy who could even imagine a raid on the vicar's fruit; while you have to guess at the age of the vicar's house, covered, as it is, with vines and roses trained about the ancient mullioned windows, or invaded by honeysuckle and sweet-brier, when you open the casement, that has to be braided gently back when you close it, as a maiden braids back her hair. Then your vicar's income also is, or was then, as safe as the Bank of England. It had known nothing since the days of Queen Anne of hard times or panics or revolutions. The king may lose his throne, and become a beggar with the Stuarts; but your vicar sits in his chair and draws his income with a quiet regularity which sets the seasons themselves, one would think, on edge with envy, so steadily comes the day when your money is paid down on the nail. We trace the vicars of the church where I was baptized to 1234. The man who baptized me was fifty-two years vicar, and I doubt whether a poorer preacher ever stood in the old oaken pulpit. But that made no matter. Keeping the church between yourself and what might befall when you got through was the main matter; and then the parson might hunt or shoot or fish to his heart's content, and no man say him nay.

Well, Mr. Lindsey was now the vicar of one of these fine parishes; and, if he had been content to be this, and no more, I should not care to touch the story of his life. But he was not content. It came out, in no long time, that the man had struck a great trouble.

He found, somehow, that, while these people had given him the livings, each better than the other, God had also given him a conscience, and a certain solemn insight of this human life of ours, which would not let him rest. Everything in the world had been done for him, but this was not enough. He found now that he must do something for himself and for the Most High. So this undid all the doing of the Huntingdons, the Somersets, the Hastings, and the Northumberlands, who had stood to him up to this time in God's stead.

The first sign he made that he was not to be one of the old, easy-going sort was a move to exchange his living in the pleasant southwest for one in the bleak and barren north, this eleven hundred years old church at Catterick.

It was a hard place with a much poorer income, but a man was wanted there who would be a second Bernard Gilpin, and put his whole soul into the work of winning the people from something like Paganism to God; and, as it turned out, he was the man.

Then there was another reason. He had read that word of Paul (1 Corinthians viii. 6).—"There is but *one* God, the Father." This word had sunk into his heart and haunted him, so that he had to ponder its meaning, and try to find, for his own soul's sake, the truth of the Trinity or the Unity of God. There in the north, also, he had heard of men who would talk with him frankly on these high matters. He was of too great a heart to do as thousands do now, who, not believing one word about a trinity of deities, keep this all to themselves, and make as if they believed it all, for reasons I will not venture to explore.

He was not clear yet about this truth of the Unity of God. He was only seeking for light; but meanwhile, as he was now vicar of Catterick, he went bravely to work to do his best, and did it grandly. He fed the hungry and clothed the naked; started ever so many schools, and helped to maintain them out of his diminished income; was a sort of rough-and-ready doctor also, carrying such simple medicines as he could prescribe along with his Bible and Prayer-book, living with his brave, good wife on a very small part of his income, giving away all the rest, and never saving a sixpence. He was, in a word, what thousands of "good persones of a towne" have always been in England. Still, the good parson felt this was not all he must be and do. These thoughts would still haunt him of the Trinity, and whether it was a truth taught in the Bible or a dogma of the Church.

He was a man of excellent learning and the most absolute sincerity. He would play no tricks with his soul for the sake of his living. His friends, almost to a man, were in the old mother Church. His social position was lost if he left it. The Hastings, Huntingdons, and Northumberlands would all go back on him if he became a Unitarian ; but, if he stuck to the Church, they would help him on again if he did but give them a sign, and he still might no doubt be a bishop if he would only hold his tongue and strike for a bishopric.

He had a friend high in the Church, who thought just as he did, when they talked these things over ; but this man gave no sign of distress when he had to read the Trinitarian formulas in the Prayer-book.

There was no such easy-going way open to my good vicar. He said when he was through with the fight and had come out square for the truth, "It appeared to me at last to be a real duplicity that while I knew I was praying in my heart to the one God, the Father, my people were led by the language I used to address themselves to two other persons ; and, as one great design of Christ's mission was to promote the worship of the Father, as he himself tells us, I could not think it right to do what I was doing for the simple-minded people who worshipped God with me." Then he had a severe fit of sickness, which brought him face to face with death, and demanded whether he could face the eternal world in this mask he was wearing ; while, as he was getting well, he happened on an old book, written by a man who had given up his living a hundred years before for the sake of his conscience, and the man said these words to him, as it were, out of the eternities : "When thou canst no longer continue in thy work without dishonor to God, discredit to religion, the loss of thine own integrity, the wounding of thy conscience, the spoiling of thy peace, and the risking of thy soul, then thou must believe that God will turn the laying aside of thy work to the advancement of his gospel."

It took him ten years to fight that battle. He would have got through more speedily ; but there was a movement in Parliament to soften down the ancient dogmas, and make it easier for men like Lindsey to say the prayers of the Church. But nothing came of it. You must say the prayers and creeds just as they stood or quit ; and so at last Mr. Lindsey prepared with his good wife to give up his living at Catterick, and go out into the world, not knowing whither they went, trusting in God. They did a noble stroke of work in the last year of their residence. The small-pox was making great havoc in the parish. It was still a matter of most painful debate whether people should be inoculated for this dire disease or left to die ; and I think it was in this very year that the vicar of St. Andrew's in London preached a sermon from the text, "The Lord smote Job with sore boils," arguing that these were in some sort synonymous with the small-pox, and so, as these sore boils of the modern day were also from the Lord, it would be rank blasphemy to try to prevent them by inoculation. Not so said the Lindseys. They had every child in the parish inoculated. The good wife saw them through the crisis without the least harm to any of them ; and then, with their whole means used up in this work, they prepared to leave, after the good vicar had sold his library to save them from mere beggary, when they turned away from the dear old place.

This was in November, 1773. Mr. Lindsey had a number of small chapels in his great rambling parish, as well as the ancient mother church. So he went to them all to say his last words, and the simple-hearted folk wept like children when he told them they would see his face no more.

They were small farmers and day laborers. They had no time or chance to search into these questions of the Trinity or Unity of God. It was as strange as if a Hindu had talked to them of the mysteries of the Rig-Vedas. But there was one book they could read to a better purpose even than

their Bible, and that was the good parson's life through these ten years. That was as good to them as fine wheat, and as sweet as the heather on the moors. So their souls clave unto him ; and they pleaded with him, and cried, " Nōa, nōa, parson, ye munnot leeave us. Ye mun steāāy and tak care of us, and of these bairns of ōōrs. Why, parson, if you be a Unitarian, so be we. Dunnot leeave us, parson : we will believe just what ye tell us. Just stēay, just stēay, that's all we want. Just stēay."

It was not the first time a man has had to tear his heart to bleeding for the sake of his conscience, and it could not be the last. All the paths his feet had worn were closed to him except this that led out into the wilderness, and, if it should please God, to the rest that remains. He got about \$200 for his library,—it was all they had in the world,—and then the long stern fight was over ; and he was a free man.

You will find many papers about it all in the old magazines, for the step made a great commotion. They all speak of Mr. Lindsey with pure respect, no matter where they stand, if they do not happen to be religious magazines ; and his bishop in parting with him said, "I have lost the best man I had in my whole diocese."

He went with his wife to London to see what might be waiting for them there. This faith in the unity of the divine nature, this central truth to us, was winning its way then in London as it was in Boston ; but in the one city it was hidden away rather than revealed in the Presbyterian churches as in the other it was hidden away in the Puritan churches. Men like Priestley and Lardner, Rees and Kippis, on that side the water, were beyond all question Unitarians, as men like Mayhew and Chauncy were on this side, and John Milton for that matter, and John Locke, with a great line of men of the most excellent genius, learning, and holiness. Only they were very much like some in our time : they were not what we call "come-outers," and whispered their secret, as it were, to the winds.

But my good old vicar had no such trouble as this. He had found what he believed to be the simple and abiding truth; and, if there was but one man of that conviction in the whole world, he would be that one man.

He had bought his freedom with a great price; and it was dear to him as his life to be just what he was, a confessor of the truth that there is one God, our Father. He could lose his living and his old friends, and what some call caste; but he could preach the truth as it had come to him, and this is what he did very soon after he got to London.

He took a room, began to preach, and soon found the place crowded, so that they began to talk about a new chapel; and, as a good many persons of wealth had gathered about him, this was easily done. Franklin was one of those who helped to build that chapel and to maintain the good confessor.

It was still standing in Essex Street a few years ago, close to the Strand; and, while we should not think it was a very imposing place, I have no doubt that for those days it was considered quite splendid. I preached there in 1871; and there were a few present, like Sir John Bowring, who remembered the fine old man. So it seemed to me a very sacred place, as I thought of this man with the best there was in England at his back, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," turning away from this, enduring as seeing Him who is invisible, and for the sake of a good conscience content to be what he became, the first Unitarian minister, so called, by this name in the city of London.

This is the story of the good vicar; and the lesson from his life to me lies in his steadfast purpose to be honest and true to the light that shone for him, and then to make his life true to this light, at the sacrifice of wealth and ease, place and position, and of friendships that reached away back into his cradle. And this is my conclusion; that, no matter where we belong in the great Church of God, we should be honest and sincere, as this man was, and tolerate

no double-dealing in these things that touch the soul's life, because they lie at the very root of morals and of character. The most sacred ideals are hidden within our faith in God's truth, and the finest powers we can use in our life are moulded and made fine through such believing. Nor can I doubt that, when a man will consent to say one thing while he believes another, it must be to the lowering of all his standards, and the debasing in some subtle way of his whole life beside.

When men and women in our Church, or in any other, say what they do not believe, it is as when people get hold of a bank-note they do not believe in, and pass it quietly on to the next man who will take it, so that in time the whole currency of God's realm and God's truth comes at last to be suspected, and breaks down.

In the great central citadel of the old castles in England, as I remember them, there is almost sure to be a well of living water sunk deep down in the foundations; and this was counted a most momentous matter. They could store up provisions for a siege, but the well of living water, springing down there in the deeps, stored and sprang of its own sweet will, and gave them ever-during strength to defend the place. So have I thought of this honest and sincere conviction of God's truth in a man's life. It is as a well of living water in the central citadel of his power; while the mere make-believe is as the tanks we fill, to find the water grow turbid, and fail when we need it most.

My good old vicar found the well. It was hard work and cost him about all he had in the world; but he found the well, and from that day he drank of the waters of the everlasting life.

And so I know of no nobler truth than this to tell: —

“To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

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MESSEIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MAY 3, 1901.

No. 30.

JESUS LIFTED UP

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

NOTE.

Being unable to correct the proof of my Easter sermon it contains, as printed, several palpable errors for which this must serve as explanation.

M. J. S.

JESUS LIFTED UP.

I TAKE as a text from the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to John the thirty-second verse,—“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.” The unknown author makes a comment in the next verse, giving his idea of what he supposed Jesus to be referring to; and he does it in these words: “But this he said, signifying by what manner of death he should die.”

I am inclined to think that Jesus had some deeper meaning than that in his mind: “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.” Was it merely being hung on a cross outside Jerusalem on a Friday afternoon to which he referred? But the two thieves were also hung on crosses. Hundreds of men have been hung on crosses, hundreds of men have been lifted higher from the earth than he,—if it is that to which he referred,—and they have not drawn the world to themselves as the result of that lifting. I think he meant something more, which will be apparent as we proceed.

Beginning with the year 300 or about that time, and reaching until the time of the Renaissance or, perhaps, a hundred or two years since,—for neither the beginning nor the ending of the epoch is clearly defined,—we notice that Jesus in outward show was lifted up as he has never been in any other period of human history since the day when he was born and cradled in Nazareth,—lifted up everywhere, the kings of the earth bending humbly at the mention of his name; the Church, the mightiest power known among men; and Jesus enthroned as God in the heavens; enthroned in the external reverence and worship of all the people of the

mightiest kingdoms of Europe; Jesus, his figure, his shrine, at every cross-roads in Europe, on every hilltop and conspicuous peak, on every church spire, on a thousand wayside crucifixes. Lifted up in the Vatican, lifted up in every cathedral, lifted up in every ceremony, so that, though men bent not the knee at mention of God himself, they bowed at the name of the Son!

And Jesus was lifted up by the kings and their armies. In his name, men made war and sought peace. Europe was devastated, impoverished, distracted, for the honor of Jesus, in seeking the conquest of his sepulchre. During those Middle Ages never was his power for a moment questioned,—men like Louis XI. in superstitious terror at the mention of his name, or entering into a deliberate bargain with some image of one of the saints,—many of which he carried fastened on his hat—when he wished to carry out some peculiarly wicked scheme or diabolical plot; Catherine de Medicis, poisoner, intriguer, who kept that which I hardly dare mention in public, a means of tempting and leading astray and destroying ambassadors or other people whom she could not frighten or purchase,—she one of the most pious women of her time!

What is it I am hinting at by the mention of Louis and Catherine? I wish to call your attention to the fact that during the period of time I have outlined, though Jesus was more externally lifted up than he has ever been before or since, he did not draw the world to himself, because it was only the simulacrum of Jesus that was lifted up. It was labelled Jesus; but it was ambition, it was jealousy, it was thirst for power, it was robbery, it was conquest, debauchery, it was evil of every nature. There has never been a more corrupt time in the history of Europe than those same Middle Ages.

What was the condition of the Church? The pope living in ostentatious luxury and vying with the kings of the time in all matters of display, and conferring ostentatious honors

and power upon those who by courtesy were called his nephews,— this hints at the condition of the Vatican.

The courts of the time unspeakably corrupt, the people trampled under feet, no rights recognized for common men or common women,— this was the state of things during the time when, apparently, Jesus was more lifted up than he has ever been before or since. But it was not the real Jesus that was lifted: it was done in his name. They said what he prophesied they would, "Lord, Lord!" but they did not do the things which he had commanded of his disciples.

I have hinted the difference between a real lifting up of Jesus and an apparent one; but I have already indicated, if you stop to think of it, the principle involved. That was lifted up which the people cared for most, which appealed to the popular heart and imagination; and it drew to itself the masses of the time, because it was what the masses of the time wanted.

Here is a principle which I wish you to notice, because we shall need to keep it in our minds all the way through to understand how Jesus is lifted up, and how he draws the world to himself. That which draws is might. It is power always; and it must be stronger than that which is drawn or attracted. The magnet draws the iron filing; the moon draws the earth, and makes the oceans follow her in her course; the sun draws his great retinue of planets about himself, because he is mightier than all of them combined. And, when you come up into the human realm, you not only find that it is power that draws, but that there is kinship, sympathy, between that which draws and that which is drawn. At any particular epoch in the history of the world, if you find the people being drawn towards an ideal or man, you will know that the majority sentiment of this people is like the man that draws them.

Now let us — by way of illustration, for a moment — look back a little. We may also look forward and around us for similar illustrations at the same time.

In the early period of the history of the world, at times of great change, of revolution and anarchy, what is it that the world has needed most? It has been a chieftain, a leader, one who could be strong as a warrior, and defend his country against her enemies. So the general, the leader, the chieftain,—no matter by what name he may be called,—has been lifted up, and has drawn the world unto himself. In the first periods of human history it was almost exclusively he who drew the world; but there have been epochs since when an Alexander or Cæsar or Hannibal or Napoleon or Grant has taken the leadership of the world's thought and feeling, and has manifested his power by drawing its sympathies and its admiration to himself.

But, while this has been true for a short period of time, there has been growing always in the heart of the people something deeper, something less visible, something less ostentatious than this, but something at the same time mightier. There have been periods in the history of the world when the sense of beauty has been the mightiest power on earth. In ancient Greece, for example, it was stronger than their rulers, it was that which dominated the character of the people, and which has made Greece to all succeeding time what she is to us,—this invisible, intangible admiration for beauty.

Pass to Rome. We come here to another period, when the intellectual is coming to be stronger than the physical, when that is beginning to be recognized as mightier than the spear or the sword. What was it which dominated ancient Rome and made her a world-wide power? It was her men of thought, the law-makers, the organizers, the ones who could see and plan and who because of the power of their thought dominated the world.

But it is very striking to me to note that, while all this has been going on, and while apparent physical or simply intellectual forces have been ruling, there has been something else recognized as beginning to come into recognition and

prominence which is mightier still than these. As you look back and down the history of the world, who are the men who stand the tallest, who are lifted up most in the admiration of the people, and who draw the larger masses of men to themselves? They are Confucius, Zoroaster, Gautama, Mohammed, Jesus. Among those of lesser rank are such as Seneca and the slave Epictetus. They are those who have represented the religious and the moral ideal, and have made people dream, at times at least, that the world was a place for something more than the embodiment of physical might or ostentatious empire.

In the Middle Ages, to which I referred a moment ago, there was a time when there was a dawn, a promise of sunrise, that we call chivalry, when courtesy and gentleness and manliness and human help began to take their place in the life of the world, and to be mightier than the shield or the spear or the arms of the knight; for the man who disregarded this gentle, ethical, spiritual ideal lost his rank as a knight, and was cast out with contempt. This ideal, then, became mightier than physical force. And all the way along there has been growing this power of conscience, of right, of gentleness, of tenderness: underneath these outer displays of force these have been welling up in consciousness, lifting by their ideals and drawing the world to themselves; and I shall show you in a moment that it is not by courtesy that we refer to these things as strong.

Let us glance for a moment to-day at the Russian Empire, regarded as one of the grandest embodiments of organized physical force that the world has ever known, headed by a czar who wields the spiritual and the military and the political power, all combined; and yet to-day there is one man, ordered by the czar into exile, who is mightier than all the Russian Empire combined. And, on account of the thoughts and ideas which he represents and stands for,—the gentleness, the truth, the brotherhood, the sense of justice, the right,—because of these the czar hides himself in his inner

chamber; and Europe looks on with wonder as to when this mighty fabric of external power shall be shaken to its fall. And the wife of this man has just written a tender, gentle, loving letter of appeal to the head of the Russian Church, because the threat of excommunication has gone forth, and, when her husband dies, he can have no Christian burial. And this gentle, quiet, unobtrusive lady has struck a blow that makes the great Greek Church tremble to its foundations: it represents the power that by and by shall make that Church topple to its fall.

These ideas of justice, of tenderness, of love, of human helpfulness, you see, are becoming stronger. Why? Because they are growing in the heart of the world; and the one name that represents them more than any other is being lifted up, and is drawing this great world of sympathizing followers to himself.

I spoke of the power of a great general. There have been mighty captains who have had power, and who deserved their power; but, as illustrating the other side of it, and how this power is constantly waning and another is coming to the front, let me read you two or three lines from Lowell's "Commemoration Ode":—

"Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame."

Do you see? Lincoln to-day, in this nation, is mightier than all the men that ever led all its armies,—mightier simply because of his gentleness and his justice and his human brotherhood. Do you remember what Lowell said in one of those humorous "Biglow Papers"? Lowell makes Hosea Biglow say, concerning our surrender of Mason and Slidell, we gave them back,—

"Coz Abram thought 'twas right."

It was no threat of cannon or fear of any other military power.

They had come to love and revere Lincoln: he thought it was right, and the millions of plain American people trusted the fact that he thought it was right; and this fact was mightier than all the ships on the sea, all the cannon on the land.

I said a moment ago that I wished to show you that it is not by any reversal of evolution that these gentle powers come to dominate the world. I have heard people, who have not thought deeply on the subject of Darwinism, say that they supposed, if evolution were carried out logically, all poor people, or sick children that were born, all crippled, all criminals, all worthless people, ought to be killed off, so to illustrate the survival of the fittest. It has been argued that that is the logical carrying out of Darwinism; but the logical carrying out of Darwinism is precisely the opposite of that.

Think for a moment. Here is a nation that kills off its weak and poor. Here is another nation that builds hospitals and asylums and retreats, that cherishes and cares for the weak and the down-trodden and the poor, that is tender, loving, careful for all who enjoy the shelter of its strength. Do you not see that this latter nation, simply because it binds everybody who thinks and who is just and manly and good to itself by an influence stronger than bars of steel,—do you not see that this gentle process of love and care makes this gentle nation the mightiest nation on the face of the earth? And it is true to-day that those nations that are the most just, the most tender, the most loving, careful, helpful, humane, are mightier on the sea, mightier on the field of battle, than the people who have followed or cherished another ideal? Gentleness, those things that Jesus calls the beatitudes, have become the powers that control mankind. They are coming more and more to control.

The nation which is most loved by its people is ever physically the strongest.

Let us turn and look a little around us, and see. There have been those exceedingly zealous for the name of England and America who have written and spoken as though both countries had become barbarians because of certain happenings in South Africa and in the Philippines. There have been things for which England and America both ought to blush and be ashamed; but they who talk loosely and carelessly, as though these were characteristic, as though these were growing, as though the world to-day had not advanced beyond the position it occupied in the Middle Ages, are either talking for the sake of carrying a political point or are going vastly beyond their knowledge of the facts of history.

Imagine for a moment what I dare not describe,—the capture and sack of a city four or five hundred years ago, when the soldiery were turned utterly loose, and encouraged to be wild beasts of prey and destruction. Nothing too base, nothing too horrible, to be done; and no questions asked and no criticism, either by the people at home or on the part of their neighbors. It was the expected thing.

To-day, what? Jesus has been lifted up; and the gentle qualities of justice and love and tenderness and care that have lifted him up have been drawn by the likeness of these same qualities in himself, until to-day war, in the main unspeakably horrible as it is, is gentleness and kindness itself compared with what it used to be. Mercy, helpfulness, brotherhood, recognized as the rule everywhere; just as little cruelty, just as little brutality as possible, recognized as the rule everywhere; mercy and helpfulness, surgical and nursing care, following in the footsteps of every soldier, and all the rights of non-combatants recognized; principles of humanity and justice ruling just so far as they can rule during this temporary upheaval of what in its essential nature is barbarism. But this indicates how highly those qualities

for which the name of Jesus stands have already been lifted up, and how the heart of the world is being drawn after them.

Take it in the matter of the world's commerce. Robbery on the high seas everywhere used to be recognized; the stronger always took what he could get and kept what he was able; there was no principle of right, or very little, recognized in these matters. But now, to-day, what do we see everywhere? The commerce of the world under the recognized protection and care of the great civilized nations of the world, and the rights of all men, strong or weak, equally protected and equally safe,—this, I say, in the main. And it is not the schemer, it is not the robber, that comes to the front, on the average, in our business life, though once in a while you will see something written, with a demagogical purpose doubtless, which speaks of the successful business men of New York as though they were thieves and gamblers.

But what is the truth? Every business man knows that even in Wall Street, which is supposed to be the centre of all the commercial wickedness of earth, it is the man who has won a name for himself as one who can be trusted, whose word is just as good as his bond, the nod of whose head turns millions either for or against him, and who does not flinch from the result,—every one knows that men who have won these characters are the ones that in the long run come to the front, that stand as representing the business greatness of New York, and make the life and prosperity of our people. The gentleness, the tenderness, the honesty, the truth-telling, and the truth-seeking of Jesus are getting into our business relations faster than we think.

How is it in ecclesiastical matters? As I said a moment ago, there never was a time when Jesus was apparently more lifted up than during the Middle Ages; and, if you will judge by the ecclesiastical outcries, there has hardly been a time in the history of the world when he was so little lifted up as he is to-day. The great Church whose

seat is in the Vatican has practically lost its political power on earth as compared with what it was two or three hundred years ago. And every week almost you find the discussion raised as to whether the churches are holding their own, as to whether religion is not being lost sight of and losing its power over the hearts and the lives of men. There is not so much of saying, "Lord, Lord!" as there used to be. There is not so much of the strictness of the "religious life," as it is called, in the family as there was in New England or in old Dutch New York. There is no such apparent power of religion in political matters or in public life anywhere. And yet I venture to say that there never has been a time in the history of the world when there was so much of religion in the churches as there is to-day. The form of religion may be dying out. Men are perpetually saying that they do not care any longer for the creeds: they are losing their hold on the minds of men. There is no such reverence apparent for mere religious institutions or religious names; but the churches of every name in Europe and America, no matter whether they appear reactionary or progressive, are, I believe, carrying out more of the spirit, the teaching, the real life of Jesus than they have ever done for the last nineteen hundred years.

There is more of charity, more kindliness, more of mutual help, more placing the emphasis on character and life, more belief in the ideals which Jesus held up, and less care for those things that have represented him in the imaginations of the people. So I believe that not only in government, not only in regard to war, but in the Church, also, as well, Jesus is being more and more lifted up, and is more and more drawing the world unto himself.

Turn, also, for a moment, and see in regard to the relations between the rich and the poor. What were those relations in ancient Rome or Greece? They were lord and slave. What were they in any kingdom in Europe until

within a very few years? Substantially the same. What are they to-day in modern England? What are they coming to be in Germany and other great empires of Europe? What are they in America? Ever more and more are relations of brotherhood being recognized; manufacturers in every direction admitting that their prosperity is dependent upon the welfare of their workmen, calling their workmen together to consult with them, cultivating a feeling of brotherhood and sympathy, treating them not merely as forces, but as men.

And the workmen themselves, organizing sometimes, and using force in order to attain what they believe to be their rights,—they are coming more and more to recognize the spirit of that Jesus whom they have associated with their masters, and for which reason they have been inclined to cast one side,—they are coming to recognize more and more the leadership of the Nazarene in the essentials of his teaching. And so all over the modern world Jesus—the real Jesus—is being lifted up, and is drawing the world unto himself.

Now consider with me for just one moment what kind of a world this would be if not the dogmatic Christ, but the simple, human Jesus were lifted up, so that the spirit of his teaching dominated the world. If that were so, what? What would it be in the Church? Not envies, jealousies, heresy trials, battles over creeds, the spirit of ostentation, the struggle for high place, the ambition which seeks to undermine the position of another, but everywhere brotherhood, the one fatherhood, helpfulness, sympathy, tenderness, the blotting out of the distinctions between rich and poor, and learned and ignorant; for we must remember that Jesus cared more for the man, for the woman, than he did for the clothing or the wise speech or the education or the possessions. It was the son or the daughter of his Father in heaven that he talked about.

Suppose this were recognized, and ruled the churches of

the world. You have imagination enough to draw the portrait for yourself as to what the result would be in this direction.

Then in regard to the political powers of the world. Suppose that all kings, rulers, cabinets, instead of jealousy, instead of attempting to override each other's power and grasp the world for himself,—that each was seeking to govern so justly, so simply, that men should not know they were governed, but only that justice and helpfulness ruled in all the political relations of the world. Suppose that the spirit of Jesus were mighty enough here to shape the governments of the world into the likeness of that kingdom which he came, ultimately, to set up.

Suppose that socially Jesus ruled the world, ruled the city of New York. Suppose that scorn and contempt and jealousy and hatred were done away, and that the rich looked upon the poor, the honest, the struggling poor, with tenderness and sympathy and a desire to help. Suppose that the poor, instead of looking up with jealousy and anger, recognized the rights of all, and tried to fill the place assigned as simply and patiently and lovingly as they could. Suppose Jesus ruled the world of society, not by power, but voluntarily. Suppose the qualities that were in him had become so strongly intrenched in us that we were wrought over into their likeness.

And so follow out the idea in every department of human life, and what would be the result? I do not believe that we can legislate it into existence. I do not believe that changing certain social organizations is going to bring it about. We are here in the last of April. We cannot legislate June into existence. It is a matter of growth, and must come in its time. So we cannot establish these things suddenly and by force. I am only trying to hint to you the beauty of them, supposing they were here. Should we need to dream of any heaven on any other planet if only Jesus, in this sense, were lifted up, and all men were drawn to himself?

There would be no bright point on all the blue face of the night heaven that any of us would need to envy then. This earth would be beauty and music and justice and rest and peace and good,—all that humanity could desire.

But now note. I have already intimated to you that there are certain occasions when these gentler powers manifest themselves as mightier than all that seems to be opposed to them. I believe that this process has been going on from the beginning of the world, this augmentation of the might of the gentle, the Jesus-like characteristics, and that they are inevitably coming.

When I ask you to think what kind of a world this would be if Jesus were lifted up and we all drawn into the imitation of his character and living his likeness, I am only asking you to think of the kind of a world that is inevitably coming. The Almighty was back of it at the beginning, when it was what we call barbaric; and every stage and step of its advance, every movement that science looks upon from the outside and calls Evolution, simply means a push, a thrill, a throb, an uplift of God towards the far-off and beautiful ideal of the highest and finest things we can dream. They must come, because they are in the heart of God; and the process of evolution is only bringing them to our notice and manifesting them more and more within the range and scope of our common human lives.

So let us bethink ourselves when we are discouraged, and know that he that is for us is more than they that be against us; and that, whether physical might or chicanery or any evil force appears to us to dominate for a time, gentleness and truth and love and helpfulness and care—these things that make up the ideal of the Jesus of Nazareth whom we love—are more and more coming into human life, more and more being lifted as Jesus is recognized as what he was, and more and more drawing the hearts of the world to himself. As he thus draws the hearts of the world to himself, so he will remould the lives and character of those who are

so drawn, until the dream of Jesus shall be like a sunrise on the horizon flushing with the coming light of the perfect day.

Father, we thank Thee for Thy kindliness and Thy care. We thank Thee that more and more these high and fine and sweet things are being lifted in the estimation of men, and that more and more we are coming to serve Thee by helping bring this dream of the ages to pass. Amen.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MAY 10, 1901.

No. 31.

PLANTING TIME:

A SPRING SERMON

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK

1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

PLANTING TIME: A SPRING SERMON.

THE text you may find in the First Epistle of Paul to the Church in Corinth, the ninth chapter, a part of the tenth verse,—“He that plougheth ought to plough in hope.”

Spring is the time when everything buds and blossoms and grows,—everything in which there is life. Even dreams grow in spring, especially in the mind of one who has passed the half-way house on life's highway. Instead of looking forward to the autumn, it is more frequently the time when we look back to spring days that used to be. I have such a dream: it is of a river valley. In the main the river ran its two hundred miles of course from north to south; but here it took a sharp turn, and ran out of the sunset into the sunrise, from west to east.

It was a fair river, and a bridge united two villages and made of them one. Campbell, you know, says,

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.”

And so in this dream of mine, as I look away to the north, blue mountains arise as it were on the edge of the world.

In this river valley there are beautiful woodlands, the borders of which seem to open out into endless paths of mystery. There are open fields and pasture grounds, and clumps of maples and of elm, 'neath which, when the sun grew hot, cattle used to lie and rest and chew their cuds. There were lovely hill-tops, there were brooks which ran through the meadows into the river. There were clouds which in flocks, like sheep driven by a shepherd, fed apparently in the pastures of blue overhead, or singly, like white birds, spread their wings across the sky.

There are boys in that dream, not seen for many a year,—perhaps never to be seen on earth again. Voices are heard that are silent. Birds are singing songs the like of which we do not hear, perhaps, or think we do not hear, as we grow older.

Such is the dream that comes to me of old-time springs. And, as Jesus walking through the fields and by the wayside, observing the customs of the country-folk, gathered material for his terse sayings or his beautiful parables, so do I come back out of my boyhood dream of the farm life of years ago with a parable sermon of planting time.

And first I note the fact that the farmer has just his particular farm to till. He may have bought it or rented it or inherited it; there may be three hundred acres or a hundred and fifty or only twenty; the soil may be clayey or sandy or rocky; it may be river bottom or side hill or plateau. But the point is that it is what it is, as the planting time comes. Here is his field, his raw material, out of which to make his life for that summer, his opportunity for work.

He may improve the soil a little by culture, he may be able to make it give a little better crop than it did last year; but he is limited by the field in which lies the opportunity of the year. And there is no use in his quarrelling with the fact. There is no use in his wishing that it were other. If it is sandy, perhaps he would prefer that it should be clayey. If it is one kind of soil, he may choose, if he might, another. But the fact is here; and he must face it, and do with it the very best that he can.

And is not here a parable for our lives? We are what we are, limited by that which has come to us through the long lines of the past. We are tall or short physically; and, as Jesus said many years ago, you can neither add to nor take away from your stature by worrying about it. We have inherited a weak constitution or are physically strong. We are limited by these facts. We are intellectually superior to those about us, or we are inferior, or we belong to the

great mass of the average people. But we cannot change that fact ; that is the point. We may do the most possible to cultivate ourselves and make these raw materials of our lives better. But we are limited by what we are. And here is our field.

Boys — for most young men, I take it, have had such dreams when they are young and thinking and dreaming — wish they might be poets. I can remember when I said over and over again as a young boy that one of the great things of life that I would choose, if I might, — one of two, I will not tell you what the other was, — was that I might be a great poet. That was one of my dreams. But, if after trying we cannot convince the world that we are great poets, there is no use in growing bitter and eating our hearts out about it. We are limited by our intellectual inheritance and ability, and, while we cannot radically change these, we may somewhat improve them, make a somewhat better use of them ; and it is our first and chief duty to make the best use of them that we can.

Perhaps we look upon the man who has shown himself a great financier, has succeeded in money-making, with envy. We may be reluctant to confess that he has greater ability in that direction than we, and charge it upon luck or an opportunity that never came to us ; but the fact remains, — he has made a large fortune, we have not. Shall we throw life away on that account ? For there are better things. Even the richest man in the world will tell you there are better things than his money, good as it may be in his estimation. Shall we, then, throw away these better things because we are not able to succeed in that particular direction ?

There are men who have a genius for making money, as there are others who have a genius for poetry or science or philosophy ; and no one is to blame for it, and no one is to pride himself on the fact. It is a gift : it is his opportunity, put in his hands, out of which he is to make the best thing possible for himself, for God, and for his fellow-men.

On the other hand, it is not worth the farmer's while to lean over the fence and look into his neighbor's fields and spend too much time in comparisons, either congratulatory or the reverse. There is no use in his envying his neighbor because he has a finer opportunity than that which has been granted to himself. This neighbor is not to be blamed and hated because he has a better opportunity, if he has come by it honestly. He is not to be hated anyway, because hate always hurts the hater worse than it does anybody else. There is no use in his spending his time saying, If I had only had the field of my neighbor, what a magnificent thing I might have done! There is no use criticising the neighbor's methods, and saying that he throws away his opportunities. Advise him, if you can, help him a little; but your business is to look after your own farm, make the most of your own opportunity, build the grandest thing you can out of your own life.

In the second place there is another thing for the farmer to remember. He has his part to do. He must plough the ground and harrow it, put it in proper condition. Then he must plant his seed, he must keep the weeds down as well as possible, he must do his part. And then all along, for his humbling, and for his comfort and encouragement as well, he must remember that he has a partner,—no less an one than God. If you choose to speak of it from the purely physical point of view, his partner is the universe. The most distant stars, the sun in its rising and setting,—for we know to-day that our climatic and atmospheric conditions respond instantaneously to the electrical conditions of the sun,—the moon at night, all the planets, the atmosphere, the winds, the rain, the clouds, the sunshine,—all these make up the farmer's partner, who helps him do his work.

He must not be lazy or thoughtless because he has such a magnificent and powerful partner, and say the partner will look after things, will do all the work, and the crops will come just the same whether he does anything or not.

Neither must he pride himself on what he does, and say it is his skill and his treatment of the soil and his selection of seeds and method of work that have accomplished all these beautiful results. He must do the very finest thing he can, then sleep and wake night and day, knowing that God never forgets or is tired for an instant, and that he is working,—working to bring the farmer's preparation to fruitage.

And he must remember that God is just as much interested in the result as he is, and that he is not to get impatient, to worry or fuss or fume over things; to do what he can, then wait, knowing that he that waiteth on the Lord is serving him just as much as he who is running the swiftest sort of errand,—if it happens to be at that particular time the thing to do, to wait.

So in these lives of ours shall we not learn a lesson,—remembering it for humbling and for cheer,—that we have a partner in life, that we are not carrying the whole burden of the success or failure of our undertakings, that we are not to be crushed down under the universe as though we were another Atlas, supporting the entire constitution of things? We are to do the best we can, then trust, then wait, then be sweet-tempered, then be patient.

I have known many a reformer who grew bitter and hard as he grew older because he could not bring the world suddenly to his way of thinking. I have known many a minister to think all the world was wrong because it did not always intellectually agree with him, or that it was stupid because it could not suddenly accept his ideas — perhaps more suddenly than he accepted them himself. If you will pardon a personal reference, I have found myself sometimes getting impatient because I could not get somebody into a state of mind in six weeks that it took me at least three and a half years of hard struggle and battle to attain.

Let us, then, remember it is our business to do our part of the work, and then trust in God. If the reform that we are interested in is something that ought to be carried

through, if it is some good thing that ought to be done, then do you not suppose that God is as much interested in it as you are? He foresaw it millions of years ago, he has been working toward it; but he is in no hurry, and he takes a wonderful amount of time—as we estimate it—for reaching his results. But he is interested in it. He wants it brought to pass,—if it ought to come to pass,—and it is our business not to fret and fume and worry about it. It is our business to be sure that we have done our part, everything we possibly could, then wait for our partner to do his part.

Luther, you know, in that brave, fine way of his, said God had need of strong men. God has need of strong men. He has need of just you and me for the accomplishment of the thing that you and I can accomplish best; for there are things that God never directly accomplishes, which are not accomplished except through the instrumentality of men and women,—loving, true, devoted, clear heads and warm hearts. And, if we are not the ones through whom he can do the work, then he will wait, perhaps fifty or a hundred years, until the one comes who can do it, if it can only be done through the human partner.

Then there is another lesson of the planting time. The bright days are so bright and so fair in the spring; and, if the farmer or the farmer's boy has a natural love for these things, how he rejoices to see the dawn,—for he is usually an early riser,—to catch the edge of the sun as it appears over the hills, to see the shadows thrown horizontally under the trees, away across the meadows, and the calm surface of the river! How he rejoices in all this! How he loves the beauty of the sunset, if he is not too tired to enjoy it after his day's work!

But it is not all sunshine with the farmer. If it were, it would be bad business for the farm. There are days of rain, down-drizzling, sobbing, heavy, disheartening rain. The clouds hang low, and it seems as though it never would be

fair again. So much rain comes into his life; and the farmer, if he is like most of those I have known, although he knows the rain is good for the crops, will become impatient, and wonder if it is not being overdone, if everything is not going to be spoiled in the fields by so much rain. And he will get impatient and worried over it, and will sit and brood or go to the door or window and watch the sky, and wonder if the wind is ever to turn to a fair quarter again.

But, if the farmer be wise, does he not know that the roots of all the things he has planted and everything that he is waiting to have come up into the sunshine are expanding, drinking in the welcome moisture, thrilling with life at its touch, and that the rain is absolutely necessary as a condition to the harvest that he hopes for by and by?

Rain comes into all our lives. As Longfellow sings,—

“Into all lives some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

But, oh, with some of us and sometimes the clouds seem to last for so long! The wind seems fixed in the east, and clouds drift over the blue; and we almost forget how beautiful the sky is, it seems so long since we have seen it. And our hearts are heavy; and we are discouraged and are weak, and complain. But, as we get older, if we do not appreciate it when we are young, we learn the lesson that is in the human life as well as the farmer's. The rains, the prolonged, dreary, discouraging, drizzling rains even, have their kindest and most lovely uses.

I have met men and women of every kind in my life. I have never met the truest, the tenderest, the sweetest, the noblest, unless there had been a touch of dreary storm in their lives somewhere. The finest things in human character do not and cannot grow under one wide, continued glare of light. The fairest and sweetest things need the rain and the cloud. They need the shadow.

So, if you find that your lives are watered by tears, if the heartache comes, and the dreariness and the waiting, do not think that God has forgotten all about it, do not think that your partner has become suddenly opposed to the production of the sweetest things you are trying to cultivate, but believe that underneath there are roots that are drinking in the new life, and that by and by some fair, sweet thing will grow that could not have grown but for the rain; and so be patient and wait, and love even the dark days as they come and go.

A side thought branches out from this. The farmer discovers, as he watches the soils, that the rain, the sun, the wind, climatic and atmospheric conditions in general, do not always produce the same effects on different kinds of soils. They frequently produce almost precisely opposite results. So you see the parable here. There are human lives,—oh how many times the illustrations have come to me in personal contact with men and women!—human lives that grow hard through some experiences. Just as the sunshine makes hard and incapable of producing any fair or sweet thing certain kinds of soil, so there are natures that grow hard under that which makes another nature productive. There are experiences that come to all of us; and yet they do not make the same kind of characters out of us all.

I have known men who have grown rich; and they have grown close and hard and selfish, forgetting that God, the universe, their fellow-men, the conditions of the world, were the larger part of the conditions of their success. And they have said, This is all mine; and I will do as I please with it. And they have pleased to spend it on their own pleasures or hoarded it away, and not spent it at all. That is the effect which that kind of prosperity produces on some natures. There are others who have obtained money and who grow generous and expand. A man said to me not a great while ago, "I expect in the years that are coming to make a good deal of money; and," he added, "I expect

to give away a good deal." That was the effect that getting money had upon him. I have known a man confess that it was so bitter to him to part with a dollar that he could hardly endure to think of it, much less to put it into active practice.

So there are persons who have lost friends and grown hard. I am corresponding constantly now with cases of half a dozen different kinds, who are looking for comfort and help. Some of them grow bitter and are ready to cry out against any God that may rule the universe because the great object of their love has been taken away out of sight. Another one grows tender and sweet through this experience, and makes life a blessing and help for all others whose eyes are dimmed and whose hearts are bleeding.

Gautama tells a beautiful parable of a woman who lost her only child, a babe. She took it in her arms and went to the wise men of her country, and asked them if there was any help for her, if they could give her back her child or comfort her. And at last an old wise man said, "Go and get some mustard-seed from the house of somebody where never father, mother, husband, wife, or child, has died." And she went on her search, and came back after weary weeks, and reported that she could find no place that had not been touched by loss and sorrow; and then he told her to remember that she was only sharing the common lot of all, and bade her devote her life to making the pathway of others sweeter and giving light to those that were in darkness.

So the experiences we pass through, if we let them, may hurt us; but remember, friends, do not lie down as though you were incapable of action or control. There is no experience possible that we may not make serve us if we will. We are not subjects of the stars. We will make the starry influences co-operate with our plans. We will not be mean, we will not be selfish, we will not be treacherous and cruel because fate has not given us just the things we desire. Let us say

that even the universe itself, if it seems to be against us, shall never rob us of that which is sweetest and truest and best.

Once more: The farmer finds that sometimes he can raise on his land what the market demands, and become suddenly prosperous. Again, he finds that the markets are the other way, that the things he can raise best there is no profitable opportunity to dispose of. What does he do? Still he is limited in his farming. If the market that particular year is against him, he must raise the best thing he can, and dispose of it in the best way possible. He cannot do anything else.

Oh, how many times this principle has found illustration in human life! and how many times men have gone under when this weight was fastened around their necks, and how many times men have risen into sublimity, and become world heroes through the process!

Take Millet, the French painter, for an illustration. He could not with his brush and easel raise the kind of crop of pictures that France and the world wanted. There was no market for what he could do. Still, he did not lose his heart or his ideal. In poverty, in waiting, in sorrow, he went on, year after year, doing the work that he could do, and what he could do best; and by and by the world market came to him,—too late, to be sure, to make him very prosperous or happy here; for one of his little paintings to-day, that could find no purchaser then, is worth a fortune. But he painted the very sorrow, the very heartache, the very denial of his life, and all his want and care. He painted them into immortal human pictures that shall touch the heart of the ages,—painted better than if he had been prosperous, because he was true to his ideals.

So let us, no matter whether we can meet the market of our time or not, in any direction, whether we can do the things that our neighbors care for or want done, let us do the things that we can do, and do best, and so contribute

something to the work of the world. I might illustrate this in half a dozen different ways ; but the lesson is there, and that is enough.

Now one other point I must touch on. When a farmer sows wheat in the spring, he does not go out in the field in the fall and express himself as perfectly astonished to see the wheat growing there. He expected to see the wheat. He had planted it. He would have been disappointed if the universe had produced anything else. Neither does he go out into a field where he has not planted anything, and express himself as surprised that there is no crop waiting there to be gathered. If he has not cultivated a particular place, he is not overmuch taken aback if the weeds have taken possession of it. In other words, he expects uniformity on the part of the universe. He expects the universe to be regular in its habits, to keep its appointments, to keep faith with him.

But one of the most surprising things that I have met in all the experience of my life is to see that people almost never dream of such a thing in other departments of life and conduct, particularly in their own moral, physical, spiritual, social, political experience. Nine times out of ten you will find men utterly dumfounded because the thing they have planted has grown. You will find them astonished beyond measure that no crop has appeared in some field where they have not planted anything or taken any pains to have one. You will find them surprised and aghast because the universe has not done something utterly opposed to its own regularity and law.

I know mothers, for example, I have known a great many of them, who take little or no care of their children, turn them over to an ignorant nurse or a bigoted nurse in some religious way, and be perfectly astounded by and by that the children are growing up with queer religious ideas which it is almost impossible to get out of their heads. Or a mother takes little care of her child's clothing in winter, does

not watch the child to see that it is warmly dressed, and then is perfectly surprised if the child gets ill; neglects the child's diet, pays no heed to what it has to eat, trusts it to incompetent hands to be fed, and is astonished that there is need by and by to consult a doctor. A child is neglected in some cases, so that it contracts a fatal disease and dies; and then its mother wonders why God is treating her so. She wonders why he is cruel, why his laws will take their course, wonders that he does not arbitrarily interfere and upset the ongoing of his universe to save her from the results of her own carelessness.

So in every department of human life, no matter what, you find almost the same thing. A man will diligently plant a certain crop, prepare for certain results year after year, following his own inclinations, doing what he is determined to do, no matter what happens, and then be perfectly astonished to find that the results have happened that he has been preparing for. Or he will neglect to do something, and wonder why the universe treats him so.

Here is a point for young men. I have known a great many of them who wasted their time,— did not read, did not study, did not make any diligent preparation for certain positions in business life. Then by and by, when some other young man got a place, they would talk about luck, or about everything being against them.

I remember a case of a young man in Boston who instead of wasting his time and his money on billiards and play, or no matter what,— I am not saying anything against these things, which may be perfectly innocent in their time and place,— spent his time in learning French. Presently a man was wanted to go to France to execute a commission, who must be able to speak French; and this young man who had learned the language was sent. He became the head of the house, immensely wealthy, prosperous; and it all turned on the fact that he got ready for the position before the position asked for him instead of wasting his time and wondering why a position did not come to him.

If you wish anything in this world, you must prepare for it if you can. Get ready for the best thing: devote what time and strength and energy you have to planting time. Then, if the crop does not come to suit you, you can at least have the comfort of thinking that it is not your fault. But God keeps faith here as well as he does on the farm; and that which is sown must be reaped, and that which is not sown never will come to fruitage. If we wish high and fine things, spiritual culture, we must plant these and train and water them. If we devote ourselves to the lower things entirely, to selfish things, then we must not wonder that the finest and noblest are not ours. If you wish a thing, work for it, get ready for it, and wait for God to do the rest; and, if it does not come to you, then you have made the most out of yourself that is possible, and out of the opportunity.

Now, at the last, there are some of us—and there are a great many of us, take the wide world over—who are puzzled by these problems, who have thought these things over, and who are disheartened and troubled. They feel that they have had practically no farm given to them that is of any value. They have not had the wit or the wisdom bestowed upon them to cultivate and make the most of what they did have. They have come to say that they feel discouraged. They have been able to accomplish hardly anything of which they have dreamed, and life seems a poor failure to them; and, as the years go by, they wonder whether it has all been worth while, and what the harvest shall be at the last, and if it has paid to be at all this effort and struggle and trial.

Now do you know what I believe? God is the great planter and harvester of his universe field; and, as he looks over it, he knows that there is nothing in its wide expanse that he did not intend should be there. Here are weeds under the fences. No matter. God's scheme includes the weeds; and thousands of times the weed is only an uncultivated flower or a flower out of its right place. If we

have done the best we can, let us remember that God has us in mind, whether we accomplish much or not; that we are a part of his great gardening, farming plan, and that the end is not yet, the harvest has not come.

I am speaking these words for the comfort and cheer of those who get discouraged as they think of their lives as practically failures. Remember that all the most beautiful flowers there are on earth to-day were one time weeds. All the most luscious fruits were, some time ago, such as we could not bear the bitter taste of to-day: all the apples,—the Baldwins, the greenings, and pippins, no matter of what name, or what luscious suggestions their names may have in them,—all came from crab-apples, and these from a lower form still.

God has charge of this universe, and has a place in it for you and for me; and, if we only plant the best we can, no matter how poor it is, no matter how poorly estimated by our neighbors or friends, no matter what little place we may seem to have in our time in financial, political, social, industrial, or other positions,—if we have done the best we can, let us know that a harvest of good is to come for us some time.

So beautiful as suggestions are some of these thoughts, as put into form by Browning, that I want to read to you two or three lines from him. First, a stanza from "Rabbi Ben Ezra":—

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,—
 This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

If I tried to do something, if I cared, if I made the effort, whether I succeeded or not, God knew and cared for the effort, and guarded and guaranteed it some time success.

And again, in "Abt Vogler," one of the supreme short poems, I think, of all the world:—

“ There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live as before ;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound ;
 What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more ;
 On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven the perfect round.

“ All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
 Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
 Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by and by.

“ And what is our failure here but the triumph’s evidence
 For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or agonized ?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue
 thence ?
 Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized ? ”

So, as I look forward and know that all this wide universe
 in what we call its good and its evil, its success and failure,
 its pleasure and pain, is in the hands of God, and that he is
 mighty and that he knows, and that he loves better than we
 do, I dare to hope and to trust. I see dawn and a promise
 of sunrise, and a light that shall shine down over fair valleys
 where there shall be a harvest of all that we planted and
 dreamed and hoped for, but here have not attained. This
 is in the hands of God, and in God’s heart, and shall appear
 in the fulness of the days.

Father, we bless Thee that we may trust that Thou art
 our Keeper and Guardian, our Lover and our Friend, loving
 us even if we do not love Thee, remembering us even if we
 forget, punishing us until we learn the meaning of the evil
 and choose the good, and leading us by all ways until we
 come unto Thyself. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MAY 17, 1901.

No. 32

THE LONELINESS OF JESUS

GEO. H. ELLIS
273 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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THE LONELINESS OF JESUS.

I TAKE as a text from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew's Gospel the twenty-third verse, —“ And after he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into the mountain apart to pray ; and, when even was come, he was there alone.”

The Loneliness of Jesus. I might quite as well call my subject the Loneliness of the Human Soul ; only that Jesus, as I understand him, is humanity writ large ; and, in studying the life, the thoughts, the experiences of Jesus, it seems to me that we have a right to walk by his side, feeling that he is our elder brother, and that we share the hopes, the fears, the feelings, the sufferings, the triumphs through which he passed. So I take his loneliness as typical of the loneliness of every soul ; and, while running over some thoughts concerning him, I wish to weave in with them, if I may, thoughts and experiences that come close home to every one of us.

It has always seemed to me that the boyhood and youth of Jesus must have been peculiarly lonely. We have only one or two side-lights thrown upon that boyhood and youth, and they all indicate this fact ; but we have something that speaks to us more clearly still. We see the early manhood of Jesus, as at about the age of thirty he appears to be baptized of John in Jordan and to take up his work ; and he is so remarkable a man then, so set apart from his fellows, that we know that the innocent youth and boyhood that preceded and culminated in such manhood must have been rare and peculiar, indeed.

What are these side-lights that are thrown upon the childhood and youth of Jesus ? One is just a little incidental remark late in his life, referring back to home conditions and

saying that "neither did his brothers believe in him." They did not share with him in these wondrous expectations and hopes. They would not bolster up these marvellous claims. So far as they were concerned, he stood alone.

There is only one story of his boyhood given by either one of the gospel writers, and that is in the Gospel according to Luke. Here Jesus is represented as, at the age of twelve, visiting the temple at one of the annual festivals; and he gets into a discussion with some of the learned doctors, and astonishes them with his queries and his answers. Then the next day his mother misses him, as they are on their pilgrimage home, and comes, careful, to inquire after him. Finding him at last, to her anxious questions he says, Why, mother, did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?

There was a depth in his nature, a purpose, a plan, a scheme, a scope of his life-work, that his mother knew nothing about, as close as she stood to him. That boy had a touch about his nature that was not exhausted in the work with his father at the carpenter's bench. There was something in him that even Mary did not comprehend as she gossiped with her neighbors and friends of an evening about the village well. The boy dreamed. He looked away north from his home, and a little east, and saw the snow-capped Hermon; west, by the seacoast in the city of Cæsarea, was the mighty power of Rome; just a little way from him down the hills lay the sea of Galilee; and he had been in towns by the seashore and had seen the caravans, people from the Orient and the far west, as they went back and forth with their trading, suggesting to him a great outside world beyond all the mountains and the hills that surrounded his little home.

And then, as he looked south, in the light of the dreams of his people and the words of the prophets, he saw Jerusalem, crowning Mount Zion, and knew that to her had been promised the conquest of all the world. So he dreamed,

living apart from others, while his thought of the coming kingdom of God grew in his wondrous childish soul. And that boyhood was a lonely boyhood, into the secrets of which perhaps none of those that stood close to him ever entered. But is not every boyhood, every girlhood, lonely and apart?

Look back yourselves, as I look back as I speak this morning. Remember your own dreams, your own ambitions, your own deep questionings, your hopes, your fears. Were there not mighty problems over which you perplexed yourselves, about which you consulted not even father or mother or the dearest friend you had on earth? I remember communings that I had with myself while I watched the clouds over the trees or the sunset in the west, or listened to the ripple of the river by a bank, and for some mysterious reasons perhaps, which I could never have explained, I could whisper nothing of these things that were so wonderful to my own soul.

Do we who are fathers and mothers quite appreciate how mystic and strange a thing it is that is committed to our care,—this soul of a boy or a girl, unlike any other of the countless myriads that ever were born or that ever shall be born to the last day of time? Do we treat them reverently enough? Do we treat them tenderly enough? Do we try to get close to them and help their feet over the hard places? Oh, I remember hours and days when one whisper of comprehension and sympathy and hope would have saved me years of after sorrow; and it was never spoken. I walked in dreams, alone.

Take another aspect of the loneliness of the life of Jesus. When he entered on his ministry, mingling with the crowds that gathered about him, what strange, what curious crowds they were! and yet how like all other crowds from that day to this, and how alone he was in those crowds, how apart from them! Not one, perhaps, of the thousands touched him except to draw away from that fountain of

virtue and power something of help. It is said "the common people heard him gladly." Yes, they did — one day. Another day he speaks some serious word ; and the people say, This is a hard saying : who can bear it ? And they go away, and walk no more with him. Still another day the people flock at a rumor that the Messianic king is coming ; and they throng out to that road on the hillside and plain beyond, and strew their palm leaves and garments, and shout themselves hoarse with Hosannas. And a few days later it is the same crowd that shouts itself hoarse again with "Crucify him, and give us in his stead Barabbas. Away with him !"

This is the way with crowds. Crowds do not think much, do not reason a great deal. They are not very wise, even when they do. You remember that typical crowd in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, of which we get a glimpse in the Acts of the Apostles. They come together, the writer says, and shout for a couple of hours without knowing, for the most part, anything about why they are there. The leaders know, because this preaching of the new gospel threatens the manufacture of the little images of Diana, the shrines that provide lucrative employment for thousands, and make the city famous. The leaders know why they want to be rid of these pestilent preachers ; but the crowd is ready to shout, whether they know what it is for or not.

But, though Jesus was alone in all these crowds, as lone as the north star when the heavens are "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," he never let this loneliness, this misapprehension, this drawing away from him, touch the fact of his yielding them sympathetic help and care. He poured out his teaching upon them. He poured out his sympathy, his healing, his life, whether they understood him or not, or cared, or thanked him, or abused him, or crucified him. His love was like God, as impartial as the shining of the sun, as exhaustless as the full fountains of the stars as they shed their light.

May we not learn a lesson from him? I have heard people say, What is the use of trying to enlighten or help a crowd? All the crowd cares for is immediate gratification, sensation, display. I have heard Unitarians—and I am ashamed of them for it—say, Let them have the Catholic Church, where they get their pictures and music and display: they are worthy of nothing better, and, anyway, the Church serves as a power of police to keep such people quiet. Let us get together in our churches, we thoughtful, educated people, and listen to a better gospel; but no matter about them.

If we follow Jesus, let us not stop to ask the question whether the crowd is careful, whether it can quite comprehend. They are children, they need to be lifted and led; and they will comprehend by and by. But will they ever comprehend if nobody teaches? Look down the pathway of human history up which with tired feet the world has climbed to this hour, and see the men who have helped the "masses," as they say. I use the word merely for distinction of meaning. These men are not the demagogues that were close to and in sympathy with them, and for whom the crowd hurraed. The men who have helped the world most are those who have stood alone and by themselves, doing their work for the world, and letting after-ages show how much and how grand things they accomplished.

The movements that have helped the crowd on the most have frequently been those that they hooted at, persecuted, attempted to cast out. The inventions of the modern world have helped on the industrial system more than all the talk of the talkers put together; and yet these have been fought at almost every step by the masses of the people; and the men who have been hated in their prejudice and ignorance are the ones who have really done most for their cause.

If you will pardon just one personal reference: There has been a sad sort of amusement to me in finding myself, since I have been in New York, an enemy of the work-

ingman! A poor farmer's boy, fighting for a little education, starting life in debt instead of with a fortune,—he, the enemy of the poor, siding with the luxuries of the rich! Sometimes, when I have been described as such in the newspapers or at public lectures, I have wondered whom they were talking about. It is the people who are catering to the prejudices and ignorance of the time who are supposed to be the friends of the people; but the real friends of the people will be revealed by and by in a grander civilization, a nobler industrial type, finer and sweeter human life. And they will be found to be the men who, indeed, have been misunderstood, cast out, persecuted, called names while they lived and wrought.

Another phase of this loneliness of Jesus. Surely, he must have found companionship enough with the little inner circle of his friends, his disciples. Did he? Have you ever read carefully the record to see? Note one or two instances as illustration.

Jesus and his disciples are passing through a certain part of Samaria; and James and John, two who have been intimately associated with him always, and have been supposed to stand close by him and get the spirit of his temper, asked the Master if he would not call down fire from heaven, and smite this Samaritan village, because of something some one there had done. Jesus turns on them sadly, and says, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

Another little instance which I should have read as a part of my lesson if I had been here.* Jesus is talking with the Samaritan woman at the well. The disciples have gone into a village near to buy something to eat. He gets into conversation with this woman; and, as thousands have done since, he forgets his physical condition. The disciples come back with their food and offer it to

* Not having been well, I did not get to the pulpit until the end of the opening service.—M. J. S.

him ; and he turns away, and says, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." And all the disciples comprehend of the remark is enough to make them wonder who has been there with a dinner for him while they were away. They had no sort of comprehension of the spiritual depth and height of his nature and the outlook of his being.

So all the way through we find the Master alone. In that last sad hour before the crucifixion, in Gethsemane, while he prays in agony, anticipating and already shrinking from the agony of the cross, the disciples are asleep ; and he pitifully says to them, "Why could ye not watch with me one hour ?" And in a moment, when the armed band comes to arrest him, all the disciples forsake him, without an exception, Peter, James, and John, looking out for themselves. And then at the palace of Pilate, when one comes to Peter, who is now lifted up as the head of the Church and the vicar of Christ on earth, and asks him if he was not one of this man's followers, he refers to him slightly, and says he does not know anything about him. The disciple even resorts to profanity, the more surely to disguise himself and insure his own safety.

And, when he hangs on the cross at last, two or three women alone, perhaps one of his disciples, standing by to see him die ! Even in the innermost circle of his friends Jesus was largely alone. And is it not true that this is the fate of us all ? Is there anybody on the face of the earth that knows you through and through ? Is there anybody to whom you could, if you would, give the key of your soul, so that he might enter in and read all the secrets of your nature, past, present, to come ? Are we not alone when we stand beside the dearest friend we have on earth ? Are there not depths in our nature that are incommunicable ?

By as much, note, as we are individuals, and by being individuals are different from any other individuals in all the universe, by so much of necessity we are alone and can never be wholly comprehended by any human being. A

marvellous truth, an inspiring truth, a sad truth,—all depending on the way in which we look at it!

Oh, how hungry we do get for friends, for friends that know us, for friends who will trust us, for friends who are perfectly sure of us, though we be the other side of the world, for friends whom the clamor of the crowd could never array against us. But there are friends that we have trusted for years, and that we thought we could trust our whole lives long; and, lo! a whisper on the street, a breath of scandal, all question, ignorance, no facts, no knowledge, only suspicion,—and the friend's face is turned away, and we are left to walk our pathway alone.

Have you had such experiences? Read the history of the world, if you have not, and find that others have. Oh, this longing of the soul for some one to know us altogether, some one to trust us altogether! How many times, when I have studied the history of the world's friendships, when I have experienced how little they mean, I have thanked God that he knew me, that he could untangle the twisted threads of my inheritance, that he understood how much of me I was responsible for, and how much not; that he knew the stress of temptation when I went astray; that he knew the struggle that preceded it; that he knew the power and the weakness; that he knew me through and through, and that he loved me in spite of my weaknesses, in spite of my faults, in spite of the evil in me; and, last of all, how thankful I have been that I was going to be judged by him, by no one else in all the spheres. Not by my father nor mother, nor those I have loved best, but that I am going to be judged by God, and him alone, one who knows me all through, and who can do perfect justice, and who will do tender mercy. I have dreamed of friends like that on earth. Have they been found?

There was one thing that set Jesus apart from the rest of the world, that we may touch on a moment, but which we cannot share. Jesus stood loftily above the world, intellectually,

morally, spiritually, possibly without a peer in all the history of human kind, out-towering the world as Mont Blanc out-towers Europe, the highest peak, kissing the blue, alone, away off in that far, cold distance. Do you envy the great? Have you ever wished that you might have been like them? Perhaps, perhaps, you would be willing to pay the price; but remember it means paying a price, and a heavy one, to be great. It means being alone. Mont Blanc! Have you stood and looked at Mont Blanc from afar, perhaps from the side of Lake Lemman at Geneva? and have you seen how cold and icy it looked, how the warmest sun never touched it to melt it, as you can perceive? and then have you dreamed over that other fact, that these mountain peaks alone, cold, frost-bitten, lightning-smitten, are the life of the plains, the creators of the snug, little, quiet, sunny valleys where homes are built and peace is found?

Has it ever occurred to you that these mountainous men have made the world's beauty and glory, have been its inspiration, have brought it peace, have given it hope, have lifted it and led it on, and made it finer and sweeter than otherwise it could have been? So Jesus was one of those men, lifted and apart; and yet note one thing: note it for your comfort now, note it for your comfort as you look forward into the great life beyond. These greatest souls are not apart in their sympathy. It is a part of greatness to stoop: it is a part of greatness to take the little ones in arms and carry them, to comfort and help, though the comforting and helping may not be appreciated, though it may not call out the gratitude even of the recipient.

I think of those grand souls whom I love who have passed over into the other life, not as outgrowing me, getting so far away from me that I can never find them again. I believe just because they do grow tall in the sunlight of God's clear airs, and more mighty and strong through communing with him, they may be all the more ready when I stand needing to be helped over, needing to be lifted and carried up into

the light, to be there waiting for me and nursing me into that higher life and into fitness for companionship with them in the days that are to be.

There is another phase of the loneliness I must not pass over, one of the mightiest and most important of them all. Jesus was, above all, a reformer, a teacher of new truth, a world-leader; and has there ever been in the history of earth one of these who has not stood alone? Let me tell you what Lowell says about them in his famous "Present Crisis":—

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back;
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath
 burned

Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven up-
 turned."

This has been the fate of the leaders, those who have dared to speak a truth that the age was not ready to receive, have dared to propose a reform which was against the popular sentiment of his time. You remember the main charge against Jesus, of blasphemy when they brought him to trial, was that he had threatened the overthrow of the temple. Now, whether he had or not,—of that I do not know,—the populace instinctively read the meaning of his reform; for his reform, if it were carried out, did mean the overthrow of the temple and the building of a world-wide temple, whose dome is the sky, whose pillars are the mountains, whose curtains are the clouds, whose floor is the green earth and the restless sea. It did mean the overturning of

the temple ; but the temple at that particular time was the glory of the nation ; and was the nation going to acquiesce quietly while a man from a little despised town in Galilee uttered truths that were going to rock it to its foundations ? Never ! No crowd ever stood that. The men who have dared to speak the truth of the age, a new and higher truth that meant a new and grander life, have had to pay for it by standing alone with nobody to comprehend them but God.

Let me give you two or three more verses, which indicate the same thing. It has always been very impressive to me to watch Columbus, and to make him a figure in the discovery of new continents in the moral, intellectual, and spiritual sphere ; how Columbus against all the prophecies of his time and the counsels of his friends sailed westward into the unknown.

'Twas ever so, that he who dared
To sail upon a sea unknown
Must go upon a voyage unshared,
And brave its perils all alone.

He who from Palos, toward the west,
Sought for a new world o'er the sea,
Sailed forth distrusted and unblest,
While e'en his ship hatched mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
And dream of far-off shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies flit
And wavelets creep through all his youth,

Must sail unblest of those behind,
And bear e'en love's reproaching tone :
Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

I have been having read to me lately a book which I wish every one of you would get and read ; and that is our friend Chadwick's new Life of Theodore Parker, one of the finest bits of biography that many a year has brought

to pass, and bringing before us anew the figure of one of the noblest truth-tellers that the world has ever known. Parker stood alone. His wife even, though little is said about it, sharing sympathetically only one part of his work, and that not the most important part, would have held him back and quieted him, had not the God within him bid him go forth and speak the message that he dare not withhold.

All the men from the beginning of the world who have rendered this magnificent service to mankind have been lonely men. Let me ask you to look for a moment into the quiet, the seclusion of the worker of Down, the most famous man in some ways that the nineteenth century produced,—Charles Darwin. For years in the quiet and seclusion of his own home, working upon a revolutionary truth, whispering it only to a few that might partly comprehend it, patient, studying, working out this thought, attempting to prove a new truth, whispering to Nature and listening quietly for her replies. A lonely life, to be crowned, when his great truth at last is born, with abuse and contumely and every bitter epithet that the fools of the time, as well as the bigots, could fling at him. This reward for a life-work!

Copernicus, dreaming of the universe, mighty and vast, that surrounds us to-day, not daring to speak of it above his breath lest he fall under the condemnation of Rome, publishing his book so that he could touch it with his feeble hand as he lay on his death-bed; alone with the mighty truth he was to give an unready mankind.

This has been the history of the world; and, do you know, I marvel at it, I marvel at it, I marvel at it. I wonder that some day somebody has not learned the lesson, and not kept playing over and over and over this farcical tragedy of killing the world's reformers and waiting for the grandchildren to build their monuments. No man appears to-day with a new grand truth who is not, as I have just told you in the

case of Darwin, treated precisely as was Jesus, as was Paul, as was any of the mighty leaders and teachers of the past. Humanity has learned no lesson, apparently, in this direction.

Here comes Channing, teaching mighty truth that has set free the modern world; and even in Channing's time Parker, with a little clearer insight, taking a step in advance; and all those who had hurrahed for Channing, leader and liberator, ready to persecute and cast Parker out! And even among Unitarians they have tried to build up a Channing orthodoxy, beyond which nobody must go. Channing led the world forward; but nobody else must in Channing's name try to help the world beyond where he went. This is the spirit and temper of all ages.

We must learn to be ready, to be willing, to stand alone for the truth if we would imitate Jesus, the great lone leader of the world. I congratulate some of you — I know who you are and what your experiences are — who sit from Sunday to Sunday in this audience, those who have dared in their private way to imitate Jesus; who have dared to come out from family, father, mother, dared to differ for truth's sake from wife or husband; dared the questionings and the misrepresentations of friends, of kin; dared to stand forth and stand for truth,— the truth which alone helps the world on.

And yet how many thousands there are who do not dare! How many of all the millions that there are in this New York to-day do you suppose really believe the creeds of the churches in which they stand and which they help to support? A small percentage only; and yet custom, tradition, the influence and power of friends, the fear of alienating one's self from a relative; or, perhaps worse yet, mightier power yet, the fear of the drift of public opinion, the desire to be in the current of fashion, to go with the multitude where certain worldly advantages are most readily found,— these things in thousands of cases in this city to-day are keeping people from daring to follow the loneliness of Jesus, and stand as he did for what they know is true.

If all the people who ought to be in Unitarian churches in the city of New York should desire to come to them, we should have to build anew by the score within five years' time. And yet how is the world ever to get on, how is the world ever to get on, if men are not to see a new truth, or, seeing it, dare not speak it, or, speaking, dare not live it, dare not face enemies, if need be, dare not face even friends, and say, I choose to follow the example of Jesus, who went out for God's sake to create a new world for humanity?

I have said that all human souls are alone. They are alone just because they are distinct and definite individualities. If I hold here in my hands two circles, I can make them touch only at one point. All things are alone. There are no two minutest atoms in the universe that touch each other; so scientific men tell us. There are no stars in the heaven, though we call them twin stars, that touch each other. They may influence each other's orbits, but those orbits are single and distinct and alone; their lights may cross and intermingle, but they are alone. Wordsworth, in the beginning of one of his daintiest and most beautiful little poems, says,—

“I wandered lonely as a cloud”;

and he did wander, lonely, a large part of his life through. At this particular time he wandered until, by the lakeside, he saw a row of wonderful daffodils, touched by the sun and dancing in their glee. He found in them a manifestation of the beauty and power and presence of God; and then joy entered into his soul, and he felt the companionship of the divine.

Men and women touch each other only at certain points where they have feelings or occupations in common. If I meet a man who loves dogs and horses, and I love dogs and horses,—and I do,—and if I find he cares for them tenderly, understands them, and treats them lovingly, why then, whether we can meet anywhere else, we can meet on that plane of dogs and horses. But suppose I have a friend who

not only loves dogs and horses, but who loves Homer, the sciences, art, poetry, and music, the reform work of the world, the religious life of the world, then do you not see how many new points of contact are established?

In other words, men and women touch each other more closely as their lives are more developed, as they come into more sympathetic touch and communion with the universe of God. The nearer we get to God, the nearer we get together, always, the more points we find of contact and communion.

And right in here, I take it, will be found some day the real communion of the sons of God, the communion of the consecrated, the communion of the unfolded, the developed, those that try to come into personal relations with the Father. Though we are thus alone, as I have intimated, we have an unquenchable thirst for sympathy, for friends, for love; and friends and love, let me say, I believe to be the dearest and finest and noblest things on all this round earth of ours. Rich is he who loves and is loved, rich is he who can be a friend and who has friends; and poor is he who misses these, I care not what he has done or what he owns.

Do you see the point to which I am coming? The nearer we get to God, the nearer we can get to each other; the more we develop that which is in us which is divine, the more points of contact we have with each other. That means, if you carry it far enough—does it not?—that there is only one thing in the universe that can perfectly comprehend us, and with whom we can get into perfect sympathy,—that is God our Father.

God can touch us at every point, as the atmosphere which surrounds us bears with equal pressure on every square inch of the body. God bears with equal pressure upon all that we are, think, fear, hope, desire, dream. God, then, is the one great, perfect Companion. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," he says. "If any man will open the door,

I will come in to him and will sup with him." I will make my home with him, I will abide with him forever.

As we get older, if we comprehend the meaning of life, we feel more and more the height and depth and sweetness of this thought that in God there is perfect companionship, perfect rest, perfect peace; and that, as the world lifts and raises us, as we develop ourselves more and more, we shall be able to come closer to the men, Abraham, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, Savonarola, Wyclif, Luther, Servetus, Lindsley, Channing, Parker, the great noble souls that have climbed the nearest to God. As we develop and unfold ourselves, we get more capacity to come into sympathy with and touch these noble souls, because they are so full of God and so in touch with him. As we climb, we become more capable of coming into touch with God and with them.

And so, while each of us is to be himself or herself, a distinct and definite individuality, swinging in his or her own sphere, shining with a light that is peculiar and single and that is our own,—while this is true,—there is to grow more and more, as the world goes on, a great, sweet, high companionship that shall bring us closer and closer to the divine.

Father, we thank Thee for this great love and this great hope, this wondrous promise and possibility. Let us be true, then, to ourselves, and so be true to Thee to-day and always. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

MAY 24, 1901.

No. 33.

Simon Peter said, I go! A-fishing

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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SIMON PETER SAID, I GO A-FISHING.

“Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a-fishing.”—JOHN xxi. 3.

THERE is no word in the Gospels of a finer grain than this, or of a deeper and more touching pathos, when you make the word one with the man, and realize the worth there and then of what he has resolved to do.

Simon Peter was a fisherman when the Master found him and called him to be an apostle, and had been living since then, as we should say, from hand to mouth, but dreaming all the while that the day was near at hand when the Messiah would drop his disguise, assume a divine authority, drive the powers then in possession of the world to the wall, and establish a kingdom in which he who had been a poor fisherman on the lake would stand first among princes, and have the wealth of the world at his command.

How his family fared during this time we cannot even guess; but we may imagine how hard it would be for them, as it is so often now, when the bread-winner is a dreamer where he should be a worker, and by all means hold the home together, though it be at the expense of the kingdom which is seething in his brain like new wine in the cask. So the dream has come at last to a rude and bitter waking. The kingdom is not of this world. So much is clear, and this is all he can be sure about. The rest lies hidden in a mist.

There was some money, also, before the dreadful sorrow struck them which ended on the cross; but this has vanished with Judas, who had the bag. So something must be done, and done quickly; and, as all the ways were closed except that which led down to the beach and the boat,

Simon Peter said, "I go a-fishing." I think he must have made up his mind to go back to the old craft and calling, also, through the feeling that this was all he was good for, since the worst had come to the worst. There had been a time when Jesus had said, "Thou art a rock, and on this rock I will build my church"; and then Simon was sure of his principedom. But he had made fearful work of his life since then, in turning his back on the best and dearest Friend he ever had in the world, and swearing he did not know him instead of standing to his colors like a man, and telling the mob to do their worst.

It was only the other day he had said he would die with his Friend and Master. He had broken this promise shamefully; but, as there was still the making of a very grand man in him, if I understand his nature at all, he was smarting for it now, and calling himself by all sorts of evil and ugly names.

And here in the very crisis of his shame there came to him one little gleam of light. He must have said, There is still one thing you can do, and hold your own like a man. You can go back to your old life. The thrones and sceptres are all a delusion, but there is no delusion in the boat and the nets. You thought you were a great person, a man who could win in every battle: you are a mere poltroon in a fight like that you had to face the other day; and, if God wants men to do His work now, He will not want you.

The Master said you were a rock: you are a mere heap of shifting sand; but you do know about storms and how to handle your boat in the worst that ever blew from the crests of Carmel, and so, if you are beaten in the last and worst, you know how to die a man's death. So you can go back to the old craft again, and, it may be, win out of such battles as you have to fight there some little self-respect.

Once on our New England coast, when a man was preaching to a lot of sailors and fishermen, the humor took him to paint a storm. It was a terrible storm, you may be sure; for

the preacher is not sparing of the matter he can draw from his imagination. So he made the meeting-house rock in the tempest, got a schooner into the very thick of it, with the sailors all helpless, and then, striking his final stroke, cried, "What shall they do, what can they do, but call on God to help them?" "No, no," the sailors roared with one voice, "they must haul down the topsails, and scud for Squam."

So thought Simon, probably, as the vision came of the night on the lake. Give him his boat and sea-room, and he will still show you he is a man; and so he said, "I go a-fishing."

It was the very wisest and best thing he could do, also, to fall back into the old grooves of the home and the day's work, now that his dreams were over and he had made, as he thought, such woful work of his career, because rest could be found in the work and healing in the home he could hope to find nowhere else in the world.

For while we must believe his wife could have no great sympathy with his dreams of thrones and kingdoms when the children were going barefoot and it was hard work to find bread for them, still, when he came home after that sad night in the judgment hall, with the pain and shame of it in his eyes, the woman's heart would rise to the greatness and royalty of the demand on her heart's love.

The whole world might cry, Shame! on Simon, but not his wife. She knows just what she has to do. She has to come close to his side and stand by him like a true comrade and friend, and help him the best she knows.

Do we not know or read of such wives in the papers now and then, fighting in the forlorn hope, shoulder to shoulder with such men, and know it is against all reason, and that this man deserves his doom? but our hearts burn with a proud and tender sorrow for such wives, and we feel that Gabriel could fight no grander battle.

So I wish I could paint you a picture of that entrance into his home, report the tender tones that run through the

woman's words, about nothing in particular, the steadfast loyalty shown in a hundred little touches, and the eager welcome (yet not over-eager, lest his pride take fire), and never a hint of "I told you so!" or "This is what your dream has come to!" from her loyal lips that day.

To take to the boat, therefore, was to take to the home in this old, simple way, as men always do who know what is good for them, when hope burns low in their hearts, joy is slain, their pride is broken, and they feel as if they had not a friend left on earth or in heaven. They have one Friend left. *We* have all one friend left then,—a woman, who will help us when we have very little heart to help ourselves. I do not know that he thought of this any more than dumb things think of their hiding-place when they are stricken, but it was the same instinct which took him to the boat: he would get a load of fish, and go home. So Simon said, "I go a-fishing."

It was a wise thing to do, again, as I measure the man's heart through my own, because it would not only help to solve the problem of the daily bread, prove what real manhood there was left in him, and plant him finally by his fire-side, where there were gentle hands to heal his hurt and voices to lure him a little out of his pain, but it would take him back to Nature again, the good mother and helper of us all.

Because he was in a condition to let Nature help him now, as the handmaid of God, even if he felt there was no help for him in heaven, when this pain and shame he was enduring had risen out of remorse into penitence. If it had been remorse only, Nature and his home could have done nothing for him, because it makes no difference where a man may go or what he may do, so long as his faults or sins leave him as hard and bitter as ever, or come home to him only as a bad mistake rather than a transgression against his own manhood, an insult to Heaven, and a crime. It is penitence we see in Simon's heart; and penitence makes a

way for Nature to come with her blessed balsams, and heal all she can of the hurt and the shame of our sin.

So he would go out on the lake with his trouble ; and then our great Mother would rock him on the waves, soothe him with cool winds, and shine about him gently from the stars, whispering such peace as could come to him in this way, and lure him on to forget himself while he peers eagerly into the deep clear waters, tone to-morrow half a note higher than to-day, and help him to "fall soft on a thought."

It was a wise and good thing to do, also, when we think of the wonders which had touched the man's life since Easter morning. Here was the spirit of the Master haunting the world again, stealing out from within the vale, burning through the darkness of death, touching them with its living presence, and winning them to the conviction they lived and died to maintain, that God had not left his soul in the grave, or suffered His holy one to see corruption.

That the man should be bewildered, for the time, therefore, and amazed, and feel as if the use and wont of life were no longer to be trusted on the land, was quite natural, and so he would take to the water ; for your genuine sailor always draws a deep line between his familiar element and ours, and thinks he can get his bearings on the water he has lost on the land.

There could be no mistake about the fishing, and no mystery he could not fathom in the honest old craft. She would answer to the tiller and go before the wind, the cool still night would fall down about him, and the lap of the waters would be familiar to him and real.

So he may have said, Let me do this, and I shall know where I am and what to believe. Then, if the Master should come to me in this mystery and find me hard at work just as I was when he called me in the old time, it will be the best proof I can give of the sincerity of my sorrow ; and I may have some chance to hear a whisper telling me I am forgiven.

These are the human reasons, then, as I try to measure the man's heart by my own, why Simon said, "I go a-fishing"; and, if this was the last word we were ever to hear about him, I should say, Poor, troubled brother, you made bad work of it that night in the judgment hall; but there can be no mistake about this you mean to do now. It is far better for you to be out in that boat on the water, working for your bread, than to be shut up in a cell on your knees praying, because all the prayers you can say between now and sunrise will not buy a pound of meal; better grasping now the tiller and hauling at the ropes and nets than folding your hands and then beating them on your breast in despair. This labor is your prayer, as things stand now, this lake your kingdom, and this boat your throne. Better by far be fishing than reading your Bible even, if you have one; for what a man brings to his Bible is of quite as deep a moment as what he finds in it. And you might take to those rose-colored glasses again, as so many of us do in your case, and go hunting up the passages about thrones and kingdoms which would lead you to the conclusion that you were right, after all; and all you had to do was to wait where you should work, and then strike for them again.

You can give no better proof that a new life is stirring which will make you a prince of a grander type than all your dreams than this you give in taking right hold again down at the base.

You have got your lever right now, and will do your share yet in lifting the world. The work of a man, to begin with, is to take care of his home and family, do his very best to pay a hundred cents for a dollar, and be true to *the duty of to-day*. And now I want to touch this man's life in some way which will show us what the result was of this wise and wholesome resolution to go a-fishing, and will try to do this by considering first what he might have done, as I look at him in the light of some men's lives I have known in part,

and, second, what we find when we get at the story of his life from that time.

The man had been nourishing a faith in God's providence and purpose which had seemed but a few days ago to be as solid as the earth he stood on and as true as the arches of the heavens, had pawned his home and his career on it, in the sure conviction that there would be a glorious culmination of these promises, in which he would find an ample reward. He found now he was utterly mistaken. His dream had burst like a shining bubble, and the long expected kingdom was a mirage that had gone down with the sun.

His hopes had soared on wings as eagles, centring all in Simon. They were shot through the heart by these arrows of disaster, and lay dead about his feet. And his love was so deep once that he was ready to die to prove it, so he said and so he believed; but one brief hour had proven it was mere self-love, and very mean and poor at that.

It had shown him he was not even a man, let alone a hero or a martyr; and so his love had come to wreck with his faith and hope. Now I have known men who, when their faith died, their hopes were blighted, and their love and all the beautiful dreams of their earlier manhood were vanished away, did not seek for a surer faith, a diviner hope, and a love of all goodness, which is but another name for the love of God. They would plunge deeper than ever into business, take a dogged grip on what they called realities, make these the great end and aim of their life; and Simon could have done this from that night when he said, "I go a-fishing."

He could have said: "I have been utterly mistaken, and come to sore grief and loss. It was only a dream; but minted gold is good, and real estate, and so I will make money, and win my throne and kingdom in that way, because I have faith in these beyond all question, and hope in them and love, and I notice that men are usually esteemed and

exalted not so much for their worthiness as for what they are said to be worth."

So Simon could have lived his life worshipping the golden calf in his secret heart, perhaps, with his ancestors, but keeping on good terms with those who nourished loftier aims and aspirations; and then a day would have come when the family would have called in the doctor, and it may be the minister, but certainly the lawyer. The mourners would have gone about the streets, and the people said, perhaps, "He made a blessed end." But the real end would be this,—that in no long time he would be utterly forgotten in his grave, as all men are who work and wear out their lives in the service of mere self and the great god, Mammon.

This was what Simon could have done; but let us see now if this was the drift from sundown when he said, "I go a-fishing," to the day when he saw the sun set for the last time in this world.

I was in Cologne some years ago, where I had been wandering all day about the city. I was quite tired and very cross, for it seemed as if the whole city had made up its mind to pick my pocket; and I was going to my lodging, when my guide said, "There is a picture I want you to still see." "Anything to pay?" I asked grimly. "Yes," he answered, so much. Then I said: "I will not go. I am sick of the whole business and tired out. I will go home and sleep it off."

But the man had his way, after all. So I went to see the picture painted by Rubens for his own church. It was an altar piece, and they were ready to show it after I had paid my money; and no man in this world could have been more unfit than I was to see the picture that day.

They turned it to the light. I stood a minute, I suppose, in the silence, with the setting sun shining on it; and then I was sobbing and striving to choke back my tears.

It is a terrible picture, as some of you will remember,—the death of this Simon Peter on the cross, with his head down-

ward. I think the master never made grander work than in that picture. The pain of it smites you with a solid stroke.

But the secret of its greatness is in the eyes. These are wonderful gray eyes,— the eyes of the prophet, in which the painter has hidden such deeps of glory and victory that, as I stood there, amazed through the power and beauty, I seemed to hear the angels sing.

The man was looking from the cross right into the heart of heaven. The light was more than the shining of the sun : it was the light which kindles suns, it was the light of God. He knew nothing of the pain, death had no dominion. He had fought the good fight, the curtains of time were falling, the eternal life was storming the fainting and failing spirit ; and Simon Peter was already absent from the body and present with the Lord.

While you know, when you remember the man, that this is no mere fancy of the painter, but the essence, rather, of the life he lived and the death he died after his resolve to go a-fishing.

He went back to such realities as he could trust when everything within and about him seemed to be suffering wreck, when faith was dead, as he had imagined, and hope, and he had made shipwreck of his love for the dear Friend and Master.

He would try now to make a living, it was all he was fit for, would anchor the old boat to his door-step, take her out where he could follow the old calling, and try to get his bearings, as I said ; but with all this he carried with him an eager, wistful heart which was not dead to the things touching God and his Christ, but was opening to a new life, even then, and a noble, which would give the man a first place, finally, among the saints.

It was right here, among these realities he could trust, that the deeper realities began to open to him and whisper their divine secrets. He went back to his work and thereby found a diviner work than he had ever dreamed of, back to

Nature and found God, back to the lowest place and was bidden to the highest, back to the fisher's cottage and, lo ! it opened into the many mansions, back to the little inland lake and it bore him to that river the streams whereof make glad the City of God. He found through his treason Peter was a very poor staff to lean on, when it was all Peter, bent on being among the greatest in the new kingdom, but this old impertinence and pride had passed away in a bitter humiliation ; and then he was content to sink himself, to forget all his ambitions, and to be one with the Christ. He had no ambition as he went down to the boat beyond that of a simple, manful life. He was content to go to work and be just a fisherman again ; and it may be, if he could have seen in a vision what was coming, it would have shaken his soul to its centre, and he would have wanted to live for the rest of his life in the quiet little home and on the water, just as our good President Lincoln might have wanted to stay in the modest home in Springfield, had he been aware of the burdens he must bear, the pain, and the death he must die, that he might shine like a star in the firmament of this New World.

A weary way it was for Simon from that night when he said, "I go a-fishing" ; but it lay straight on and true toward the eternal rest, and a lonely way, yet it was peopled thick to him with celestial companions, a sad way, but the joy was unspeakably more than the sorrow, and a way terrible to the flesh as going through fire, yet they say in the old traditions that he begged this boon of a deeper pain which would seal to all men the sincerity of his sorrow, so all heaven came into his heart and shone through his eyes, faith was perfected, and hope and love, through this striving which began again with the boat and the nets. And now if I have touched the true note in this study of the man's human heart and purpose, it brings home to us a few suggestions which may be of some worth, of which this is the first full of encouragement to those who feel as this man did in

his sin and shame, feel that now they have fallen so low, and made such bad work of their lives, it is no use trying to rise again, and by God's help and blessing transmute the evil into good.

I say it is of the divinest use, then, just to try ; for the way still lies open from the most woful sin and shame to a place among the saints. Have I failed, as Simon did, to quit myself like a man, in some sore crisis have I lied or blasphemed or have been a traitor to the dearest friend I ever had on earth, and am I shamed about it, hanging down my head before the most dreadful tribunal I know of, my own inmost soul? I am not a lost man if this heart is in me to try again.

I have come to myself, and may be as those soldiers that we hear of now and then, who fled in white terror from the battle, but were so shamed and troubled that, when they got another chance, they not only wiped out the old disgrace, but won a front rank among the heroes.

Have I been quite mistaken in my notions, again, of a diviner and more God-like life, so that what I took for faith is lost out of me because it was not faith in God, but a phantom? And my hope, which shone once like a star,—has that turned out to be a comet, lost now in the illimitable darkness, or has my love dried up at the spring because there seems to be no motive or object for my loving beyond my sad old self? This man found a deeper faith, a fairer hope, and a love which could never die, as I make out his story, simply because he did not say, "There is nothing left," but still kept his eager heart open to the whispers of the better life. It may be the trouble of some who hear me now. It is not the trouble of men I could name who say, "There is no certainty as yet," but still have a faith lying deep and a hope soaring high and a love burning clear: it is the dead doubt, I mean, and the paralyzed spirit—the deadness of the brakes which are not touched by the returning spring.

I will keep my heart open to the spring, then. I *can* do that. I will wait on God. I can do that, also; and, when these intimations steal in from the books I read, from a living word, from the Holy Spirit, from heaven, I will not say, "You are all one with the rest, and you will die also." I will nourish them and cherish them, as I do the precious seeds from which I hope to gather fair fruits and flowers. And this I will do, also, if these are my troubles: I will begin right down at the base again, and build up. "There is always room at the top," Webster said; but alas for the most of us if there is not room at the bottom, too!

I will make connection again with such realities as I can trust, to begin with; yet I will not lose myself, please God, in the things of time and sense, as if there were no loftier realities in this world than land and money. Lest for me at last there should be no loftier realities, and I have to blink at these divine realities like men who have lived too long in the dark. Yes; and, if my dreams of doing something splendid and rising to something great are dead and gone, I will take hold with a will at what I know I can do still to a good purpose, and then let the eternal love which is watching for me take care of the rest. And then,

" Drifting away like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment, yesterday's dream,
Ever resolving, yet slow to amend,—
Such is our progress. Where is the end?
Whirling away like leaf on the wind,
Points of attachment left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle, fast to no friend,
Such our fidelity. Where is the end?
Crystal the pavement under the stream,
Firm the reality under the dream.
Scarce we may feel it, still we may mend.
How we have conquered
Not seen till the end.

" Bright leaves may scatter, sports of the wind,
But stands to the tempest the great tree behind.
Frost cannot wither it, storms cannot bend.
Spite of all wavering, God is the end."

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

MAY 31, 1901.

NO. 34.

The Price of June

GEO. H. ELLIS

272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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THE PRICE OF JUNE.

I have two texts, one from the Bible and one from one of Lowell's poems. The one from the Bible you will find in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the forty-fourth verse,—“He goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.”

My other text is from “The Vision of Sir Launfal”:—

“Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer ;
June may be had by the poorest comer.”

Among all our American poets I have held Mr. Lowell as my favorite ever since I was a boy. Generally, he echoes my thought, my sentiment, my feeling. It is only now and then that I am inclined to take issue with him, whatever his position may be ; and, if he were here this morning to interpret these words, very likely I should be in full agreement with what he would say.

In one sense, the sense which he probably had in mind when he wrote this wonderful poem, what he says is true. Heaven is given away ; God may be had for the asking ; there is no price set on the lavish summer ; June may be had by the poorest comer. In one sense this is true. We do not have to buy these things with money. We are not

shut out from them as the poor man is sometimes shut out from the beauty and glory of a private park. They are not the exclusive possession of anybody. Heaven, God, the summer, June,—these are free ; free as the air we breathe ; free as life ; free as hope ; free as are the finest and best things that the soul desires. In this sense it is true.

But there is a deeper meaning, it seems to me, than this I have indicated as lying on the surface ; and people misunderstand the words as they are thus written, and so take it for granted that we may come into possession of the highest and finest things on all too easy terms. I propose, therefore, to turn these words about, and instead of taking the ground that God and heaven, summer, June,—all the finest and sweetest things of the earth,—are free and open to all, to show in what a profound sense they must be dearly bought and paid for by those who would come into possession of them.

Mr. Lowell says,—

“ At the devil's booth are all things sold.”

Yes, and at God's booth, also, are all things sold. Whatever we wish in this world, we must pay for ; and, if it is the highest and finest thing, we must do like the man who discovered the pearl of great price hidden in a field,— we must go and sell all we have and pay it down as the price. This great truth I wish to illustrate and enforce, if I may.

At the outset, then, let us try to find out what this June is for which a price must be paid, or which, as you choose, we are to have for the asking. What is June ? Of course, June is a part of God's infinity ; and any adequate or complete description is utterly impossible, though a man might have the tongues of men and of angels wherewith to enter upon the task. I can only, then, make you some suggestive hints of June, and leave you to dream about the wonder for yourselves.

Where shall we locate this June day ? I should naturally

place it in one location, you in another. If you are thinking of the most ideal day you ever spent, where was it? In a different place from my ideal day. It may have been on the ocean, in the mountains, in some foreign country, up in the hills. So, as I speak of this ideal June day, perhaps it is a river valley I see, the sun shining upon the water as it flows like a sheet of glass — intervalles, uplands, woods, hills, mountains in the distance.

As you think of it, perhaps it is a valley in which lies a beautiful lake, quiet, placid; the banks slope gently away from it; there is just life enough in it so that the tiny wavelets lap on the shore with such a gentle voice as requires the deepest silence even to hear. There are beautiful trees, hills, sloping uplands, perhaps, again, mountains in the distance.

Or some one else is thinking of the seashore. There are great boulders against which the ocean has been battering for a thousand years. There are crevasses through which, when the waves strike, fountains and jets shoot up and break into diamonds in the sunlight. There is a sandy beach stretching away for miles; and the great rollers come tumbling in one after another as the tide is rising.

Locate it wherever you will, but think of a wonderful day in June. Before the light appears almost, while it is still dim, and there is a mingling of the darkness with the coming of the sun on the horizon, the birds break out in their wonderful chorus all round the landscape, uttering, as far as they can, their full-throated joy that they are alive. And then the color comes in the east, and soon the sun is up, and those wonderful shadows which are never so fair, I think, as at sunrise or sunset, sloping away under the trees; and the shadows of the hilltops, too, are lying across the plains; and the dew is on the grass, and every dewdrop becomes a gem. And the mists rise from the valley or climb up the hillsides and disappear, fading into the perfect blue; and heaven is one arch of light, brilliant and glorious, hovering close down

over the earth as if it loved it, and as if it listened to the voices of joy and watched the springing of the thousand forms of life.

June is here, in every bud bursting, in every leaf flinging out its banner to the wind; in the trees, all aflame with their promise of fruitage for the fall; and the wind or the gentle breeze is bending the tops of the grasses, and the grains that are growing so lush, so tall in the fields; and the bobolink is balancing himself on some spray and singing that marvellous song of his, that seems to begin again before it is ended,—a song that no one who has loved him as I have in my boyhood can ever forget, or ever think is quite equalled by anything else in the way of music on the face of the earth.

Then there comes the high noon, the rest, the hush, and the day slopes gently down in the peace of afternoon; and the farmer is about his work, and the boys are playing in the fields or meadows, and, if you look at the water, whether it be lake or river, every lovely thing that grows on the banks seems to be looking over and rejoicing in its beauty. And the fish, alive, dart one thrilling joy as you get a glance of them; and the birds are floating overhead and seeing themselves reflected in the water below. And by and by, when the day is warm, the thunder-heads roll up; and you hear the sounds of God's chariot wheels, as in the Old World they used to think they were, in the distance, and the flash of his sword cutting through the clouds. And the wonderful thunder-storm is abroad in the air,—the most magnificent display, perhaps, for those who can forget their timidity, that nature has vouchsafed to us.

And the clouds remain as the sun goes down, to be turned into marvellous beauty and glory in the sunset, so wonderful that, if they occurred only once in a thousand years, the whole world would be notified by bulletin to be ready to look at the marvellous display.

And then the stars, one by one, come out in the quiet

evening, the moon drowning the stars in her light, and looking around her in the loneliness of her serene beauty. And so the June day passes into the June night, and waits for the dawning of another June day.

How much of June have I suggested in my rough outline picture? I have only touched on the surface of a very few of its phases. If I could open to you the mystery of wonder in a dewdrop, in a grass-blade, you would feel that you were in the presence chamber of the infinite God, and fall upon your knees in awe and wonder. Could I outline to you the marvel of a square inch of what we think of as empty space, what a meaning would there be there! Countless infinite forces thrilling through that square inch in every conceivable direction with a velocity that makes our fastest express trains slow,—a velocity that leaves light behind. These trains of God's power, crossing each other at ten thousand different angles within this one square inch of what we call empty space, with never interference, never collision, carrying on the wonderful work of God!

And, then, beneath the surface of the ground, unfold the meaning, the root, the life history of a violet, the tiniest flower that grows. Read the meaning of the hills and the valleys. June! When we understand the universe, when we comprehend God, we shall see all the meaning of a June day.

"No price is set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer."

How much of June? Let us look for a moment. Here comes a sodden, worthless wreck of humanity, that we call a tramp, wandering along the road in the country. And he finds a fence down or broken, and he goes into a field and lies down under a tree; and he is bathed in, flooded in, June. How much of it can he have for the asking? How much does he get out of June? He gets a drunken, uncomprehending, animal sleep, hardly so much as the ox working in the field near by or the cow chewing her cud in the pasture.

Can June, then, be had by the poorest comer? That depends upon who the poorest comer is, upon his power of comprehension, apprehension, sympathy. It depends upon whether he brings in heart and brain and soul the price with which to buy June.

Here comes a fashionable society city lady, who has never trained herself to think, who cares nothing about literature, who understands art only so much as is needful for a certain degree of house decoration, who knows music only superficially, who has the ordinary society accomplishments, and who has a place in the country simply because it is the thing to have a place in the country and to spend a certain part of the summer there. She comes into this June. Can she have all there is in it, freely, without price? How much of it can she take? How much of its wonder and glory are hers. Only so much as she has trained herself into ability sympathetically to appreciate and comprehend, which is the smallest part of it. She is lavish in display about her house, the decoration of her grounds; but she carries into the country just as much of the city as she can, is not out there for the sake of the country, did not go to become acquainted with June. Is it all open and free to her?

Here is the student of natural history: how much does he get out of June? He has trained himself all his life long to be intensely interested in the life, the ways of the insects, the birds, all the inhabitants of June in the country; and he gets the joy that comes from this study, finds himself filled with reverence and awe and wonder as he sees the intelligence, as he sees the marvellous instincts manifested on the part of these thousand tiny creatures, as he notices that the whole country is alive, that you can hardly put down the point of a pin without finding some tiny creature there manifesting something of the infinite life. He gets all that he is trained to get out of June. He may, indeed, have the poet's love and appreciation, the musician's joy, the poet's wondrous instinct of delight,—all these may be his besides

that which is his specialty, the study of the living creatures of the world.

Here comes a geologist: what does he get out of June? He may love all these things I have referred to; but he sees a thousand traces of God's footsteps, he sees finger-marks of the Divine, he sees traces of God dropped here and there as he passes by that another cannot comprehend. He looks upon a hill; and he sees Nature through countless thousands of years sculpturing that slope and making it beautiful. He sees frost and wind and rain and air at work; and he can go back, and read the meaning of some earth convulsion that lifted this hill above the surface of the plain and made it what it is. And he traces away up on the side of the hills a place where the river bank used to be, that has now sunken to a narrow bed, or where the lake edge once beat against the side of a cliff. Here is a big boulder: he studies that, and notices certain scratches across its top that mean nothing to the farmer who has not studied, mean nothing to the city dweller who has made no study of these things, mean nothing to the ordinary observer; but it calls up to him a marvellous picture, reaching back thousands of years, when the glaciers of the north reached down through this beautiful valley,—hundreds of feet thick the ice was,—and on its top it bore as passenger this boulder. And, as through the long, slow summers the glacier melted, the boulder has dropped, and found itself here, a stranger in a strange land. And the curious scratchings across the top of it hint the geologist the story of an almost infinite past. So the geologist gets out of June something that nobody else can find there, reads another sentence of God's message written in this wondrous book of beauty.

Thoreau, Richard Jefferies, John Burroughs, these poet-naturalists, these men that love with a passionate devotion every tiny blade of grass that grows, every leaf on every tree, all the forms of life that throng the valleys and climb up the hillsides,—they get all that they fitted themselves to get out of this marvellous June.

What does the painter get? He sees beautiful points of view, wonderful pictures, that the rest of us, perhaps, would not appreciate, until by and by he puts one of them on canvas; and you have a country road, houses, trees, the first lights of the evening gleaming out of the windows, and the stream running along beside the country road, reflecting the stars, and the mystery of twilight half hiding it all. And you have a canvas that rich men are ready to pay thousands of dollars for, to hang upon their walls; and yet they would perhaps have walked along that road and seen nothing of it all. The painter sees what he is capable of seeing—the mystery and beauty of nature—with his trained eye and his inherited instinct for beauty.

Then the astronomer, as the night comes,—what does he see? Think what a different sky this is from what it was ten thousand years ago! The astronomer reads out the meaning of those wonderful orbs, bright, glittering, twinkling, still,—arranged in these curious groupings: he reads the meaning of these things in the light of all the knowledge of the world, so that he does not give a careless glance at the sky simply to see whether it is clear or cloudy, but he reads the stories of the stars, and traces the wonder-working of God.

And the poet, with his sensitiveness to all that is fair and sweet and tender and true, reads meanings that are open to nobody else,—wonderful things that the unanointed eye can never discover. I wish to read you one little outburst of gladness of a poet, as he stands in the midst of this wonderful world of June:—

“I know not what it is; but, when I pass
 Some running bit of water by the way,
 A river brimming silver in the grass,
 And rippled by a trailing alder-spray,

“Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
 It is so joyful at the merry sight,
 So gracious is the water running by,
 So full the simple grass is of delight.

“And, if by chance a redwing, passing near,
Should light beside me in the alder-tree;
And if, above the ripple, I should hear
The lusty conversation of the bee,

“I think that I should lift my voice and sing;
I know that I should laugh and look around,
As if to catch the meadows answering,
As if expecting whispers from the ground.”

The poet finds all this wonder and delight in this outdoor nature. Wordsworth becomes conscious of

“A presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thought.”

Shelley looks and listens, and gives us the West Wind and the Cloud; and Byron tells us that

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore.”

The poet gets out of June what the poet has the power of interpreting,— what he can buy with all the poetic inheritance, the poetic experience, the poet agony, the poet ecstasy: he gets and buys and pays for with his heart's blood and his soul.

And now — for I have spent too much time already on this part of my theme — I will close this part of it by reading to you a little of what Lowell himself thought was in a June day: —

“And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun,
 With the deluge of summer it receives."

That is a hint of what Lowell got out of June.

Now let us look at the principle underlying this, which has a parallel in the discovery and possession of all fine and sweet things in life, in heaven and on earth.

Each man gets out of a June day what he is capable of appreciating. And where does that capacity come from? When a man is rich, he may have inherited his money or he may have made it, as we say; or he may have inherited a certain amount of it and added to his capital,—either the one or the other. So the geologist, the astronomer, the artist, the poet, all have an inherited capital of thought and sympathy and imagination and appreciation; and then they have the added wealth which they have made themselves by their own effort, and with this wealth they go into the world-market and buy,—buy June; they buy heaven; they buy God; they buy all that they desire.

As an illustration, let me take the artist or the astronomer. A hint about the artist first. A man must think to be an artist. These brains that we possess to-day, with which we are born and endowed, are the result of hundreds of thousands of years of thinking on the part of the human race. Thoughts have created the brain, the brain power with which we are endowed. The artistic instinct away back from the time when the cave-dweller with a partially burned stick wrouthlined an anial form on the rocky side of his underground dwelling; from that day on and up through the efforts of ancient Greece, the worship of art and beauty; down through the time of the Renaissance in Italy, in Holland, all over Europe, to the present day; the

world for thousands of years seeking to think and feel and appreciate and express beauty,—that is art.

The artist does not inherit all that; for he who is worth anything to-day must have scorned delight and lived laborious days, devoting himself to what the world has learned, and, standing on its achievement, climbed to some higher height still. So he has wrought out this ability to buy some part of a June day, that which he can appreciate and understand.

And the astronomer,—from those days, far away on the plains of Chaldea, when the shepherds began to watch the stars, noticed that some twinkled and some shone with a steady light; that some kept their places, seemingly forever, and some moved; that some set below the horizon, and after a time rose again,—from that far-off time men have been studying the heaven. But it was only about four hundred years ago that a man discovered the true theory of the heavens, opened their mystery to the world; and he bought his knowledge at the risk of his life, as the result of years of consecrated devotion, paid the anger of the Church, paid the price of excommunication, and hate and fear. And to-day we take up this result of the thousands of years of effort on the part of man, and go on studying still more, until we can buy some little part of a June night with the accumulated wealth of the world, to which we have added our own thought and effort and study and care.

Here is the principle,—nothing is given away. All is in the market, and must be bought and paid for; and, if you come and have not the price, you must go away empty-handed and toil until you are ready to pay down the purchase money; then you can take and possess the pearl of great price.

As we look over the lives of the noblest men of the world, do not every one of them illustrate this great truth? Here is Richard Wagner, one of the most modern illustrations, serving to show that the world does not learn much as to how it ought to treat its great men. Each new genius that appears is not understood, is abused and outcast, until he wins his

way, until the people learn to understand him, are able to pay enough in sympathy and appreciation to comprehend him.

What did Wagner pay for his triumph? A lifelong loneliness, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and a consecration to the work of his life that makes the toil of the man we call a day laborer seem play. That is what he paid for it,—an unswerving devotion, consecration of brain and heart and soul to his ideal, ready to follow and worship whether he were accepted or outcast, no matter which. True in his deepest soul, true to the highest thought of his life.

What did Abraham Lincoln pay for being Abraham Lincoln? Did he get the fame, the power, the glory as a free gift? Can we all have it? Is this God-like power given away? Can we have it for the asking? A lifelong devotion of a magnificent inheritance of brain and heart and soul,—these were the price he paid. So, if there were time, I might illustrate by a dozen other men. Select any great man of the world: you will find he has paid for his greatness a lifelong consecration to his ideal, as well as the inherited wealth that the ages endowed him with at the start.

I wish you to notice that this is a principle that runs through all life. It is the devil's booth and God's booth both, I said, at which we must pay the price of the things we receive. Suppose a man wishes to lead what is called a "fast life," a life of the world, devotes himself simply to self-indulgence, to pleasure. He loves drink and dinners and all things that minister to his bodily appetites, and these he makes the one supreme object of his search. Does he get these free? Does he get them for nothing? What does he pay? Think. I may not enumerate all the coins that he must count down for this kind of life; but you know. First and last, unless he is wiser than most, he pays health. He pays conscience. Do you think that is worth anything? He pays honor. He pays self-respect; for sometimes, when he gets alone by himself, he must think it over and appreciate

what kind of a man he is. He pays the dearest sweets of the affectional life. He pays his allegiance to God. He pays the duty he owes to his fellow-men, the service he might render to his age. He pays all the richest, finest, sweetest things that can come to a child of God. These are the price that at the devil's booth must be counted down for this sort of character and life. The price is pretty large.

Take the man who wishes simply to make money. Almost anybody can make money if he is determined to. Now I have not a word to say against making money. I am glad the world is rich and is getting richer. It cannot be too rich. There is no harm in making money. There may be an immense amount of good. I am only speaking of the man who makes it the one great end of life, and consecrates himself to that. If he is going to succeed, and he makes it the life search of his years, then think what he pays as a price for that; for money is something men have to buy, just as much as the things they buy with money. And it is possible to pay a very large price for a million.

I will not stop to enumerate what that price is. I have other things I wish to say; and the time is brief. You can reckon it up yourself. What does a man have to pay for a million, if he devotes himself to that as the one great object of his life? May he not pay things a million times more worth than his million?

I wish to instance a case like that of Darwin. Darwin confessed, as he grew old, that he had lost his taste for literature, for music, for a great many fine and sweet things in that direction; and how and why? It is frequently spoken of as though it were something against Darwin, as though it were an impeachment of science, that the consecration of a long life to science should result in that way. In one way it is. But what did Darwin do? He paid everything else except love and duty and honor: he paid nothing which it would have been a disgrace to pay. But he paid everything else for the purchase of the one great truth that is associated

with his name, and which he bestowed upon the world as the most magnificent gift of the nineteenth century to mankind. Let us honor him for the sacrifice instead of blaming him. He devoted his long life — none too much — to the discovery and demonstration of the great truth called by his name, and gave it to the world purchased at such a price.

So, whatever we desire, we must buy, we must pay for it. Heaven given away? — for there is only time left to touch upon heaven and God in this connection. Heaven given away? What superficial ideas people have cherished in the past concerning heaven! I was trained with the thought that it was a place with a gate to it; and I used to dream of the possibility of just getting through that gate before it was closed, and thinking that I should be in heaven if I could.

But should I? Take a blind man and put him in a picture gallery, or take a Fiji Islander and put him in a picture gallery, or a Sioux Indian. His body is there, and here are the pictures; but is he in the midst of the realm of art? He might as well be on the most desolate rock on the shore of the most desolate sea, so far as his having anything to do with art is concerned. His bodily presence there means simply nothing whatever.

I was at the Metropolitan Museum the other day, and stood looking at that wonderful picture of Joan of Arc. In order to appreciate that picture, you must know, in the first place, a little about the history of Joan of Arc and the France of her day,—its religion, its hopes, its fears. You must understand the life in the midst of which she had grown up; and then the shadowy images in the background that represent the substance of her dreams mean something to you. But simply being in the gallery does not put you in possession of the beauty that covers its walls.

And so, if you could be in heaven, with God's throne close by, and surrounded by angels, unless heaven was in you, you might as well be in the desert of Sahara for all of the heaven that would be yours.

Take a miserable, unhappy, ill-conditioned, and ill-dispositioned man, and surround him with other people who are perfectly happy, joyous, and content. Does the bodily propinquity give him a share of this joy?

How shallow some of these ideas of heaven are! Suppose I invite a man to go and hear a lecture on Dante,—some one who knows nothing about Dante and cares nothing for him,—will he look forward in pleasurable anticipation to hearing the lecture?

Do you not see, then, that, if you are to have heaven in this world or any other, you have got to buy it by personal preparation, by development, by consecration to those things in you that mean and make heaven? You have got to have sympathy, appreciation, love, unselfishness, tenderness, devotion. You have got to develop your soul, your spiritual nature, your kinship with God, or you might be floating in heaven for millions of years and not know it.

All the heaven you will ever find in this world or any other world you must buy,—buy it with “a whole soul’s tasking.”

And God,—can he be had for the asking? He stands at the door and knocks, ready to come in, more ready to give us the good things we need than we are to have them. He is ready to give us all things,—to give us himself; but he says: “I stand at the door, and knock. If any man will rise and open the door, I will come in.” But he cannot come in while the door is shut. There has got to be an intellectual door opened first. You have got to be able to think God, to appreciate him a little, to get an intellectual glimpse of him. Truth is God manifested in this universe. You have got to consecrate yourself to the truth, be ready to take the truth, be ready to buy and pay for it by a soul’s and a life’s devotion, care more for it than for fashion or for a rich church or places where there is social display. You have got to care more for the truth than anything else in the world: that is one price you have got to pay.

And, then, God is love,—love that lavishes itself, not

selfishness; the utter opposite. God is giving himself away, just as the sun is always giving itself away in the heavens. If the sun should conclude to call in his rays and become selfish, there would be no more sunlight. If God should once begin to live for himself, as the old creeds say he did, for his own glory, there would be no God any more. It is because God gives himself in utter lavishness that he is God. He loves not only good people, but all people,—the people you and I cannot get along with; and we cannot get along with them because we are so little like God. We must get near to God sympathetically.

A man in the old days stood elbow to elbow with Shakspeare; but he might as well have been millions of miles away if he had none of the qualities in him that would make him sympathetically appreciate Shakspeare. It is not space relations that bring us close to God, or men, either: it is sympathetic, affectional, soul relations.

And God is infinite service. He is giving himself always for the welfare of the people and things he has created. So, if we wish to find God, there are three things we must pay,—devotion to truth, development of love, consecration of our lives in service to our fellow-men, to those that need; and, if we are ready to pay this price, then God becomes ours.

So in every department of human life there is nothing given away. We take what we can, what we are capable of appreciating; and this appreciation is the result of consecration and of the development in ourselves of all that is sweet and high and fine.

Father, we give ourselves to Thee; and we ask that we may be able to so consecrate ourselves to that which is noble and true that we may get into sympathetic relations with that which is divine, and so become enriched with the beauty and glory of earth and sky, and enter thus on the possession of heaven and of Thee, now and evermore. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

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"Some great excuse, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JUNE 7, 1901.

No. 35.

The Hall of Fame, or Our Debt to Great Men

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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THE HALL OF FAME, OR OUR DEBT TO GREAT MEN.

I HAVE selected two texts, one from the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, the first verse, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help: my help cometh from the Lord." And the other text is from the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, a part of the twenty-sixth and the twenty-seventh verses, "Whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant."

The writer of this one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, whoever he may have been, was probably at the time when it was composed in some foreign country, and was remembering and also looking forward with longing towards the hill country of Judea, which was the seat of his country's religion. Or possibly he may have been a dweller in the lowlands of his own country, and simply have been thinking of Mount Moriah, crowned with the temple, and so made the apparent dwelling-place of the national God. At any rate, he located the help that he sought among the high places of the earth, and said, "I will look up unto the hills."

I wish, by way of figure and for purposes of illustration, to note that it is the hills of the earth, the mountain peaks, which are the places to which all mankind in all ages have looked up for help. The larger part of the earth, indeed, is lowland, plain, valley; and in these lowlands, and on these plains, and nestled in the quiet of the valleys, have been for the most part the homes of the world's inhabitants.

Here have been the secluded spots in which men have delighted to dwell.

It is only now and then the hardy people who have made their home among the hills; and yet it is the hills that have been the sources of all the things that have made the plains and the lowlands and the valleys fair. You seek some quiet vale, and notice the springing grasses, the bursting flowers, the green shrubbery, the flourishing trees,—all that makes up its natural beauty, that constitutes its attractiveness, that makes people seek the spot for home,—and where do you look for the source of all these? The grasses, the flowers, the shrubs, the growing trees,—all these are the gift of the hills. The hills condense the moisture in the air, cap themselves with clouds, become the ministers of rain to all the lower places of the earth; or they put on their crowns of snow, and then, as the warmer suns of the year come, these are melted and trickle down upon the lowlands, and become the medium by which life is ministered to all that men desire.

Here is a great broad river. It flows hundreds of miles, and at last empties into gulf or ocean. The shipping of the world rides upon its bosom at anchor or goes back and forth in carrying the exchanges of the world. Whence did this river come? It is the gift of the hills again. Here is a brook, dancing down into and through the valleys. It is a source of constant beauty and delight. Its parentage again is in the hill. Here is an electric or manufacturing plant by the side of some rushing stream, some mighty river that is dammed at some particular spot that men may become masters of its latent power. All that gathers around these plants,—the village, the growing city, the factories, the thousand homes, the industries that make up the activities and meet the needs and wants of mankind,—these are the gift, again, of the hills.

And so you will find that almost all that makes up the beauty, the fertility, the activity, the industry, the commerce,

the life of the world, would vanish out of sight, were the hills levelled down to the surface of the plain.

In the natural world, then, it is true that we look up unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. The Psalmist had that spiritual insight which added,—I know not, indeed, whether he was thinking of these natural supplies for man's natural needs,—but he had that instinct which looked deeper than the surface; and so he added, "My help cometh from the Lord." For whatever may be the natural medium through which any desirable thing comes to us, if we look deep enough and far enough and high enough, we find ourselves in the presence of the one source of all the life and beauty and glory and peace and good of mankind.

I use this merely as a figure. That which is true of the natural world is true also of this human world of ours in which we live and of which we are a part. Here also we look up unto the hills from whence cometh our help,—the high peaks, the mountain summits of humanity: these have been the sources of all that which ministers to our delight, which is example and inspiration, which serves our commonest as well as our highest needs, and which bestows upon us, meditating thus the service of God, all the grand things which have made the glory and beauty of human life.

There have been two theories held and discussed by different people as to the meaning of the progress of the world, as to the sources of its advance. There is a school of thinkers who tell us that it is the power of growth and evolution in common humanity which has produced all the things that have come to pass. There is, on the other hand, a school of thinkers, one of whose most prominent representatives is Carlyle, who tell us that it is the heroes and the great men of the world who have accomplished all the grand results that have been achieved throughout the course of human history.

I believe that in one sense Carlyle is right: I believe that in another sense the other class of thinkers is right. There

is a truth in both of them. The power of evolution does work through the common humanity, in the common lives of the common people of all the world; but just as the power of currents and tides works in the ocean, and just as this same power lifts up the mighty waves on high until they catch the sunlight and become clothed with might and beauty, so this same power lifts up the great men of the world and they stand as representing the aspiration, the best things in the common hearts of the common people. They voice the wishes and hopes and aspirations of the world; and they do more than that,—they inspire and lead. And so I believe that in one sense it is true that the world owes all that is finest and highest and best that it has ever attained to its great men and great women.

To say this thus baldly, without qualification, is perhaps to exaggerate the truth; and yet I am willing to exaggerate a little for the sake of emphasis. I am not denying that which is true on the other side.

If we look merely at the common needs of the world, the supply of bodily wants and comforts, why, then, the great mass of the common people of the world are of more importance than the great men; for the supply of these common needs comes from the commonplace industries and faithfulnesses and services of mankind. But the moment that you rise above these, that you come to consider the needs of the affectional nature, the aspirations of the conscience, the spiritual life of man, or his intellectual supremacy, you are fronted by the fact that it is the great men of the world that have ministered to these and have enabled us to become what we are and enable us to hope for what we shall be.

It is indeed true that the common people of the world sympathize with and respond to the great ideals, the great words, the great efforts, the general leadership of the great men of the world. And, if this were not true, the great men themselves would be powerless to accomplish anything. For example: Where is the orator without his audience?

Where is the musician without those that delight in the creation of his genius? Where is the artist without those that look at and admire his work? Where are any of the great leaders of the world,—the statesmen,—separated from the people that re-echo their ideas and are ready to follow? Where are the great generals, or where would they be, but for the armies that back up their endeavors and help them to carry out their great designs?

Where would Grant have been in the Civil War but for the great patriotic heart of the people that answered to his call? Where would Lincoln have been but for the millions of common men on whose faithfulness and trustworthiness he confidently relied?

So, in one sense, the great men and the common people of the world are bound together in one destiny, the one needing the other, and the other depending upon the first. So that the two go together, and cannot be separated. And yet this morning I wish to emphasize this one side of our thought more than the other, and show our debt to the great men of the world.

Jesus said on certain occasions that the people to whom he was talking were like children playing in the marketplace, and saying, "I have piped unto you, but you have not danced: I have mourned unto you, but you have not lamented"; that is, he said the people of the time did not respond to his words. John the Baptist came, an ascetic; and they cast him out. The Son of Man came, mingling with the common people, partaking of their common life; and they would have nothing to do with him. And this was undoubtedly true, and it is undoubtedly true in every age of the world, until the hearts of the high thinkers and noble workers ache because they get so little response, because they labor month by month and year by year, and it seems to be in vain; and yet, were not the other side true, where would Christianity have been?

Though Jesus did not get any ready response, though the

disciples forsook him and fled at the time of his trial, and though he died on the cross alone, during the last nineteen hundred years how many thousands and millions of souls have responded to his gentle and mighty words, how many have been played upon by the touch of his fingers, how many have made music as the result of that touch, how many have wept because of his sorrows, how many have exulted because of the great hopes with which he inspired humanity! How have the great masses of the world lifted and risen to him as the tides respond to the moon! And this means—what? It means that we common people, whether we are great or not or whether we have any hope of greatness, are made of the same stuff as the great men of the world; it means that there is that in us which can sympathize with and respond to the highest and finest words that have ever been uttered, that can see the beauty of the noblest ideals, that can be touched with divine inspirations and aspirations; it means that. It means hope for the common people, it means the glory of the common people, it means the divinity of the common people.

Not all the great men of the past have been famous. I believe that Gray, in his "Elegy," uttered profound truth when he said:—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I believe he uttered a profound truth when he said that in some grave in some of these countrysides a mute, inglorious Milton might be resting; that in some lonely grave a tongue goes back to dust that had a wonderful capacity of world-moving oratory. I believe that thousands and thousands with the possibility of greatness in them have led commonplace and unknown lives. For it needs not merely the latent ability: it needs the opportunity.

To go back to our figure of the lowlands and the mountains for a moment. You climb to the summit of some lofty peak. Do you look for any strange, unknown kind or quality of rock or soil, when you get there? You find it precisely that which you have trod under foot in the valley before you started on your climb. What is the difference? Some great world force has upheaved and lifted into the blue that which had been common plain or valley but for this uplift of conditions or circumstances. If there had been no war, the greatest generals on both sides would have been practically unknown. Grant's life would have been regarded as a rather commonplace failure. If there had been no war, Lincoln might indeed have been recognized as rather an extraordinary country lawyer; but that is all.

So greatness means not only native ability: it means opportunity; it means some great cause to call it out, to give it challenge and opportunity. I speak of these things for the comfort of us who are unknown, and who will live and die unknown, who can expect no great position, can look for no fame. There is in us the possibility of all these, or else, as I said, there would not be the sympathy that understands and appreciates that which is great and high.

There is danger, I think, always that we shall not quite appreciate or understand what we owe to the great people of the world. There enters into the thought naturally a little touch of envy, possibly, or jealousy, particularly if the great man is still alive, if there are partisan bitternesses, differences of opinion, if he happen to be born and grow up in some part of the country near by ourselves. I have heard people frequently say of a great man who was born and trained in their neighborhood: It can't be that he amounted to a great deal. Why, I knew him when he was a boy. This is the idea, I suppose, that Jesus had in mind when he said, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

I remember Speaker Reed hit a great truth with his bitter satire, when he said that a statesman was a politician who was dead. People must be some distance away from us, get out of the range of personal feelings and opinions, before we can estimate their greatness. They need to be at a distance. I remember the first time I was in London. I stopped at a little, quiet English hotel, just out of Fleet Street. I arrived in the evening, and had not taken the trouble to hunt up any of the great places or buildings of the great city for that night, leaving all for the morrow. The next morning I went to the window and looked out, and the fog and smoke had lifted enough, so that there was possibility of quite a distant vision; and I saw only a little ways off, to the left, a dome. It did not seem very remarkable nor very lofty,—rather commonplace, indeed. I looked and located it mentally, and made up my mind, with a little sense of disappointment over its shrunken dimensions, that it must be St. Paul's. It did not look large or impressive; but day by day, as I stayed in London, as I rode on the tops of its omnibuses miles and miles away, as I went out and climbed Primrose Hill, as I got on to the highest places in the city, I caught ever the dome of St. Paul's—the farther away I got—rising, lifting, swinging in the air, overtopping and overtowering the whole city. Then I began to appreciate what it means to be lifted up thus by the power of one of the greatest architects of the world.

We need thus to get away from people; and, the farther away we get, the higher they loom and lift into the pure, clear air, which is the breathing of the immortals.

It is said that a republic is especially ungrateful,—does not appreciate its great men. I suppose that this is because at first, at any rate, we are prone, and naturally, to exaggerate the sense of our personal equality. "I am as good as anybody," is the formula of a republic. And, so far as political rights and opportunity are concerned, it is true. But, when it comes to intellectual, affectional, spiritual power, to real

greatness, republics have never yet been able to establish equality. And, if we appreciate what we owe to these mediators of God in building up and blessing our human lives, we shall feel a little humbled in the presence of the great, and thankful that the great have been vouchsafed to us.

It is interesting to me to note that this republic for the first time in its history has been, though through private hands, beginning to make an attempt to create a gallery of immortals. Of course there is something artificial and weak about any attempt of this sort. Some of those who are voted a place there will shrink and diminish as the years go by; and we shall find out that some of those who are only partly appreciated or wrongly estimated during the century will grow greater and greater as the years go by; and whether they gain a place in this particular gallery or not shall be recognized as among the noblest of mankind.

But it is interesting to me, and impressive and hopeful, that an attempt in this direction has been made. It originated with the University of New York. It appointed a hundred men selected for their pre-eminent fitness from all over the country to become a board of electors; and they were to vote in selecting the first fifty names to be placed on the tablets in this Hall of Fame. Only ninety-seven of these one hundred have voted; but fifty-one votes is a majority of the original hundred, and must be received by any man who is to gain admittance to this position of honor. Twenty-nine men on this first ballot were selected, no others receiving enough to make them eligible for this distinction.

It would be interesting to analyze these great men, to see what parts of the country they come from, what professions they adorned, what their education had been, or their lack of education. One could find and teach many important lessons by an analysis like this. I have not time, however, this morning to go into it in such detail; and I have as my purpose another object in view. I will note, however, in

passing, that Virginia and Massachusetts are the two States that have furnished much the largest numbers. Virginia produced five. Massachusetts gave us one-third of the entire list, notwithstanding her being so diminutive a State, so far as area is concerned.

I might emphasize the fact that the two greatest names there of all were not educated, in the ordinary sense of that word at all; never saw a university; saw very little of even common schools. Lessons of importance might be drawn from many another feature of this Hall of Fame. I will, however, only note one thing further, which, it seems to me, we Unitarians can hardly pass by. I do not believe in boasting; but we certainly may take a quiet satisfaction in noting one striking fact. The board of electors who chose these twenty-nine men were selected, as I said, from all over the country, and without any regard to any question except their eminence and their fitness to choose; and of course they were under no theological or religious bias whatever. And yet, choosing them without this thought in mind, it is a striking fact that our little body of Unitarians, with its few churches scattered over the land, should have contributed almost one-half of the entire list,—almost one-half.

I will read to you the names of those that I know to be Unitarians,—it is only fair that I should say that there are a good many names here whose religious or theological affiliations or opinions I am not acquainted with,—Daniel Webster, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Peter Cooper, Horace Mann, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing.

Here are ten of the twenty-nine names well known by everybody to be Unitarians. In regard to George Peabody I am not sure. Of Beecher we may say that he was one of the greatest liberals of the country; and concerning the popular theology that dominated the past he said, not long before he died, that a man had better believe nothing at all

than to accept it. So we can certainly think of him as perhaps more closely affiliated with the ideas and work we stand for than with any other religious body of people in the country.

Then, of the three that lead the list, it is worthy of note that Washington, although he was classed in the Episcopal Church, was said by those who were closely associated with him, even by his rector, to have been simply a deist. He believed in God, his providence, his management of human affairs; but he did not believe in the popular theology of the time, he did not believe in the deity of Jesus, he did not hold any of the old theological ideas. Of course, he was not a Unitarian, in the technical sense of the word, for perhaps he never heard it; but he would have been in closest sympathy with us if he had been given an opportunity.

As to Franklin, it is perfectly well known — he has left it on record — that he also shared with Washington these ideas. He said distinctly that he believed that the teachings of Jesus were the finest moral and humanitarian teachings that the world had known; but he does not accept his deity, and is in sympathy with the ideas for which we stand.

Then, as to Lincoln, Carpenter has left it on record that, in conversation one day, the President told him he had never joined any church, not being able to accept completely the creeds they upheld, but that, if some one would found a church on the basis of love to God and love to man, that church he would join with all his heart and all his soul. And that is precisely this Unitarian Church of ours. So we have a right to believe that Lincoln was more closely affiliated with us than with any of the other great religious bodies of the country.

It seemed to me that we had a right to take whatever comfort and cheer might come to us in feeling that so many of the great ones selected for the first list to be entered in this Hall of Fame stood there as representing our

thought and our life, voicing our opinions, carrying with them the inspirations of our ideas.

I wish now at the last to note two or three special ways in which we are peculiarly indebted to the great men of the world. I said that the hills were the source of the beauty and joy of the country life. So the great men of the world, the great men and the great women, are the source of the pleasures, the happiness, that brighten our lives, and make them what they are. Think for a moment. Do we quite appreciate what this means? We say that a large part of our commonplace lives comes from the fact that the land is at peace, the world substantially at peace, our country well governed—upon the fact that industries are active, that commerce is prosperous, the interchanges of the world go on.

But stop a moment. Every one of these things, every one of these conditions, we owe to the great men of the world, the men who have thought, planned, dreamed, sacrificed, invented, wrought out, created these conditions that give us peace, that give us the opportunity for our quiet homes, our happiness day by day.

And then, when we come a little higher than that, into the affectional, moral, intellectual, spiritual life, who is it that has created those things that bring us our daily joy? You sit down when you are tired, and delight yourself in some book, some novel, some poem, or you look at some picture, some great work of art, or you listen to some wonderful piece of music that soothes, that rests you, that carries you off on its tide, and lifts you into some higher air. All these things are the creations of the masters: the writer of the book, the singer of the poem, the painter of the picture, the sculptor that shaped the marble, the one who wrote the song,—all these things that minister to the delight, the pleasure of the world, have been made by the exceptional thinkers, the ones who have been lifted up higher than the level of ordinary humanity.

And then another thing. They are our examples and our inspirations. Whatever high and fine life there is in us, whatever we are more than animal, do we not owe it to these, the men who from those far-off days, when the race stood on the borderlands of savagery, began to think, to feel, to consecrate themselves, began to be true to their ideals of what they ought to be, true in the midst of opposition, true in the face of temptation, true in the presence of obloquy, true when cast out, true because they dreamed of God and felt that they must be true to him?

It is these men that have been the inspirations of our lives, and that lift us to-day and make it possible for us to be nobler and better than otherwise we should be.

And here comes in, by way of emphasis, the point I referred to a moment ago,—the fact that these people are simply ourselves lifted higher. I do not believe that Jesus could possibly be the inspiration he is to us if he were not a man. Those that make him God make him also man. And it is the human side of him, the side wherein he was tempted like as we are, wherein he was true in spite of his weakness when he prayed to be delivered from drinking the cup and yet submitted because it was the Father's will, that is the inspiration and strength of men in their weakness. We must feel that these men who call to us know what we are. Men find natural response only in something akin to themselves. It must be so before they can hear, before there can be the impulse in them to follow. So it is these great men of the world who have been examples to us and who are our inspiration to-day in every department of human life.

Where can a man turn for his study without finding some great man who becomes to him an ideal? It is very difficult for us to attach ourselves to abstract principles; and so we seek for people who embody and illustrate those principles, and they become the sources of our strength.

And, if you look in another direction, what is there of ser-

vice to any department of our lives for which we are not indebted to the great men of the world? Jesus said that among the Gentiles they endeavored to become great, and dominate and rule, but that in his kingdom that principle should not be followed: the great men should be the servants.

And, as we look back over the past, we find this idea of Jesus illustrated everywhere. The men who have been selfish, self-seeking, who have cared only for their own power or for their own advantage and pleasure, are not the ones that humanity lifts up into the high places of reverence and love. A man must have power; but, if he uses that power in some way detached from us, why, then, we do not know anything about him or care anything about him. If he uses it to injure men, we may say he has great power; but we do not love or reverence or follow him.

Who cares to-day, except by way of curiosity, for the greatness of a man like Napoleon, one of the mightiest men that ever lived? Perhaps he rendered Europe a great service incidentally, but he did not do it through love of Europe or through care for humanity. He was the embodiment of sensuality, of selfishness, of cruelty, of personal domination; and, as the ages go by, he will sink ever to a relatively lower place in the estimation of the world, while men like Washington and Lincoln will rise and tower like the mountain peaks of the world that are grander the farther away you get from them. It is these men that have done the things that have helped the world that we must perforce regard as the greatest of their kind.

And so in every department of thought and life. There is so much to say here that I can say next to nothing. The man who invented the alphabet, the man who invented printing, and so gave us books; the men who progressively created the art of the world; the men who discovered; the men who explored the heavens and opened to us the marvellous universe which is our possession, and where we

stray until we are lost in those starry chambers of the infinite; the men who have invented all the things which provide for human needs and make up the world's comfort.

What is there on the face of the earth, above the common level of animal life, that we do not owe to the ministration of some great thinker, some noble, consecrated soul?

Let us, then, in the presence of the great men of the earth bare our heads in reverence because they are a revelation of divinity; let us be humble before them, and grateful for the gifts they bring in their hands; let us be cheered and inspired in their presence also, because they are men like us, and because we can appreciate them, can imitate and be like them. We can climb slowly, and we have all eternity in which to climb, towards the heights which they have reached.

We can like them, as Longfellow has sung,

" Make our lives sublime."

And so we are not oppressed by them, we are not humiliated by them: we are challenged and cheered and lifted; and while we are grateful to them, just as in the case of the hills as related to the natural world, we recognize them as ministers and mediators of God. It is not Jesus alone, it is not Shakspeare alone, it is not Lincoln alone, it is not the great men of the world alone to whom we owe these things.

Who are these,— these great men that tower above us and whose heads shine in the light? They are the children of God, they are the ministers of God, they are the mediators of God's gifts to their brethren; and so, as we say, We look up unto the hills from whence cometh our help, we will add that, through the hills, our help cometh from the Lord.

Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast left no age without a witness of Thyself, without some one of our fellows standing up and speaking for Thee, without some one of our fellows tall enough so that he could see beyond the narrow

limits of his time and point out the great things of life for us to trust in and take at his word. We thank Thee for these and thank Thee that we may look upon them as our fellows, and may progressively advance until we, too, are like them in being like Thee. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatise. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JUNE 14, 1901.

No. 36.

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MAN AND THE ANIMAL WORLD.

AMONG many texts that might be appropriate I have selected two,—one from the book of Deuteronomy, the twenty-fifth chapter and the fourth verse, “Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn”; and the other is from the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the twenty-ninth verse,—“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father.”

I love the animals; and I am filled with infinite curiosity concerning all the living creatures that people the earth and the waters and the air. I carry a burden concerning these on my heart, as, I think, does almost every sensitive man, all the year round; but peculiarly is my attention directed to them at this time, in the spring and the early summer. When we are leaving the city and going to the country, where we are brought face to face with these countless and marvellous forms of life, then I feel like lifting up my voice and pleading for them. I am weighted with the thought of the age-long enmity between man and his poor relations,—the other creatures that God has made. Age-long enmity has existed between them: fear, reprisal, on the part of the animal world; pursuit, cruelty, on the part of man.

The present is the child of the past; and, if we wish to understand the present, in any phase of its multiform life, we need to study that past out of which it has grown. And we shall find this, I think, particularly enlightening as it bears upon our present theme.

Go back, in imagination, if you will, two or three hundred thousand years,—I do not know the precise date,—to the time when man was just emerging from his condition of animality, learning to stand upon his feet and look into the heavens with question, and recognize that he is something other than the creatures that are about him. Place yourself, for a moment, at that point of time, and you will recognize the fact that man, although destined to become so mighty, supreme over all the earth, was then, relatively, much weaker than any number of the other animals that surrounded him. He had not the natural means of defence with which they had been supplied: he had no wings, with which he could fly from an enemy; he had not the swiftness of the deer or the antelope, to enable him to escape; he had not the bulk or the strength or the cunning of the elephant, the lion, the tiger, the wolf. He was weak, comparatively, almost helpless. But there was within him brain, the power of a growing intelligence, which should enable him by and by to master all these, and make the forces of the earth his servants.

But the point you need to note is merely this: at that time there began a battle between man and the other creatures about him for standing room on the earth, for space in which to build his home and find his food and to carry on his life. There was, of necessity, at the beginning, then, this condition of battle between man and the animal world; and it was fierce and relentless, and there were no truces in that war. For two or three hundred thousand years men fought for life against these creatures that were about him on every hand.

It is very difficult for us to imagine the reality and the stress of that warfare; and yet take an enlightening touch from the book of Exodus. Down so late as the time when the conquest of Canaan was going on, God is represented as saying to the children of Israel that he would not drive out too rapidly the Hivite and the Hittite and the other

tribes that inhabited the country. Why? Lest, if it were depopulated, the wild beasts would multiply so rapidly as to endanger the safety of the children of Israel themselves. And this in a little country not larger than the State of Massachusetts, and as late as that.

And do you stop to think that in India to-day this warfare is going on with all its terrible stress and intensity? Thousands and thousands of men and women and children are killed every year by serpents and tigers and wild beasts of every kind in India. So that there this battle for space to live, for standing room, is not yet over.

What is the significance and importance of this as touching our theme? Much, every way. Out of this age-long stress and struggle there must have come this instinctive opposition to the wild creatures of the world. You know perfectly well how long custom at last becomes habit, drilled, trained, a part of ourselves, becomes wrought into the fibre of the brain, becomes a part of the instinctive thoughts and feelings and fears and activities of our lives; so that I take it that here we shall find very largely the explanation of that not yet outgrown enmity on the part of humanity against the lower life of the world.

But even in those countries where this battle has been fought out and won, where there is no longer danger from the creatures of the field, what condition of things do we find? We find this: men have always taken for their amusement some kind of activity which in a previous period of human development had been a serious activity of life. Men had tournaments, played at battle when there was no real battle going on. Children all over the world in their amusements imitate the serious occupations of fathers and mothers; and quite frequently you will find them imitating the occupations which are practically now only a tradition outgrown.

I remember, when I was a boy, one of my greatest and most delightful amusements was to shoot with the bow and

arrow, and acquire skill in its use. I was playing over the serious occupations of men of two or three hundred years ago. So you will find men and boys engaged in imitations of the serious activities of the world in their times of relaxation and play.

And what does this mean? Study the condition of things in Europe in the Middle Ages, hundreds of years after Christianity had come with its supposed uplifting and softening influences, and what do you find? The grown-up men, the kings, the nobles looked with scorn and contempt upon a man who cultivated his mind, scholarship. It was beneath them to know how to read, to be interested in literature: that was left for monks, clerks, a few scholars. They would, indeed, tolerate a poet at the court if he would sing them some song, tell them some story that might entertain them in their leisure hours: they would patronize intellectual pursuits, the work of the artist, the musician; but it was beneath them. The serious work of their life was fighting. They were warriors; and they looked with contempt upon men who engaged earnestly in any other occupation.

But, when they were not fighting, what were they doing? Hunting almost always. In the time of Louis IX. in France nearly half the land of the kingdom, if not quite half, was reserved as hunting grounds for the king and the nobles. The common people for the purposes of cultivation had to take what was left after the amusements of the nobility were provided for. They engaged in hunting the wild beasts of the field. So it is no wonder that it is said to-day concerning an Englishman that, if he wishes to amuse himself, he says to his fellow, "Let us go out and kill something." That is the instinctive activity in which leisurely men have been accustomed to engage themselves for hundreds of years.

It has never occurred to them that animals had any rights, that animal life was sacred, that it was worth their while to regard their wish to live. This has been the attitude traditionally towards the lower world. It is true that savage men

early began to cultivate amicable relations with certain selected specimens of the animal world. A kind of tiger has been developed into the household cat. A species of wolf has been tamed and cultivated into all the different kinds of dogs which we make our household pets and companions. But not uncommonly, as a nation sometimes uses a friendly foreigner, turning him into an ally to help fight his own countrymen, so men have used these domesticated animals in assisting them in their commoner occupation of hunting their fellows, their predecessors of the field and wood.

Such has been the attitude of man towards the lower world of life, almost continually from the beginning of human history until within a hundred years or so; and it is very striking that religion has not helped much. It is sometimes said that Buddhism and Brahminism, the religions of the East, cultivate a tenderer feeling towards animals than that among Western nations. But, if you analyze carefully what their attitude means, I do not think it is so. They, indeed, regard life as sacred; they do not kill animals; they do not use them for food. But the reason is not a humane reason, it is not on account of tenderness, of sympathy or fellowship, towards these lower forms of life. It has sprung largely out of the doctrine of reincarnation, the thought that sometimes these creatures might possibly be the temporary dwelling-place of one of their ancestors or relatives or friends. It has been a superstitious reason, not a humane one.

And, when I was looking for a text, and hunting up what the Bible had to say on this subject, I was surprised by two things. I was surprised to note how little effect the Christian religion for the first eighteen hundred years of its existence had upon the relations of man towards the animals of the world. I do not know that, except in cases here or there, it had any appreciable effect. Let us note an illustration. Saint Hubert is the patron saint of the hunters in

France. He was a nobleman, devoting his time to the ordinary amusements of his fellows. It is said that in the woods one day he was confronted by a stag, who had, miraculously placed, a cross between its horns; and a voice came from out of the sky or the air, and warned him that, if he did not turn to the Church and repent, he would be in danger of everlasting hell. He turned suddenly and became a saint, gave up this worldly life and these amusements. But did that have any effect on the other hunters of the time? He simply became the patron saint of the hunters: that is all. Nobody else left off hunting on account of it, so far as I have been able to find out: they simply made him the patron of their sport.

And did you notice, as I was reading a part of the first chapter of Genesis this morning, that Adam is spoken of as a special creation, made in the image of God, and that then God creates all the animals, the birds, fishes, and creeping things in a different way, and makes Adam their absolute master, gives him dominion over them, so that he can do with them as he pleases? And men have always been doing with them as they pleased ever since.

There is this lovely touch that I read from Deuteronomy, where God is said to command that they should not muzzle the ox when he is engaged in threshing the corn; that he be given a chance to nibble a little, pick a mouthful where he can,—a beautiful little touch of humanity. But Paul quotes this passage, and asks the straight question, Does that mean that God takes care for oxen? Paul says, No, he does not. This was said, Paul says, for our sakes, not for the sake of the oxen.

But we must not overlook the lovely saying of Job, where God is said to provide food for the ravens; and this sweetest word of all, perhaps, where Jesus speaks of the sparrow not falling to the ground without the companionship and care of the universal Father. But I have been surprised to see that many of the religions of the world have produced

so slight an effect on the thoughts and feelings and care of men towards the lower forms of life.

But during the last century there has come a marked change. We find in the words of the poet Cowper a tenderness and care such as all the previous literature of the world hardly contains. You remember those trite words,—I wish they could be burned into the memory and consciences of all men, women, and children everywhere : —

“ I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”

That is the poet Cowper, and it is a new note in literature. And Coleridge, in “ The Ancient Mariner ” says : —

“ He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loves them all.”

And only yesterday I came across a few words of Émile Zola, the famous French novelist, and the one man who, if the world remembers great deeds, won for himself eternal honor by standing forth in the face of a prejudiced, passionate, and enraged nation, and demanding justice in the Dreyfus case. He says : —

“ Why is it that the sight of a lost dog in a crowded street gives me a pain in the heart? Why does his misery provoke a pity so full of anguish as commonly to spoil my walk? Why, for the whole evening, and even until the next day, does the recollection of this lost dog haunt me with a sort of despair? I find myself wondering what he is doing, whether he has been found, or if he has anything to eat. Why do the sufferings of an animal upset me so? Why is it that I feel that all the animals are my little relatives? Why does the very thought of them fill me with pity and tenderness? Why do I regard all animals as of my own family, like men, as much as men? ”

This is a new note in the literature of the world; and means the blossoming out of that tenderness and sympathy which, it seems to me, of all our characteristics and attributes are likest God.

That is one thing that has happened. I said there were two. What is the other? The other, and bearing on this matter more intimately, more effectively than all the religions of the world ever have been found to do, is Darwinism. What has that got to do with the subject? It has made men know that from the lowest touch of life, away back in the ooze of primeval ocean shores, clear up to the grandest and noblest manifestation, that all are one. The animals are of our kin as much as our brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers, really our kin, one blood, one flesh, one life, the children of the one Father as much as we. That is what Darwinism has told the world. And instead of its degrading men, as was at first charged against it, it has lifted the level of all life up into the sunlight of the Divine.

Now let us glance over this animal world for a moment, and see how much of the life that is ours they share. Did you ever set yourself about the task of finding what it is that distinguishes man from the animals? We pride ourselves on being men; but what is the difference between man and the animals? Did you ever try to think out clearly and find how much superior you are, what it is that we have that they have not? They share with us almost every quality and attribute which we possess: they have for the purposes of their life bodies quite equal to ours, some of them apparently superior. Animals have an intellectual life: they think, they reason. Animals dream,—dream when they are asleep and dream when they are awake, both, as we do. They have hopes which they cherish, fears which they try to shun. They have love,—love for their kind, love for the forms of life above them. They have devotion, consecration, that leads them voluntarily to bear suffering, to face death,

for the sake of those they love. They can feel ashamed: they can share with us almost all our whole range of susceptibilities and sensibilities. They do not, or at least we do not think they possess, the power of abstract thought. They do not possess a conscious moral life, though they have the rudiments of moral action, the motives out of which moral action springs, in their relation to master and friends. They are not religious, so far as we know; but they have their devotion to the man, that stands to them as a god, that leads them to show a consecration and nobility and sweetness and fineness of character that sometimes surpasses the human. They do not possess the power of the ideal, thinking out some better kind of world, some fairer condition of things, and voluntarily entering upon the realization of it.

Here are a few things that they do not share with us; but the most of our life we hold in community with them. Intelligence, did I say? Every one who has given even a superficial study to these matters knows that animals reason. I have seen an elephant reason as distinctly and definitely as any man that ever lived. The little ants have a marvellous civilization of their own, organizing armies, going to war, keeping slaves, showing a good many of the virtues, and sharing with us some of the vices, of our worn-out civilization.

If we choose to study the works of the animal lovers who have given the results of years of long study to these creatures, we shall find that ants have been known to study a situation involving the satisfaction of their desires, and discover a new, easier, better way of attaining their end just as clearly and intelligently as men do it. So they share with us the intellectual life.

And can you find a nobler bit of both intelligence and kindness and help than was manifested by a dog in New Jersey during the past year on the occasion of a fire? A stable was burned. In it were two horses, companions of the dog, and of whom he was very fond. The master was

able to get one of the horses out, but supposed the other had inevitably perished before he could return and rescue him, when, as he approached the stable, he found the dog, who had gone in and gnawed off the halter, leading the horse out to a place of safety.

Only within a week—you can multiply such stories by the hundred—I read of a dog whose master was taken sick, and the dog pined and would eat nothing; and from the day of the master's death he suddenly disappeared. A week or ten days later he was found stretched at his full length, dead, upon his master's grave, which was four miles away from home. How he got there, when he got there, how he knew that it was his master's grave, who shall tell? But there was a loving consecration, faithful even to death.

Who shall read the intelligence of the carrier pigeon, of the homing birds of every kind who spring and fall travel on weary wings thousands of miles on their journeys? Any one who chooses to study these things knows that the world is full of facts of this sort.

These marvellous creatures, then, share with us God's life,—share with us our life; and they are our relatives, and they ought to be our friends. And yet what is, even to-day, the common attitude of people? If a man or woman has a dog or a cat of which he or she is specially fond, they get good treatment most of the time. But what shall I say of a fact that recurs in our city of New York? I used to observe it in Boston, and it is probably so of all the cities of this country. Every spring in every year people who have loved and petted a cat the winter through will coolly and calmly go away to their country home, leaving it to wander and fight for its life or starve, as it can. Over and over again I see this. I dare not call it brutal; for brutes never behave that way. It is human, the bad kind of human. And you will find it nowhere else on the face of the earth.

What are some of the kinds of ways in which we show our cruelty towards these wonderful creatures that ought so to

appeal to our sympathy, our tenderness, and our care? The hunting instinct is still in almost every man, born in us. We are not to blame for that; but are we not to blame if we do not stop to think and care a little? I have carried a gun ever since I was able to lift one. I used to love to shoot things; but it was not a great while before it came over me that these creatures loved to live as much I did, and my gun has been aimed only at targets since I was twelve years of age. Even fishing I lost my taste for. I would not press these matters too far. I would not be what might be fairly regarded as sentimental, as silly, or too soft-hearted; but, if I were going to catch a fish to-day, I would certainly kill him the minute he was out of the water instead of leaving him, as I used to as a boy, gasping for breath by the hour in the sun on the bank out of his cool, liquid home.

I do not believe that any man who stops and thinks can find it in his heart to shoot or kill any longer simply for the pleasure. If he is going to use, if he is going to eat, if they are needed, then catch and use. Well—I know there are doctors of divinity who write beautiful books about fishing and hunting. I will not say too much. I leave the matter to their own consciences: only, only—I cannot do it any more.

And then pride, pride and fashion, lead us into such cruelties. What right have we to destroy and mutilate and abuse merely to make different kinds of animals conform to our ideas of what they ought to be, the passing style of the year? I love to see a span of horses with tail and mane as they have naturally grown, and with the head unvexed by the check, so that the horse can toss it freely and gladly in the free air and live out the native, beautiful, graceful life which belongs to him.

I marvel that women, supposed to be so much tenderer than men, at the beck of fashion, will allow cruelties simply fiendish to be carried on. I suppose the most of them do not think. They wear the ornaments, but do not study as

to how they are prepared or where they come from. If they did think, I should lose at any rate my respect for them,—that is all. And yet will they remember,

“ Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart ” ?

Then avarice is so cruel. How many great corporations buy up horses as they buy tons of coal, get out of them the last ounce of power, and fling them away to the rubbish heap ? How many men allow their coachmen, unwatched, to treat the horses as they will, regardless as to whether they treat them properly or not, so they render them the service they desire ? I have honored Senator Stanford, of California, for building and endowing a great university ; but I think in my heart I have honored him still more for this fact. By the advice of his physician he found himself compelled to life out of doors. He took to buying and training racing and driving horses, to keep himself out of doors ; and he succeeded in developing some of the finest horses, as the records of the turf will show, that this country has ever known. He told me that, from the time a colt was born until it was developed into a full-grown horse, so long as it was in his care, he never allowed a man to touch it with a whip. He succeeded in training the fastest trotters, the fastest racers of the world, without any abuse with a whip. He told me that, if a man was even known to speak harshly to a horse, he was instantly discharged. The horse was treated as an animal with brains and sense and feelings, to be taught and trained.

We have not learned to use sense in these matters yet. Hardly a day goes by but in the street I see a horse, frightened, perfectly naturally, about something he does not understand, beaten about the sensitive parts of his nose, kicked and abused merely because he does not understand. I have infinitely more respect for him than I have for the animals in human shape that are taking this kind of care of him.

Then carelessness, as I have already hinted, is responsible for no end of cruelty in this direction. In a hundred ways we are careless and thoughtless about these things. We do not see to it that animals are properly cared for, that they do not hunger, do not thirst, that they are not galled by the harness, that they are properly treated in every sort of way.

And there is one other point. I hardly know how to express what I really feel concerning it. The abuses of science, or at least of certain scientific men, under the name of vivisection. Do not misunderstand me. I do not condemn vivisection always and in all cases. I have no sort of question but there are times when it is justified, when knowledge can be obtained in that way which is necessary for the advancement of humanity that cannot be found in any other; but it is abused, it is overdone. Professors grow careless and hard, and lightly enter upon these experiments to illustrate a point or entertain a class of students. And so the lives of the lower creatures are made to groan in agony and pain for what is really the entertainment of people instead of the necessary carrying on of some department of difficult human investigation.

In all these ways we create needless pain and suffering on the part of those who share with us this common mystery of life. Does it never occur to people that a horse, a dog, a bird, a fish, has any right? Men have rights over the lower world to what extent and in what direction? We have the right of self-protection, to guard ourselves against their aggression. We have a right to use, as I suppose all will concede, a certain necessary quantity for food. We have a right, I believe, to domesticate animals and use them for our convenience, provided we are kindly and careful and considerate in our treatment of them.

But we have no right to take the life of a single living thing wantonly, cruelly. We have no right to inflict one single twinge of pain upon any sentient creature that breathes, merely to amuse ourselves, or through careless-

ness. These things have a right to life and happiness as real and as sacred as that which we claim for ourselves.

I would carry it even further than this. We have a right to cultivate, to beautify the landscape, to cultivate trees and flowers and shrubs; but I do not believe that we have a right to mutilate even a tree that is beautiful. They are a part of this mystic and wonderful creation of which we ourselves are a part. Make the world beautiful, but develop in yourselves a consideration for life and beauty and happiness, and do what you can to make the noise that lifts itself from the earth ever towards the sky, not a discord, not an anguished cry of pain, but a song of joy and gratitude and delight.

Regard these creatures for their own sakes, and then, at the last, regard them for your own higher sake. The man who allows himself to be thoughtless, to be cruel, to be unkind, to trespass on the rights of any living thing, endangers himself more than he does them; for he blunts the finest and sweetest sensibilities of his nature. He blurs and disfigures the image of God on his own soul. He makes himself incapable of appreciating the finest, sweetest things that the world contains.

So, for the sake of God, the Father of all, for the sake of the creatures that love life and love joy as we love them, and for the sake of your own finer sensibilities and the development of your own nobler and higher life, learn to cultivate gentleness and pity and care. Learn that humaneness, which is closest akin to the Divine, which we love and worship as the ideal of the Father who is over all his works.

O God, we thank Thee that we are alive; and we ask that we may appreciate the sacredness and the sweetness of life so much in ourselves that we shall learn also to appreciate it in the lower forms of life we see all around us here below; and let us guard and care for all things that can feel and suffer and enjoy. Amen.

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSEIAH PULPIT

JUN 21 1901
NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. V.

JUNE 21, 1901.

No. 37.

Elijah's Complaint and Cure

BY

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272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

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272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
104 East 20th St., New York.

ELIJAH'S COMPLAINT AND CURE.

"He went a day's journey into the wilderness, and sat down under a juniper tree, and he requested for himself that he might die."—1 KINGS xix. 4.

THIS man Elijah, the reformer, had come through a bitter fight with a bad king, a servile kingdom, a church sunk deep in a gross idolatry, and a priesthood quite ready to maintain that the black was white and the evil good. He had won the battle; and so, if success in what he set out to do, under a divine direction as he most surely believed, could have piled up motives for living so that he might carry on to its full fruition the reform he had begun, one thinks he would have prayed for life. He was still the "one strong man in a blatant land," the hero and prophet of his age, the Luther of his church and nation, who durst face any odds except one woman's bitter tongue; and yet in the midst of this life so full of promise, if he could only stay with them, and still stand in the centre of the movement, he requested for himself that he might die.

He comes quite suddenly upon us as Elijah, the Tishbite, in Gilead; and this is all we know of his birth and breeding. There is a great drought coming over the land, and he is bidden to go and dwell by the brook Cherith, not far from the Jordan; and there he is fed not by ravens as the text stands, but by Orebim, the dwellers on the rock of Oreb. Dr. Adam Clarke thinks and quotes for his conclusion the testimony of Saint Jerome, who says, "The Orebim, the inhabitants of a town on the confines of the Arabs, gave nourishment to Elijah"; and then he argues that, as Jerome spent some years in Palestine, he would be the man to verify the locality, to gather the traditions of the peasants, and to get

at the meaning of this word which is made to stand for the ravens in the ancient chronicle. Dr. Clarke also remarks on the miracle with surprising good sense for a man of his orthodox limitations that the argument from the miracle proves too much. For the birds would have to steal the food from some householder's store, then they would have to show another miracle of self-denial in not eating it themselves, and still another in the courage needed to get hold of this provision and bring it to the right man. So the good doctor rejects the theory of the ravens in favor of the kindly people in the little town on the rock, who were generous and good to the lonely man living in his hermitage by the brook, just as such simple-hearted folk were toward the hermits in the Middle Ages.

But the brook ran dry; and the dwellers on the rock, it may be, had no store to spare in the hard and bitter time. So Elijah was bidden again by the inward voice he had always followed to go to a city of Zidon, where he would find provision and shelter in the house of a poor widow. The story, as it stands, makes no mention of his acquaintance with this child of poverty and desolation; but, as we know nothing of his previous life, we may fairly infer that she was known to him as he saw her outside the city, pathetically picking up two sticks, that she might make a cake to share with her son, and then they would have to die of starvation, for this was the last handful of meal and drop of oil they had in her home, and there was no hope of any more in the thick of that sore famine. But more came when Elijah came, and was her guest while the famine lasted; and they believed, who wrote the chronicle, that this was most surely a miracle, or so we have interpreted their words. But I think there was no need for such an interpretation. The man himself was the force, we may well believe, which filled the barrel and the cruse. He could fend where she could not; and a wise old "friend" of mine used to say a man of Elijah's influence and character would have every barrel and cruse

at his command, of those in the city who shared in his purpose, just as the old abolitionists had, who went from town to town with their burden. So I would interpret the next wonder we strike in this great man's life. The widow had one child, and he was sick to death during Elijah's sojourn in the little place. Not dead, some very able scholars say, in the ancient Hebrew idiom, of which I have no insight, but past the skill of doctors, and dead to all seeming. Let me see what I can do for him, the prophet says to the distracted mother, takes the child from her, carries him to his own small chamber, storms heaven in the mighty stress of his heart; and, when his whole life is one mass of white spiritual fire, there is power in him to take hold of this life in another ebbing toward death, and to turn the tide, as Wesley did, in a very similar instance, the books say, and the child lived.

Three years pass in this seclusion, this Wartburg of the ancient Luther in Zidon, and by the brook; and then the time comes for the prophet to arm for the battle, while we can imagine what might there was in the man to hold his own and win, when we hear how the king has been hunting for him through all the petty kingdoms round about, but failed to find him. Does Ahab want to see me? he says to the king's servant. Well, go and tell Ahab I want to see him. They meet, man to man; and the prophet towers high above the monarch, drives the truth he has to tell him about his sin home, bends him to his purpose, and compels him to name a day when they will meet on Carmel, the king and his priests, to make the proof made so often since that time, and still waiting to be made through all time, when things came to this pass, whether one man standing for the truth and a clean and loyal life is not more with God's all-mightiness to maintain him than the whole banded might of a priesthood and kingdom which is merely a living and branded lie. The battle endures through a long summer's day; but, as the shadows begin to creep up Carmel, the one man is master of the field. But he makes a bitter, bad business of

it, noble and true as his intentions were. There is no possible apology for his deed beyond this, that he belonged to a savage and ruthless age, and was no better, as he was no worse, than such men are in all nations and all times, who mean to serve God, but become blind to mercy and pity, when their blood is up, as Cromwell was in Ireland, insisting on that vengeance which belongs only to the Lord of all life.

Now it is directly after this the grand, strong man breaks down, and wishes he was dead. The rain falls out of the heavens that for three years had been as brass. The land breaks forth into bloom. They are full of joy in the town on the rock, in the widow's cottage, and wherever he may turn. Good times are coming. The dumb things low out their joy in the pastures. The birds sing of it in the thickets by the Jordan and on the mountains. He has won his victory along the whole line, subdued a whole kingdom, wanting one woman; but she says, Ahab may do as he will, she will stand by the old order. Elijah has slain her priests. She will have his life. The day was when he would have feared her vengeance no more than that of an insect humming about his face; but that day has gone, and another has come, which finds him fleeing in white terror from her wrath. That cruel stroke he made on Carmel has alienated him from the strong life which beat in his heart; and the light he had followed to such a grand purpose before he became cruel and vindictive, thinking he was still doing God service, when, indeed, he had taken the evil one for his master, failed. And so the curtain falls on this act in the drama of Elijah's life, as he is sitting under a juniper in the wilderness and crying, It is enough, O Lord: take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers.

And this may well have been the reason which lay nearest his poor, pained heart for wanting to hide himself in the grave,—that after facing the banded powers of the Church and State, and mastering the king, he should run away be-

fore the hatred and wrath of a woman, and so give up without a struggle the fruits of his victory, and with this the faith that had sustained him through three years of exile and semi-starvation. If the reason for his shameful flight was the conviction that Jezebel was the greater power, now it seems to me quite natural that he should say: What I have waited for and worked for these three years, in the faith that God was my helper, must be a hollow sham. When this woman, whose very face is a mere mask of paint, can bring me down to the dust, let me die; for this is all I am good for. Or, if he was sure of the worth of what he had done through his faith in God, and then saw what a poltroon he was, sitting there under the juniper tree, and shaking at the threat of such a woman, then the mere thought of his condition, as one who was the centre and spirit of a movement he had not the nerve to inspire and govern any more, would he reason enough why he should want to be released, that another man might take and fill his place. Whether it was one of these motives, or a mingled strand of both, we shall never know. There he is, the strong, brave man, hiding himself in the bushes, and crying, Lord, take away my life. He feels his life now is not worth living, his career is ending midway, his work is only half done. It makes no matter that the day was never so bright, since it dawned for the new life of his church and nation,—it makes no matter. The peasants in this land where he lived still say, when they fall into some such misery as this that had overtaken him, "The head of my heart hurts"; and the man had no heart to mind anything but the pain. The black moment had come to him, we can note in the lives of all men of his mighty mould. The stanchions of his nature had given way under the strain. The cables were parting, the pivot had slipped out of its cup; and there seemed to be no more light ahead, no more hope, no strong, deep joy to do things, no stern delight in the mastery of good over evil. No man in his time had felt to a grander purpose; and so he said, Let me die.

But, if the special reason for this trouble and dismay in the man's fine nature is hidden from us, we can hardly miss the reasons which must have led on to it. Elijah was a man of splendid quality, as we see him through this dim glass of twenty-nine hundred years; a strong man and mighty, of a deep and true insight, when he was at his best, and a courage nothing could daunt. While, as he sits there under the juniper tree, so feeble and helpless, he has a day's work done which has kept his name alive through all these centuries, and grew so glorious that he seemed to leap directly into the immortal life,—as they thought of him in after ages,—and to go in a chariot of fire up to God. This was all true, if I have got at the truth which lies within the myth; but, then, this was true, also. He was just a man like the rest of us, with a stomach and a brain and delicate nerves to take care of,—a man subject as we are to that reaction which dogs our actions like a ghost; and so he was a man who must suffer, if he had sinned against his own nature, no matter what the motive might be, just as Luther did, and as they all do, who are of this mighty and masterful make.

And, again, when we remember the body is the anchor ground of the life, as the wise German says, I think we come at once on the first of all these troubles that break him down.

He had been compelled to live from hand to mouth during these three years of the famine, to eat whatever was sent him as he dwelt by the brook; and then, when he went to stay with the poor widow, they had bread and oil, and nothing else, so far as we can learn. How the good soul would turn it this way and that, so that the prophet who was forever brooding over his great mission might be tempted to eat enough to keep himself alive, we can partly guess. Luther, in a similar case, found the bright and cheerful Katharine to see to him, to hustle him out of his den, and make him eat his dinner like a man; to see it was such a dinner, also, as he ought to eat; and, when he would have rushed back to

his brooding, to say: No, Martin, you must get down your violin, and play for the children. You have had enough of reform for one day. And so in time the black shadows that haunted him through his evil digestion began to pass away. And Carlyle, if he had minded his bright and wise little wife instead of being so headstrong and such a tyrant, might have found his days also flecked with sunshine instead of the misery that was born of the same trouble, and was the curse of his life. Elijah had no Katharine or Jeanie, no home, no children, and no instrument of music he could play on to such purpose that you would say with the beautiful ballad:—

“ When he touches trembling strings,
It knows his thought so weel
It sounds as if an angel tried
To tell what angels feel.”

It was miserable food, at the best, and scant; and he was a lonely man, brooding forever on a great, dark problem. Then there was the terrible strain on Carmel, and, then, this outcry, Lord, let me die! The man, as I make him out, did not or could not take care of his body in these simple first things; and so one root of his misery lay there. He was like a friend I had once, who had this trouble, and thought she had committed the unpardonable sin. So she had, poor woman, so far as the one woe went, but a wise and able doctor got a pardon for her; and then the darkness, which was far worse than death, passed away.

I notice again how this trouble links in close and true with another I have hinted at. The work he had to do left him too much alone. It was best, perhaps, that he should be alone rather than have a home and children, because there is work for such men to do in this world, of a danger so singular that a man may be a coward, with little children hanging about his neck, while he would be a hero otherwise, because on his own account he would die gladly, when for their sakes he would do what may not beseem

such a man to save his life. Here, however, is the clear truth, that no good man is as good as two, or any two as four, while Elijah was alone these three years, so far as we can see, without another man to whom he can open his mind, tell his trouble, and so find it growing lighter as he talks of it, no man who can bring his own mind also to bear on the great question, and set it in another light, or grasp his hand, and say, Whatever comes to pass, I will stand by you. There he dwelt by the brook, and there he lived in the widow's hut, with the one thing on his mind and heart; and, when this was over, here was the fight on Carmel,—the whole action crowded into a day. Then came the reaction, and this moan of a broken man, Let me die! I think another cause for this broken spirit and shattered nerve lay in the feeling he seems to have nourished these three years, that he was about the only man in the world who stood on God's side, so that, if he was not forever on the watch, there would be no watchman, and no worker if he quit.

Now this was a bad state of mind for him, as it is for any man, because it not only begot in him a certain disdain of the whole world about him, but helped to confirm the habit, which was growing on him, of standing aloof. There could be no health or strength in such a feeling, only a vast egotism, which would be sure to land him in a slough of doubt. Here he was a Cromwell without the Ironsides. He imagined the whole weight was on his shoulders, and for three years he tried to carry it. His prayers shaped themselves to the master thought, and his psalms, if he sang any. He was never free for a day from the thought that, if he let go, there would be no hope. It was one long strain, growing always intenser in its pressure on the nerves and brain, as it was in old John Brown. It kindled up into mighty fires in the one great day of Carmel, and then very soon after this his whole nature gave way. The brain would bear no more, the nerves were like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh, the oil was all burnt in the lamp; but, like all such

men, he did not know how or when to quit. The tension of the spirit was kept up when the body had given out. If I quit, I suppose he said, Baal will win the day in Israel and God will be dethroned. And so it was that the day came when, if there was not another man in the world to take his place, he was no longer the man to hold it. He *had* to give up. The whole strong manhood went by the board. He had mastered the king, done a noble stroke of work in reforming the nation, cleaned out the idols, and purified the Church, and then was worsted by a woman, fled away, and, quite broken down, cried, Lord, take away my life ! But the curtain rises again to show us what came of this trouble and how it all ended. For we see first how the good mother nature is lovingly at work, and busy repairing the material damage ; while, until this is done, there is no help for the tired and troubled man. So he has a long sleep there under the juniper tree ; for, if he sleep, she says also, he shall do well, and, when he wakes up, we hear there is food of the best for him, as we may well believe, because an angel baked the cake and served it. Now an angel is simply a messenger of God, human or divine, personal or elemental ; and there are angels of all sorts in our Bible, as there are in our life. So we may understand this was one of the angels we all know of who make good bread for fainting and dyspeptic prophets, and draw the picture to suit our taste.

So he eats the bread he finds waiting for him ; and then what does he do ? He does what thousands of men in this city with weak digestion and shattered nerves and a cloud on their spirits ought to do. He goes to sleep again, and again he wakes to find more of this angel's food, eats again, and drinks ; and so presently he begins to feel like a new man, and goes in the strength of this blessed boon forty days. This is the first thing God does for his poor sick son. He bids nature nurse him and an angel feed him ; and then, when he is better in his body, healing begins to touch his heart and mind. The whisper comes to him that

this brooding fear is all a mistake, and that everything does not rest, after all, on his bending shoulders and centre in the one frail life. There are seven thousand men he has never heard of, who have not bowed the knee to Baal. They can carry on the good work of reform if he breaks down, and the world is neither so evil nor is he so good as he has been thinking these three years. He can be of great use if he will stay; but, if he will go, the world can get along without him, the sun does not wait to see him rise, or the moon and stars linger because he sleeps. So his heart grows humble, the beatitude comes true to him, "Blessed are the poor in spirit"; and Elijah is a whole man. The wicked queen falls on a very hard fate, poor creature; the king grows as good as such a man might grow; and the old prophet leaves an expectation like that the good Arthur left long afterward in Britain,—that whenever the need is sorest for him to appear, then the clouds will open, the chariot of fire will come flashing down again on the hills of Jewry, and he will deliver the nation from its thrall.

So this, then, is the truth about Elijah, as it opens to my own mind, the kernel which lies within the shells of myth and legend, the good gold within the dross; and I love to touch these lives, because down in the heart of them they are all real to me, and all true. It is the habit of the liberal mind to brush them aside. It is a great mistake. They are written in the divinest Book the world contains, threads from them are woven into the fine web of the Gospels; and those who love the grand old Book just as it stands show the truest wisdom, as well as the fairest liberality, in touching such lives reverently, finding truer interpretations, if they may, for the stories which have come down to us overlaid with the Oriental imagination, and, above all, touching the human heart and life, which is as surely within this encasement as it is within the myths which have grown up about Washington.

If I have done this to any purpose in this word again, I

think we can find some lessons to which we may take heed ; and this is the first,— that we must take care of these bodies, what we eat and what we drink, for, if the organ suffers damage, we cannot make good music of our life. I care not how bright the man may be, or how strong, when the stomach fails, and the nerves and brain are overtaxed, we must take time to get well again, or we cannot do well. A sick man does a sick business, whether he is at work for earth or heaven. And getting well in such a case means going to sleep with a wise angel to see to us when we wake up, means going to sleep again and still again, until we feel so bright and strong that we are equal, as this man was, to a forty days' journey.

We must learn this lesson also,— that we are none of us so essential to this world's work and life as we think we are. They did not miss us before we came : they will not miss us long after we have gone ; but, if we are at all anxious they should, if we love to think a few honest tears will be shed to make the grass grow green on our graves, and that by the old fireside they will tell how kind we were, and good and thoughtful for others, if we would have the gravestone as pleasant to think of as the hearthstone after a few years, we must remember these things do not bud and blossom from the wealth we may gather in gold, but in a healthy and cheerful and loving life.

And, last of all, we must not count our black days when they come of any special worth, except as they lead us on again toward the bright days. They are of the dissonance in the soul, and not its music. It may seem as if the pit was opening at our feet ; but, if we will, the gates of life are ours yet for the winning, and the chariot of light in God's good time. We are still children of the light and of the day ; though the night be all about us, and we may pray to die, but, if we have striven well, life is still our destiny, and what we take for the end is also the beginning. For, indeed, —

"I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of gods. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yonder gray blank sky, we might grow faint ;
But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days, consumed in loss and taint ?
O weary-hearted one, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge.
What if the bread be bitter in thine inn,
And thou unshod, at least it may be said,
Because the way is short I thank thee, God."

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M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JUNE 28, 1901.

No. 38.

A Plea for a Restful Life

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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A PLEA FOR A RESTFUL LIFE.

My Scripture starting-point you may find in the sixth chapter of Mark, the thirty-first verse,—“Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.”

These words were said in a time of distracting care and the pressure of many popular appeals. Jesus and his disciples had been so busy that, it is said incidentally, they had hardly time so much as to eat; and, in the midst of these conditions, Jesus says, “Let us go into a desert place, and rest awhile.” The wants and the cares of the world did not cease; but the attempt to deal with these cares and to supply these wants, he thought, ought to cease now and then, and give place to rest.

One of the most popular gospels of the modern world has been that of work. Work has been preached to us as though it were the one great essential of life, the one gospel that could lift up and redeem mankind, the one thing that was always a virtue, though there might be a question about everything else. There are large numbers of people who pride themselves upon the fact that they are ceaseless workers: they do not yield to the weakness of resting. I have heard men now and again say, I have not taken a vacation for so many years. And you could see that the man bridled a little as he said it, and took to himself a certain kind and degree of credit for being above what he looked on as a weakness.

If a man cannot rest, cannot take a vacation, he can appeal to me successfully for sympathy; but he cannot make me regard it as a virtue. There is no virtue in work for its own sake any more than there is in play. Neither

of them is an end in itself : they are only means looking to something beyond, conditions of attaining something outside of themselves.

I do not wonder sometimes, when people consider what work has accomplished, that they fall into this misconception. In one sense, it is true that the difference between barbarism and civilization is purely and simply the difference that has been wrought by human labor. The world has been made over by toil. We have reconstructed our conceptions of the heavens over our heads through the ceaseless observation and labor of men since the days when the shepherds watched the stars by night on the plains of Chaldea. We have changed, as I said, the face of the earth by toil. Where was a wilderness are gardens planted, fields, waving plains. We have covered the sea with our ships. We have laid under the sea our wires of communication. We have crossed the plains with our iron tracks. We have tunnelled the mountains. We have wrought all those things that make up what we are accustomed to lump together under the one term "civilization."

And, when you look above what is ordinarily regarded as the physical, in the moral, the intellectual, the spiritual realm, what man is he is, in one sense, as the result of work. Man has progressively created his brain as an organ of thought. He has progressively developed his conscience as a power that perceives the difference between right and wrong, and ever urges him to follow the one and forsake the other.

So that in one sense work has made the world what it is. And yet it is still true, as I said, that there is no virtue in work for its own sake. Work is good for what it is able to give the world ; but too much work may be just as bad for mankind as too much idleness or too much play.

For when we look over the world, on the other hand, how large a part of the world's work has been wasted, how many thousands of years of toil might as well have been

years of idleness, so far as the accomplishment of any permanent or high or noble results are concerned! And when we look around the world to-day, not considering the wasted efforts of the thousands of years that have gone, how large a part of what men are doing now might be spared! One half of the effort and struggle of the human race at this present time we could very well do without. The world would be the better, were it blotted out of existence.

I need not go into detail in pointing it out. All that which concerns itself with the world's warfares, all that which goes into the production of those things which work injury to the races as they are used and consumed, all that enters into the world's jurisprudence, the legal side of affairs, the courts, the police, the jails,—if men were wise, all this labor would be blotted out, and the world would be the better for it.

So that it is not always true that work is an advantage to the race,—work pure and simple and for its own sake. And I believe that, leaving one side these exceptional matters I have referred to, it is true that the world, as a whole, works too much to-day, works far too much.

Let us consider carefully for a moment, and see what I mean, and whether it is true or not. We are all aware of the fact that, if there were no work required of men, the earth would be in a condition of barbarism. The world was in a condition of barbarism before labor began. Visit some tropical island to-day, where men do not need to toil, where they can drink from the springs that bubble out of the rocks or drink the milk of the cocoanut, and eat of the bread-fruit that falls without labor into their hands. The people are in a condition of barbarism. So there is a barbarism that is the result of idleness at the top of society. There are men and women who, loaded down with an inheritance of accumulated wealth, lead barbaric lives,—not human in the high, true, noble use of that word,—lives of barbaric, useless, animal idleness.

All this would seem to indicate the virtue of work, would it not? But, conceding so much, it is still true that men work too much, they work too hard. What do I mean? I mean that the man who is compelled to toil the most of his waking hours merely for the means of subsistence cannot live a high human life. He has no leisure for thought, no time to cultivate his mind, little time to cultivate the affectionate side of his nature, little time to question as to whether he has a soul, little time to think of the Father in heaven or the kind of life he should lead as a spiritual being, a son of God.

This grinding, continuous toil means barbarism, a hard, squalid, hopeless kind of barbarism; and this is why I have always been in favor of shortening the hours of labor just as far and as fast as it could practically be brought about. And much more can be done in this direction than has already been accomplished!

If all the world were wise, if all the people were willing to carry their share of the burden, if none shirked, if none attempted to place upon other shoulders more than they ought to carry, the world's work could be accomplished in three or four hours a day, and all the rest of the time be free.

Free for what? Pure idleness? Why, I would be in favor of it if it was nothing more than that; because there is no more virtue in work than there is in play or rest, if you consider them apart, by themselves. And why should people not rest and play and sing and be happy if they can?

But, before I push this matter any further, let me note the condition of the rich, the laborious rich. I have referred to the sons of rich men, those who have inherited so much of capital that they do not need to do anything any more. But the great body of the rich people of our modern cities work perhaps more hours a day than do those who are ordinarily called "day laborers." Work, work, hard, grinding work, work that frequently in middle life leaves them broken and

incapacitated. It has always been a marvel to me. I can see, indeed, how a man becomes ambitious, how he loves to exercise the power that enormous accumulations of capital place within his control: I can understand all this. But I cannot understand why men do not stop to think and learn a little the significance of life. I have said hundreds of times to rich men, Why is it that you spend all your lives long in getting ready to live and never stop to live at all? You accumulate money, why? To do things with. To do what with? To make more money—is that all? It is a poor, petty end, if that be all.

What is money good for? It is good to build manhood and womanhood with. It is good to create a higher civilization for mankind. It is good to set free the earth from its crushing burdens. It is good to release the slaves of toil and make them free. It is good for these things or for nothing.

The world works too much; and there is no possibility of the higher, finer civilization except in release from this toil. There was no art, no literature, no music, none of these higher and finer things of human life, until some men earned release from what we call common drudgery, and were able to dream, able to think, able to feel, to create these nobler, sweeter, more human, more divine things than mere bread and houses and lands and horses and carriages, and the material accumulation of what we call civilized life.

The world works too much. The poor man because he has to, and the rich man because he will; and a large part of this labor goes for what? For bread, for houses, for horses and carriages, for all the material, the lower side of life. Men must stop this eternal grind and care, and learn that they are men, that thinking and feeling and loving and hoping and admiring and enjoying are infinitely more important than these common and lower things that make up so much of common existence.

If a man can admire a beautiful picture, he has taken a

step beyond himself as a toiler, and is beginning to live in the spirit. If a man can enjoy exquisite music, again the same thing is true. It is up here,—man as a thinking, feeling, hoping being, as loving, as enjoying, as caring for right and fine and sweet things,—it is up here that the human life is lived, and everything else is only scaffolding to enable the man to climb; and, if he does not climb up here, he has not learned to be a man,—that is all.

So men, the poor and the rich, both work too much; and, as I intimated a moment ago, they work a good deal more than they need to work, because with the help of steam, electricity, and the forces of the earth that we are beginning to learn to make our servants, it is quite possible—and it is an ideal we ought to aim and strive for—that the work of the world in the future could be accomplished in three or four hours a day, and the rich and poor alike be free to live.

Then let us learn temporarily, while we are thinking of that dream and trying to realize it, a little modesty. I like to believe that my life is a part of the plan of God, however small,—that it means something. I know it means something important to me; but it means something also important to the world. But when I stop and think of it, and look deeply into it, the conceit vanishes; and I wonder whether the world would have been poorer if I had not lived at all. We must all sometimes ask that question, and perhaps answer it against the good opinion of ourselves that we sometimes hold.

When I look over the world and see what men have done, I am compelled to think that concerning them many times. A man has struggled hard for years to write a book. The book is forgotten. Nobody cares for it. It does not seem to accomplish any end. Fifty years go by, and it is dust-covered. It is put away in one of the closets of oblivion; the key is lost; and the world will never hear of it again. So in regard to ten thousand other things that men strive

after. Thus, at any rate, it is true enough to constitute a good plea for our taking a rest when we get an opportunity.

If the work that we are engaged in is not accomplished, the world will not stop, civilization will not go backward; so we can afford to go and rest awhile, when we have a chance. And if we step out, and the work is important, and the world really wants it done, somebody else will come along, take it up and carry it to its conclusion. Never was a man yet that the world could not spare. So it can spare you and me; and we need not grind ceaselessly at our task under the impression that the world is going to be poorer if we turn our backs and get away for a while and rest. Let us learn to take this saner view of life.

And there is another point of great importance, it seems to me, one that we very rarely think of, possibly; and that is that the greater part,— shall I say “greater”? — a great part, at any rate, of the world’s work is done in hours of idleness, apart from what we ordinarily call this grinding drudgery and toil. What do I mean?

As preparatory to making that thought clearer, let us note: The universe in all its life and activities is rhythmical. The earth, in its annual journey, approaches the sun, and then goes away off into space. Then it turns on its axis, and gives us night and day. We have summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, waking and sleeping. The ground produces abundantly this year; and next year, if it is to be productive again, it must lie fallow. So the activities of the universe in every department of life are rhythmic; and that rhythm touches us equally with everything else that lives. And, just as a bit of land, when it is lying fallow, is not idle in the bad sense of the word, is not wasting its time, but is putting in its time to the best possible advantage, so that it may be able by and by to produce another crop, so, in our human periods of idleness, if we have earned the right to them, we may feel that we are not wasting our time, that we are not shirking the duties that humanity demands at our

hands, that we are not neglecting the work that God requires of us, but that we are doing it. We are working to the best possible advantage when we are asleep. We are working to the best possible advantage when we are lying utterly idle and dreaming, with no conscious effort on our part at all, if, as I said, we have earned the right to it, and if we occupy any position among men that belongs to an honorable, rational, responsible life.

And this is true of the great workers of the world. The grandest things are done when we are not attempting to do them. Every one who has studied the working of the mind knows that it accomplishes things when we are asleep. It is very interesting to note this subconscious activity of mind. As an illustration, it is said that a man went to bed one night exercised over some mathematical problem. He could not find the solution of it. In the morning he waked up, and found that it was wrought out on a piece of paper on his desk in his own hand. The subconscious mind, after he had gone to sleep, had arrived at the right conclusion; and he had risen in his sleep, and recorded the results on his desk unconsciously to himself. No conscious labor there — the mind working when the body was asleep.

And so I find, as I presume the rest of you have, that my mind works out results when I am not paying any conscious attention to them. I think of some problem the early part of the week, perhaps. Wednesday or Thursday the matter comes up, and has advanced a certain stage. I have given no conscious attention to it whatever. Friday or Saturday it is all there; and the problem is clear. The mind works in this way when we are not worrying, not caring.

And, to carry it a step further, let us take for illustration a man like Lowell. Lowell was one of the tireless workers of the world; and yet he knew how to enjoy idleness. He loved to go for a walk of miles by the river, in the woods; to sit down by Beaver Brook, his favorite brook, and hear the music of it lull him into quiet and send his thoughts off in

dreams. And, as he sat by the brook, he was not engaged in any conscious labor; but without his thinking of it, and in these periods of idleness, the mind was shaping itself to music, and beautiful songs, wonderful poems, were the after result of these hours of idleness and peace, of no conscious effort whatever on his part.

And so Walt Whitman, a man so misunderstood in his time, but who is going to take rank as one of the greatest creative forces in American literature, he would spend a large part of his time in what would be ordinarily called idleness. He says of himself,—

“ I loaf, and invite my soul.”

And it has been quoted with a smile by thousands; but, if these thousands would loaf, and invite their souls to some such purpose as Whitman did, the world would be the richer for it. He walked, leisurely, apparently lazily, amidst the crowds of New York. He rode by the hour on top of a Broadway stage, and let the life of the great democratic masses sift into his life and take possession of his soul. He crossed the Brooklyn ferries, and listened to the ceaseless hum of the city, himself apparently no part of it all. And yet he was drinking in the influences which were to make him a creator. Out of this kind of idleness came some of the grandest work which he produced.

And so the musicians, the artists, the thinkers, the men who do the highest and finest work of the world, must spend a large part of their lives in this sort of dreaming, which seems idleness, and seems to have no purposeful relation to the things which they are to accomplish.

Thus it is true that a large part of the best work of the world is done without conscious effort, and does not depend upon our ceaseless drudgery and toil. Those of us who have been engaged at some steady task for the larger part of the year have earned the right, if we can get the opportunity, to go off into some desert place and rest awhile.

And what a restful, blissful experience it is! The body is worn, exhausted, the nerves are tired and over-sensitive, the brain is worn and weary. We are earth children.

You remember the story of Antæus, the famous antagonist of Hercules. It is said he was a child of the earth, and must receive every new accession of strength that came to him by virtue of contact with the earth. Hercules could not overcome him as long as his feet were on the ground. He had to lift him into the air, separate him from the source of his strength, before he could become his victor.

We are earth children; and it is wise for us to go back to the earth. I loved, yesterday, to see the little children in the park, rolling upon the grass. I envied them the freedom and joy, the new access of life that came to them. Let us all get off, if we may; sit by the brookside or the ocean, in the shadow of the mountains, and get the strength that comes from the hills; sit under the trees, and watch the blue above, and the clouds sail by on their far-off errands; get into touch and sympathy with the natural life of the world, and gain accession of strength and power from this new, fresh contact with things.

I love the fields, I love the hills; but, oh, I love more the sea. May I read to you two or three verses I once wrote as I thought of the ocean:—

Oh, when I am aweary
Of all my little strife,
Thou tellest me a story
Of tireless, endless life.

Far back in primal æons
Thou laughedst as to-day,
And all the slow-paced ages
Smiled at thy youthful play.

Forever young thou seemest,
Thine eye undimmed by tears,
Thy green locks free and flowing
As in the earliest years.

I stretch my hands out to thee,
 I lie upon thy breast,
 And with thy tireless motion
 Thou rockest me to rest.

My little life so weary
 Thy croon and thy caress
 Soothe with the eternal whisper
 That knows no weariness.

To me, my brain exhausted,
 My energy grown dull,
 Thy tide proclaims this gospel,—
God's cup is always full.

Let us get away from our mental problems. For why? They will keep. Suppose we do not settle this year the problem as to who wrote the Gospel of John. The world will get on very comfortably. Let us give our brains a rest from these eternal questions that are so difficult to answer.

A young man came to me a little while ago, and wanted me to help him settle the great question of free will, as to whether the will is really free or not, as to whether we are under the universal law of cause and effect. The world has never settled that question yet. I do not believe it will be settled this summer. Let us put that question away, if it troubles us, and rest awhile.

And so all the other great enigmas of the universe, that we have not been able to settle,—let us not, as Whitman says, be too curious about God or about ourselves, or when we came here, or why. We are here: let us rest awhile, drinking in the beauty of the night sky, the clouds by day, feel the breezes fan our cheeks. Let us put aside all these perplexing intellectual problems, and let the brain rest.

And these brain workers of the world need rest even more than the day laborers, so far as mere rest is concerned. I know, because I have tried to be both. If you get your body very weary by working out of doors, oh, how you can sleep after it! But get your brain very weary, and you cannot

even sleep. You cannot rest; and then the brain — this highest part of man, this which has last been built up — is least stable, and takes the longest time to recuperate when it gets worn.

I remember, when I was a boy, we had a peach-tree down in Maine. The climate was too hard for it. The older part of the tree would stand the cold of winter; but the new, tender, delicate twigs were almost always killed by the frosts of the fall. So the last developed of our nature is the least stable, the tenderest, the most difficult to preserve; and it takes the longest to restore it again when it is worn out.

And, even if we want our intellectual problems settled, worry and fretting and care are not favorable conditions. If you disturb a sheet of water, you get no calm, clear images in it that reflect the shapes of things. It is the placid water that gives you the truth by its reflections; and so it is the placid mind, the calm brain, that reflects the realities of things, and helps us to discover the real truths of God's universe.

Then let us rest from our heart problems. These sometimes are harder than the brain ones. Oh, how they press upon us! — these questions as to whether the world is good or bad; of human suffering, want, poverty, care. You remember during the last winter — it seems to me one of the most pitiful things connected with our charities — how a delicate lady, reared in what we call the upper circles of life, having all that position could bestow upon her, devoted her life to the suffering and sick and poor. And the problem weighed on her so that she lost apparently all confidence in God and the goodness of things, seeing no way out of this hopeless tangle; and one day she is found asleep. She could stand it no longer, and had committed suicide.

I do not wonder. If we think all these great problems must be carried and solved by ourselves, no wonder we despair. Learn a lesson of the old doctor of divinity, I think it was Henry Ward Beecher's father. Some one

meeting him in his old age asked him how he was getting along; and he said, "Oh, I am getting along a great deal better than when I was young; for I have made up my mind to let God take care of his own world,—be responsible for his own universe."

Now that did not mean that he proposed to neglect the suffering and want of men; but it meant that he had come to take God into partnership, and let him carry enough of the responsibility so that his brain might not be worn by the burden and worry of it all.

Think of two things,—the alternatives. If God exists, then we can join in the song of Pippa

"All's right with the world,"—

there will be an outcome to justify it all. If God does not exist, then there is no use in fretting about it; there is no one to find fault with even; there is no one to get bitter towards; there is no one against whom to charge injustice. So let us do what we can to carry the burden of the world's care, want, and worry; but now and then, just so that we may accumulate strength to do more, let us go apart into a desert place somewhere and rest awhile. We shall come back to the problem with new power, and able to accomplish better results in future than we have in the past.

And now, as bearing on another kind of peace, of rest that may come to us in the midst of our worry and care, I want to read to you the hymn that we sung, a hymn by Harriet Beecher Stowe:—

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

"Far, far beneath the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

" So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest !
 There is a temple, sacred evermore ;
 And all the Babel of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

" Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee."

Here is a peace, I take it, such as Jesus had in mind when he said, " My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." A peace such as the writer of the twenty-third Psalm had in mind. He said that the Lord furnished him a table, a supply for his needs, even in the presence of his enemies ; when he walked through the valley of the shadow of death, he said, he would fear no evil ; God was with him there, his staff was a stay to him, and his presence comforted him. So he said that, like a shepherd with his flock, God leads him ever beside still waters and in green pastures.

Men have testified in all ages that they have come into such a personal relation with God that they found peace in the midst of trial. Men have smiled with peace while their enemies have raged about them. Joy has been on their lips while they have been burning at the stake. In prisons they have found songs in the night. In the midst of labor and care, in far countries, wandering away from home, no matter where, they have, they tell us, found springs in the desert, fountains in the places that were dry to other men. They have found rest that nothing could disturb, the rest of those who trusted and knew that all was well.

Just think a moment. If we can cherish that great faith in our hearts as a reasonable belief, why, then, nothing need disturb us : sickness, even death, the loss of friends, burdens of any sort, worries, cares, are only superficial facts. The great, great fact is God, and our life with and in him. For that life with God and in him means the life with and in

him of all we love and all we care for, so that there is no possibility of any permanent loss.

This is the kind of rest that, if it may be, we should attain, should we not? A rest that nothing can destroy and that will abide forevermore. If we have that great trust in our hearts, we need not be in a hurry, we need not worry, we need not be flustered, we need not be burdened.

I haste no more.

At dawn, or when the day is done,
The sun comes calmly to his place,—
I've learned the lesson of the sun.

I haste no more.

In spring and autumn earth decrees
The leaves shall bud, the leaves shall fall,—
I've learned the lesson of the trees.

I haste no more.

At flood or ebb, as it may be,
The great sea answers to the moon,—
I've learned the lesson of the sea.

I haste no more.

Whate'er, whose'er is mine,— these must
On God's ways meet me in God's time,—
I've learned the lesson, and I trust.

Father, may we trust in Thee! Then we will carry whatever burden is laid upon us so long as we have to carry it. We will lay it aside, when we are permitted, and rest; but in the rest and the labor both we will find peace and joy in Thee. Amen.

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UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per	Copy	20 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

III 15

Published Weekly. Price \$1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston) 1601

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. V.

JULY 5, 1901.

No. 39.

VACATION RELIGION

GEO. H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1901

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

To the Readers of Messiah Pulpit:—

With this number closes the twenty-sixth year of the continuous publication of my sermons. This has entailed much labor, and the somewhat serious inconvenience of having no traditional "barrel," from turning which might come temporary rest.

But it has paid over and over again,—not in money, for there has been no financial return. The sermons have been printed at a price to barely cover the cost.

But it has been a joy to preach to a host of people beyond the church walls. And from all over the world have come words which have made me glad in the friendship of those I have never seen.

The last two years and a half have been burdened with illness and constant suffering. I have been able to do only a very small part of what I have wished to accomplish. During all that time I could not possibly have written a sermon, nor could I have read one in public, had it been written. I have kept on, in spite of suffering, only because I have trained myself so that, so long as I could stand up, I could *speak*.

But now, at last, I am better. After my vacation rest, I *hope* to be somewhere near my old self once more.

So, with renewed courage and greeting to all friends, known and unknown, I trust we may continue our long and pleasant relationship another year.

M. J. SAVAGE.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1901.

VACATION RELIGION.

I TAKE as a text the words to be found in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the twenty-first verse,—“Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.”

Every spring, as we approach the time when most ministers go off for a period of rest and recuperation and some at least of the churches are closed, there is a certain type of newspaper paragraph which always appears. Ministers are spoken of as though they were going away from their religious duty. The churches which close their doors are spoken of as though they for a time were ceasing all religious occupation.

It seems to me a strange misconception of what religion means; and so at the outset I wish to call your attention to some of the very plainest and simplest of the teachings of Jesus as bearing on this matter.

Who is it, according to his teaching, who is to be accepted of the Father, recognized as fit subjects for the kingdom of heaven in this world and felicity in the next? They are never those who simply engage in what are popularly called “religious exercises.” Jesus nowhere enjoins religious exercises in that sense. He says it is not those that say, Lord, Lord, that go through the forms and make the professions, that are fit subjects for the kingdom: it is those that do the will of the Father. It is not those who attend the synagogue worship or who bring their offerings to the temple. It is those who worship the Father, whether in Jerusalem or anywhere else around the world, in spirit and in truth.

The ones who appeared religious, made long prayers in the synagogues or standing on the street corners, Jesus always spoke against. It was the one who, in real contrition of heart, smote upon his breast and confessed that he was a sinner that Jesus commended. He said: If you are to engage in prayer, do not make any public show of it. Go quietly into your closet and shut the door, and pray to the Father who seeth in secret.

I do not mean by this that Jesus would have found fault with the open churches, or church attendance, of the modern world, in themselves considered. I think he would have found a great deal of fault with a good many of the services; and he would question the point where we are accustomed to lay our emphasis.

In the lesson which I read from the fifth chapter of Matthew is one of the most significant passages of Scripture with which I am acquainted as bearing on this whole question. Jesus says that the law is not to pass away until it is accomplished, not one jot or tittle is to be taken away. He does not say anything against their bringing offerings to the temple; but he does lay down a duty preliminary to that, which is of the utmost importance and which I think we too rarely consider. He says, If you bring your gift to the altar, and there—what? Remember that you have done something wrong? No. If you remember that any one of your brothers has anything against you,— he does not say whether justly or unjustly,— if there is a breach of human fellowship, no matter how caused, then leave your gift before the altar and go and heal that breach first, then come and offer your gift.

That is, Jesus distinctly and definitely places the perfection of our human relationships as a bar to entrance to the temple or any public place of worship until those relationships be right. We cannot come to God so long as we are out of right relation with our fellow-men, because coming to God is not entering a temple, not bringing an offering, not

reading a Scripture nor singing a hymn nor making a prayer. You may go through all these, and be the diameter of the universe away from God ; and you may do none of these things, and be folded close to his heart. You approach God by becoming like him ; and you become like him by cultivating the divine spirit of love and tenderness and forgiveness and help.

I speak of this simply to show where Jesus places the emphasis ; so that it seems to me we may be quite clear in our minds that religion is not essentially or necessarily a "service" of any kind. We misunderstand when we so conceive it ; and yet it seems to me that this is one of the most popular misconceptions of the world. People go to church of a Sunday. They go through with all the services. They go away with a sort of feeling that they have performed their religious duty until next Sunday. Or, if they are accustomed during any part of every day to have a period of seclusion, of meditation, of Scripture reading, of prayer, they are accustomed to think that that is specifically the performance of their religious duty for the day. Then they go about their ordinary affairs.

We precisely reverse things when we so think or speak. Religion,— what is it ? Is it a church ? Is it a Bible-reading ? Is it singing hymns ? Is it prayer ? Is it the performance of a ritual ? Is it a service of any kind ? Religion is feeling and life. And in what relation do these things stand to religion ? We will see in a moment.

Suppose all the churches were blotted out of existence, every Bible destroyed, every hymn-book, every ritual,— everything which is the external manifestation of religious thought and feeling. Suppose they were all blotted out of existence. Would man, then, be any less a religious being than he is now ? Which came first, altars, temples, churches, priesthoods, rituals, services, or — religion ?

Religion was first ; and it is because man is essentially and eternally a religious being that these other things exist.

The church did not make man a religious being. The Bible did not make man a religious being. The fact that man was a religious being created the church, the Bible, all the external manifestations and forms that we are accustomed to as associated with religion. You see, then, we need precisely to reverse our ideas.

And when we have these forms, when we have the church, the Bibles, the prayers, the rituals, and the services,— what of them? Are they the religion? No, friends, they may be a specious appearance only, a substitute for religion. If they are real, if they are genuine, they are only the manifestation of religious emotion, the channel through which the religious feeling of man may flow towards others.

Have we done with our religious service when we have done with the church for the day, and then go about our ordinary avocations, engage ourselves in secular affairs? When we have finished with our church services and are ready to go out into the world again, we have just been getting ready to be religious. For religion is life, or it is nothing; and all these religious services, as we are accustomed to call them, are of value only as they prepare us, stimulate us, hearten and strengthen us to live the religious life.

The church stands in about the same relation to practical religion that a drill-hall or a military encampment may to the patriotic defence of one's country by means of war. You go to a hall and drill: is that fighting for your country? Is that a defence of your country? You go out on to the military field; and the troops there are deployed and displayed, and engage in their manœuvres. Is that the manifestation of patriotism? Why, you are only getting ready for the field of battle; and if you go to the drill-hall and then go home, or to the military field for review and then go home, you have done nothing.

So, when you have done what most people call the performance of their religious duties, you have either done

nothing at all or you have only begun with the preparation for doing something, that is all. The field of religion is life.

And so,—and this is what I am leading to,—when the church closes this summer for two or three months, is there to be a religious interregnum? does religion cease? does the practical living of the religious life cease while the church is closed? If there has been any religion here in this church during the last winter, it will not cease its activity and operation merely because this building is closed and the people accustomed to gather here from week to week are scattered over the country, across the seas, and around the world. If there has been any religious life, it has been in the hearts and the lives of the people; and they carry it with them, and live out that religious life, wherever they may be.

We have injured religion by allowing our minds to entertain a false and wrong division of the world between what is ordinarily called sacred and what is called secular. If we remember that this is God's world, that all its forces are God's forces, and that we are his children, and that, no matter how we may be occupied, we are face to face with God wherever we may be, that we are dealing with God's forces and methods of activity wherever we are, why, then, by and by we shall come to comprehend that the universe is sacred all through, from centre to circumference,—everywhere,—all sacred, and that the field of religion is in our every-day life, at home in our family, with our friends, in the midst of our books, in our pleasures, in our business occupations, in travel, or wherever we may be.

Living right, true, helpful lives,—this is religion; and all religious exercises, so called, are of value only as they help us to live this simple, divine, human life.

This church is to be closed. What, then, will those of you who have been accustomed to be here from Sunday to Sunday do during the summer? What kind of religion will you illustrate? You will not, I trust, think that religion is

left behind, that you are taking a vacation from religion of two or three months.

There are two classes of us, those who for one reason or another must spend the larger part of the summer in town and those who will have the ineffable privilege of getting away for a time into the country or by the sea. Let me speak some very simple things, because, after all, the larger part of our lives is made up of common and simple elements.

Suppose you are compelled to spend the summer in town or for one reason or another have chosen to do so. Suppose the weather is very uncomfortable, as it has been for the last few days. Here is a field at any rate, and at once, for the exercise of one of the finest, sweetest qualities of human nature; that is, patience and good-humor in the midst of circumstances that do not tend to the cultivation of those qualities.

You remember Dickens makes Mark Tapley say that there is no credit in being jolly when everything goes according to one's wishes: it is only when we are in the midst of difficulties that we can claim any credit for being patient and sweet-tempered and true. Let us at least be patient in the midst of conditions that tend to impatience.

And, to carry the matter one step farther, if we cannot be happy ourselves, let us see to it that we are not so inexcusably selfish as to make other people unhappy because we must be. Just one word in regard to this matter of being happy ourselves.

I think—and I believe you will agree with me—that being happy is a good deal more important than the weather. In other words, it is not worth while to sacrifice happiness for a matter of that sort which we cannot control. Happiness is a very important thing in human life. Let us then say: We will be strong enough to master these conditions, and not let them master us. We will be patient; and we will find happiness and peace, whatever our circumstances may be.

And, as I said a moment ago, there is a more important matter still. My happiness is very important, perhaps, to

me ; but I stand in personal relationship during the week — and I must — with a good many other people,— with the members of my household, with neighbors and friends. Now I simply have no business, whether I am happy or not, to make my irritability and unhappiness run over the limits of my own personality, and invade the lives of other people. I have no right to make other people unhappy simply because I may be.

And yet it is one of the commonest things in the world, if a person is a little irritable, to take a certain kind of satisfaction in making the feeling contagious. Here is one way in which we may in a very simple fashion practise a noble religion during vacation time.

Then, remember, we say “everybody is out of town.” It seems so, because nearly all our friends are ; but, of the four millions of people who make up New York, how many are in Europe or yachting or playing golf in the country or resting in the shadow of the hills ? How many of them are away ? Just a very small fragment. Let us then, even if we cannot do any more, cultivate a feeling of sympathy with those who are tied to their tasks, no matter what the weather may be. Let us cultivate this divinest of all faculties and feelings that folds in its arms all those that need, and that would help if it could. If we cannot do much, we can at least cultivate this sympathy that would do if it might.

But there are many things we can do. I referred among my notices to the Flower Mission, to the distribution of delicacies among the sick in the hospitals, the poor in the tenements. There is somebody, surely, if you have to stay in town, who is unspeakably less fortunate than you are, and whom you can help a little. There is somebody who is sick, somebody who is lame or shut in. If you have a horse and carriage, there is somebody who does not ; and you can share your drives with them. You can send a flower, you can carry a little delicacy, you can go and speak a word of sympathy and cheer. How many faces are there in this

city who must be here all the summer through, that would lighten at the reflection of your smile, that would be cheered and heartened by some word that you can speak!

Here is a field for vacation religion. Do what you can to make the summer a little brighter for somebody else. I have learned, you have doubtless learned it, too, though we frequently forget it, that there is no way by which we can become unconscious of our own unpleasant situations and feelings so quickly and so completely as by letting a consciousness of the sorrows and troubles of somebody else take the place of them. Forget yourself and remember somebody else, and you will find yourself happy before you know it; and, if you have a pain or disability, you will find that it has faded out of sight.

Now a word to those of us who, like myself, are to be in the country. I preach to myself a good many times when you think I am preaching to you. Some intimate friend will say to me now and then, You had better take a part of that to yourself; and my reply is: Why, I have taken the whole of it to myself. I try to preach a good deal better than I live. I try to preach my own ideals as well as the ideals of other people; and then all together we will try to attain those ideals.

What shall we do who go into the country? In the first place, a word about Sunday. Shall we keep Sunday in the country, or shall we forget that there is any such day? This question, of course, applies also to those who spend the summer in town, and who from time to time are able to get away for Sunday, if no longer, as I hope the most of you will be able to do.

Shall we go to church Sunday morning if there is an opportunity? Let me hint one or two practical things in that direction. If you are where there is a little struggling Unitarian church, a church of our faith, why, I advise you to go. Suppose the minister is not over-brilliant. There are only a few brilliant ministers in the world.

Suppose he does not entertain you overmuch. Is that all you go to church for, to be entertained? Suppose you remember for a little while that one of the most important things about going to church is not what you can get, but what you can give. Suppose you try to hearten that little congregation and encourage that minister who is doing the best he can by giving him a little touch and life of the town while you are in the country. He will feel stronger, he will do better work for it.

I would go to church, then. There is one excuse for ministers not going to church for perhaps a little time that you may not think of. You know it is said that, if you should stand a man up in a certain place and make him stay there, and arrange to have one single drop of water fall on his head every five minutes, inside of twenty-four hours he would be insane.

Something a little similar to this is the minister's life. Once in seven days comes the one great, absorbing effort of the week,— in seven days again, in seven days again, again, again, until you have no idea what a relief it is for a few weeks, at any rate, to get away and forget that such a thing as Sunday exists.

But it seems to me — I am not a business man : I leave it to your judgment — that, if I were a business man, I should find rest in going to church once a week. You get away from your routine by going to church. I continue my routine by going. You get away from business care and the ordinary thoughts of life, and have your spiritual nature appealed to, played on ; and you are stimulated, inspired, uplifted, called into personal relation with God. You ought to find rest then.

Now I have not a word to say against Sunday amusements. I have not time this morning, neither is this the occasion, to discuss the Sunday problem. I will simply say that there is no reason whatever in the Bible or in ecclesiastical history, or anywhere else, for the existence of the Puritan, or ordi-

nary American, Sunday. There is absolutely no basis for it anywhere. What do I mean by that? I mean that it is absurd and childish to suppose there is anybody up in heaven who is going to be angry with you for doing anything on Sunday which it is right to do on any other day of the week.

But that is not the question, practically. No matter how we have come by it, we have inherited this magnificent gift of one day in seven, the gift of release from the drudgery and toil and burden and care of life; and the men of the world are anything but wise who take one single step towards blotting out the distinction between Sunday and the other six days. Very foolish and unwise are the laboring men who take any step which may lead to this one grand day being stolen from them as a day of rest and added to their already too heavy burden.

We have inherited this day; and it is a grand opportunity. An opportunity for what? For us to remember that we are children of God, to remember that we are men, to remember that we are something more than laborers, something more than machines, more than dollars, more than the routine of daily life. It is an opportunity; and, if we are wise, we shall guard it as one of the most sacred things that has come to us from the past.

What would I do with Sunday, then, if I had my way? I would have Sunday in the city, by the sea, in the country, no matter where, sedulously and sacredly set apart for the higher self. If there is no church you can go to, make a church of your own, if it is of only one. Give an hour, at any rate, to some sacred reading. Go apart by yourselves, commune with God, commune with your own higher life; and remember that you are a man, and cultivate and train this highest and noblest side of your nature.

Then, Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening, devote the time to recreation as much as you will, only put a hyphen after the "re," and make it re-creation; because there is any

quantity of what is called recreation that is really dissipation. That is not recreation which leaves a man physically, mentally, morally weaker and more demoralized than he was when he began : that is not recreation, it is dissipation.

Use the latter half of Sunday freely, simply, lovingly, trustfully, for recreation, whether it is walking in the woods, sailing, driving, playing golf, no matter what, so you are the better for it physically, and in every way, when you are done. That is what I would have you do on Sunday, whether you are in town or in the country.

There is one thing, for you who are going into the country, which I would like to suggest. If a man has a religion that is really worth anything to him, he wants to do with it something different from what he does with his ordinary possessions: he wants to give it away; for it is one of those things that, the more you give away, the more you have left. If you really believe in your religion, you want to share it, because you know in your own heart that it is the grandest thing in all the world.

Now there is one practical way in which you can do a great deal in this direction during the summer. Send to the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston: they will furnish you with a large number and variety of pamphlets, written by the best men we have, setting forth our thought, our view of the universe and of God and man,—our whole conception of the religious life. You can have these for the asking. Put them in your trunks, and take them away with you. You will find people everywhere hungering for a new thought, for a more cheery view of life, a more trustful view of God, and a more hopeful outlook for man.

And, for the rest, your religion in the country will be just like your religion in town every day of the week. As I have already said to you, the religious life is the daily life,—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; and Sunday is only stimulus and uplift and help. But the field

for your religion is every day; and so, while you are off in the country, lead a noble, sweet, true, high, helpful life. Learn to think of the sweetest and best things the country suggests. Do not let the town tag after you in the country.

I marvel as I see people who go into the country try to efface the country; try to civilize it, and make it as near like the city as they can; try to carry their town life in the country, surround themselves with people, amusements, dances, parties, all sorts of things that occupy them during the winter in town. I do not see why they go to the country at all.

Try to lead the sweet, wholesome, outdoor life of the country while you are in the country; and let the fumes and poisonous airs of the town, all its contagions, be swept away by the west winds that blow from the hills. If you sit on hotel piazzas and talk, talk of the things that are all around you: do not talk gossip, do not carry town slanders to vitiate the clear air of sweet hills and fields. Learn what the country means. If you do not know already, there are books that will help you. Buy a book about bird life, insect life, tree life, shrub life, grass life, fern life, fish life, any kind of life of which the country is full. So learn to look, to observe, to listen, to understand what is going on all around you, and you will find yourself rapt and absorbed by a new and sweeter earth.

For one of the blessed things of going into the country is this; and let me preface what I am going to say by another remark. I am not one of those who believe that the country is much nearer to God than the town. There is a saying, "God made the country, and man made the town." I do not believe a word of it, in the sense in which it is used. If man is God's most marvellous work, and the wonderful mechanism of the town is man's greatest work, then you can get a little nearer to God in town than you can in the country. But that is not the way it is ordinarily looked upon; and, at any rate, it is true that in the country you can get very close to God.

If you remember, it is true that you can recognize the fact that you are in the very workshop of the Almighty when you are in the country. As you watch the unfolding of a blade of grass, as you mark how the rains sculpture the hills, how all the influences of the air are at work, you will see the processes of creation just as much as did the angels who are fabled to have sung their joy on the first morning of creation.

God is at work creating now just as much as he ever was. Learn, then, to watch him at his work, and to feel the reverence that ought to swell up in every human heart at the thought of being in the divine presence. The beauty all around you is God's beauty; the majesty of the hills, of the sea, God's majesty; the rest and the peace that come to you in their presence are God's very benediction.

So, as you are in the midst of these scenes, learn to feel that you can place your ear so you can hear the very beating of God's heart, and can come into personal touch with his divine life.

God bless you then, whether in the town or in the country, during the summer months, and bless you with health, with rest, with peace, and help you to live so close to him, so tenderly, so simply and sweetly with each other, that we may come back in the fall, not with a consciousness that there has been a religious interregnum, but with the feeling that we have simply been living the religious life where we have been, and that we have come back with hearts and minds rested and strong, so that we can do more and better work for God and our fellows than we have ever been able to do in the past.

Father, let Thy great peace come into our souls at this hour. We thank Thee that, though this phase and kind of work may cease or be changed for a while, we do not go away from Thee. We do not go away from our religious life; for that is the life lived with Thee, and in the love and service of our fellow-men, now and evermore. Amen.

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
" " " Doz.	\$1.50
" Cloth, " Copy	30 cents
" " " Doz.	\$2.50

INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

